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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

FROM

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER INCLUSIVE.

1831.

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THE

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AT a period when all the governments of Continental Europe seem destined to undergo very considerable alterations—alterations so much feared, and so certainly expected by the crowned heads, that many of them are said to be already engaged in laying up stores of gold, as a provision in case of abdication and exile—it becomes a subject of more than ordinary interest, to inquire into the origin of the great communities which constitute the nations existing in that favoured region of the globe, to trace their ancient laws and customs, their history by land and sea, their literature, their religion, and, as far as possible, the peculiarities of character by which they are distinguished. The examination of such topics as these will enable us to understand and to combat all those classes of interested objections to the amelioration of society, which are founded upon the established order of things, which treat every proposition for amendment as an innovation, having nothing in common with what is called the genius of the people, and as calculated only to produce anarchy and ruin. We shall possibly be thus prepared to contend, that the real innovators are those who maintain the monarchical principle to its fullest extent, and the train of heavy imposts, of oppressive laws, of bands of secret spies, and of countless stipendiary armies, by which it is upheld. We shall, perhaps, discover, that the true genius of the people of Europe is intimately allied with liberty, was early accustomed to its blessings, and moulded by institutions expressly formed for its preservation, and that it is in those nations only which have degenerated from their ancestors, that usages inconsistent with freedom have ever found a permanent footing.

The spirit of the north was noble, original, and bold in all things.

Without going too remotely into the divisions of the different tribes by which it was inhabited before the Christian era, we may appeal with just pride to the authentic accounts which are given of them, under the general title of Scandinavians; of the formidable valour with which they contended against the Roman empire in its proudest days, checked its progress, and ultimately overturned its power. Reputed to have been all descended from the same stock, they formed, in fact, but one people as to their laws, customs, language, manners, and institutions. "No other nation," says Tacitus, speaking of one of these tribes, the Cimbri, "has so often given us cause to dread their arms: not the Samnites, nor Carthaginians, nor Spaniards and Gauls, nor even the Parthians; for the despotic energy of the Arsacidæ is less to be dreaded, than the German arm nerved by freedom." The Scandinavians founded the empire of Russia; joined by some Teutonic tribes, they subdued England after it was abandoned by its Roman masters; they explored the Baltic sea, and roamed boldly over the great northern and western ocean, without chart or compass; discovered the Orcades and Faroer isles, and the country subsequently called Iceland, from the dreary aspect which its rugged mountains, covered with eternal ice and snows, presented to the eye. They moreover discovered Greenland, and are even said to have sent out an expedition in the early part of the eleventh century, that not only landed on the coast of America, but planted a colony there, which, however, perished so speedily, that scarcely any traces of its existence remained, to establish the claim of the Scandinavians to the honour of being the first Europeans who penetrated to the shores of the New World.

The history of the settlement of Iceland by the Norwegians, affords a pretty good illustration of the manner in which these early societies were formed and organized, and of the institutions by which they were governed. Among the petty chieftains who ruled separate clans in the northern parts of Norway, was one named Rolf, who, besides being the patriarch of his people, was also the pontiff of religion, in which capacity he presided in the great temple of Thor, the national deity of Norway, and was distinguished by the great length of his beard. He happened to incur the anger of a neighbouring monarch, by giving an asylum to an individual with whom that sovereign, named Harald, was at enmity, in consequence of which Harald held an assize, or *Thing*,* as it was called, a kind of supreme court or assembly, and proclaimed Rolf an outlaw, unless he surrendered within a limited

* '*Thing* signifies in the ancient language of the North, a popular assembly, court of justice, or assize: *Al-thing*, a general meeting of that kind, and *Alls-herjar-thing*, the general convention of chiefs, nobles, or lords. The Diet of Norway is called to this day the *Stor-thing*, a great assembly.'—WHEATON.

period. Thus we perceive, that at a very early period, that is to say about the commencement of the ninth century, the power of the sovereign in Norway was not exercised without the sanction of an assembly of some description. Rolf, upon receiving notice of these proceedings, found that it might be dangerous to contend with Harald, and consulting the oracle of his God, he was determined by its advice to migrate to Iceland, carrying with him not only the image of Thor, but also the throne upon which it was placed, as well as the earth upon which the throne stood, and the greater part of the wooden work of the temple by which it was surrounded. He took also with him his household goods, his slaves, and his family, and all his friends who volunteered to accompany him. He took formal possession of that part of the coast upon which he landed, in the ancient accustomed manner, 'by walking with a burning firebrand in his hand, round the lands he intended to occupy, and marking the boundaries by setting fire to the grass.' He then erected a large dwelling-house and a temple, near which the assize, or *Herjar-thing* of the infant community was held in the open air, the place in which the popular assembly met being considered as sacred as the scite of the temple itself. The ancient sagas and other records from which this account is taken, mention the manner in which oaths were administered to juries as well as to witnesses, the former having been already, apparently, a well known institution connected with the administration of justice. Thus we may observe, that the form of government prevailing amongst these little communities, was at once patriarchal, pontifical, and popular.

In process of time these emigrants were followed by others, and the habitable parts of Iceland were occupied by settlers from Norway, who brought with them the civil and religious institutions of their native country. Besides their own immediate families and slaves, the chieftains brought with them a numerous retinue of followers, who were in a great degree their dependants, or, as the Scotch would say, their clansmen, who, though elevated above the class of slaves, by being possessed of personal freedom and property, nevertheless looked up to their chieftains as their protectors, the judges of their controversies in peace, and their leaders in war. The expense of the migratory expeditions falling principally upon these leaders, they naturally appropriated to themselves, by way of indemnification, the new lands of which they took possession, and these they afterwards granted out to their followers, upon the payment of certain rents reserved to themselves, and of dues for the support of religion. But a number of small communities could not long exist near each other without frequent conflicts, that were productive of mutual injury; hence they confederated for the better government and harmony of the whole; a common legislator was appointed: the island was divided into four quarters, in each of which was established a chief magistrate, who was chosen by the free voice of the people, and who, in addition to the functions of

civil magistracy, performed the public offices of religion. 'These four quarters,' says Mr. Wheaton, 'were again divided into smaller districts, in which all the freemen possessed of landed property had a voice in the public assembly. The great national assembly, or assize of the island, at which all the freeholders had a right to participate, by themselves or their delegates, was held annually, and was called the *Al-thing*.' It bore a strong resemblance to our Witenagemote, and to the Fields of March and May among the primitive Franks, and continued to be held for eight centuries, on a level plain near the lake of Thing-valle, whence it was removed only a few years ago. In fact, the government of Iceland was strictly republican for three centuries, and even after its civil dissentions were quelled by the establishment of monarchy, 'the great body of the people was never reduced to the condition of serfs. They nourished a proud spirit of personal independence, which, if partaking of the barbarous character of the age, became the parent of adventurous enterprize, at first in brilliant feats of arms, and afterwards in those arts which embellish human life.'

The general assemblies were convened by the chosen Lagmann, or Law-giver, who presided over their meetings, who prepared the laws for their adoption, and exercised great power. So important was this office amongst the Icelanders, that they computed time from the periods during which it was held by different individuals, the anniversary of their elections serving as distinct epochs in the annals of the nation.

The Icelanders did not adopt the Christian religion until about the close of the tenth century, soon after which they abolished the trial by battle, a mode of procedure recognized by the early laws of all the northern nations, which, with this exception, were full of the spirit of litigation and subtlety, to be found generally marking the Norman character. The saga of the famous chieftain Egill, furnishes us with a curious and picturesque account of a civil trial in Norway, respecting an inheritance which he claimed.

'Soon after the battle of Brunanburg, (934), in which Egill had aided King Athelstane with a band of Vikingar, and other northern adventurers, his wife's father died in Norway, and his brother-in-law, Bergaumund, took possession of the entire inheritance, of which Egill claimed a part, in right of his wife, which circumstance compelled Egill to make a voyage from Iceland to the parent country. On his arrival in Norway, he brought a suit against Bergaumund, who was protected by the interest of King Erik and his queen Gunilhda. The suit was tried at the Gule-thing assizes, where the parties appeared, attended by numerous bands of followers and friends. In the midst of a large field a ring was stretched out, with hazel twigs bound together with a cord, called a sacred band (*vebönd.*) Within this circle sat the judges, twelve from the district called Fiordefylke, twelve from Sogne-fylke, and twelve from Hörda-fylke; these three districts being thus united into what may be called one circuit for the administration of justice. The pleadings commenced in due form, and Bergaumund asserted that Egill's wife could not, as the child of a slave, inherit the property in

question. But Egill's friend, Arinbiœrn, maintained, with twelve witnesses, or compurgators, that she was of ingenuous birth; and as the judges were about to pronounce sentence, Queen Gunilhda, the old enemy of Egill, fearing the result might be favourable to him, instigated her kinsmen to cut the sacred cord, by which the assizes were broken up in confusion. Thereupon Egill defied his adversary to single combat in a desert isle (holmgánga) in order to decide their controversy by battle, and denounced vengeance against all who should interfere. King Erik was sorely incensed, but as nobody, not even the king and his Champions, were allowed to come armed to the assizes, Egill made his escape to the sea shore. Here his faithful friend Arinbiœrn informed him that he was declared an outlaw in all Norway, and presented him with a bark and thirty men to pass the seas. But Egill could not forego his vengeance, even for a season, and returned to the shore, where he lurked until he found an opportunity to slay, not only his adversary Bergaumund, but King Erik's son Ragnvold, a youth of only eleven years old, whom he accidentally encountered at a convivial meeting in the neighbourhood. Before Egill set sail again for Iceland, he took one of the oars of his ship, upon which he stuck a horse's head, and as he raised it aloft, exclaimed:—"Here I set up the rod of vengeance, and direct this curse against King Erik and Queen Gunilhda!" He then turned the horse's head towards the land, and cried aloud:—"I direct this curse against the tutelary deities who built this land, that they shall for ever wander, and find no rest nor abiding place, until they have expelled from the land, King Erik and Queen Gunilhda." He then carved this singular formula of imprecation in Runic characters upon the oar, and fixt it in a cleft of the rock, where he left it standing.'—pp. 46—48.

We may discover in this description, the faint outlines of our grand and petit juries, our circuits, our compurgators, (who yet, it is believed, belong to our system of law,) our judges, and the well-established custom of soldiers never appearing armed in an assize town. Indeed the whole plan of the Icelandic, and of all the Norman governments, is in harmony with that which we ourselves, at this moment, possess, and although it has been considerably modified, and altogether superseded in some countries peopled from the north, by the introduction of the Roman civil law, still there is no part of Europe, included in Russia, Prussia, Austria, France, Sweden, Poland, Holland, Belgium, or Germany, which does not seem to have an original and indefeasible right, during whatever length of time that right may have been suspended, to trial by jury, to national legislative assemblies, and to a form of government, to a certain extent, perhaps, monarchical, but decidedly limited by republican institutions.

Long before learning was effectually revived in the south of Europe, Iceland had created a literature of her own, which had little, if any thing, in common with the Greek or Latin classics. The protracted adherence of her people to the religion of Odin, and to the superstitious practices of which it was, in a great measure, composed, however injurious it may have been in other respects, was favourable to the nationality of her prose and poetical legends. Her scholars, who became acquainted with the Latin alphabet,

made use of it principally in giving a written form to their own Runic sounds, and it is remarkable, that the language thus embodied bears a close resemblance to the structure not only of the Latin, but also of the Greek, the ancient Persian, and the Sanscrit. Hitherto, as in all other nations before letters were known, the learning, the poetry, and history of the country, were preserved by means of oral tradition, transmitted by the Saga-men and *Skalds*. The latter were bards, like those of whom Homer makes frequent mention, as having existed before and during his time in ancient Greece, the composers of hymns, songs, epics, and chronicles in verse; the companions of warriors, whose deeds they celebrated, and the welcome visitors of every family above the pressure of poverty. They formed a distinct order of men, and exercised great influence. Their lays strongly reflected the national manners and customs, which took a marked and peculiar tone from the fondness of all the northern nations for the sea, their shortest voyages bearing them much farther from home than the Argonauts are said to have ventured. "Their familiarity with the perils of the ocean," remarks P. E. Muller, "stamped their national character with bold and original features, which distinguished them from every other people." Southey's beautiful lines on this subject will be at once remembered.

> "Wild the Runic faith,
> And wild the realms where Scandinavian chiefs
> And Skalds arose, and hence the Skald's strong verse
> Partook the savage wildness. And methinks
> Amid such scenes as these, the Poet's soul
> Might best attain full growth; pine-covered rocks,
> And mountain forests of eternal shade,
> And glens and vales, on whose green quietness
> The lingering eye reposes, and fair lakes
> That image the light foliage of the beach,
> Or the grey glitter of the aspen leaves
> On the still bow thin trembling."

The Saga-men composed their annals and stories in prose, the talent for story-telling, as well as that for poetical invention, having been much cultivated. They thus preserved the memory of past transactions, and were often employed, like the story-tellers of the east, in amusing kings and their courts. Their recitations, though principally in prose, were illustrated occasionally by passages in verse, quoted from the compositions of the Skalds. "A striking example," says Muller, "of the degree to which this faculty was cultivated, is given in the saga of a famous Icelandic Skald, who sung before King Harald Sigurdson, sixty different lays in one evening, and being asked if he knew any more, declared that these were only the half of what he could sing." These recitations were not so difficult as one might think; nor are they even yet wholly discontinued in Iceland.

'The power of oral tradition, in thus transmitting, through a succession of ages, poetical or prose compositions of considerable length, may appear almost incredible to civilised nations accustomed to the art of writing. But it is well known, that even after the Homeric poems had been reduced to writing, the rhapsodists who had been accustomed to recite them, could readily repeat any passage desired. And we have, in our own times, amongst the Servians, Calmucks, and other barbarous and semi-barbarous nations, examples of heroic and popular poems of great length thus preserved and handed down to posterity. This is more especially the case where there is a perpetual order of men, whose exclusive employment it is to learn and repeat, whose faculty of the memory is thus improved and carried to the highest pitch of perfection, and who are relied upon as historiographers to preserve the national annals. The interesting scene presented to this day in every Icelandic family, in the long nights of winter, is a living proof of the existence of this ancient custom. No sooner does the day close, than the whole patriarchal family, domestics and all, are seated on their couches, in the principal apartment, from the ceiling of which the reading and working-lamp is suspended; and one of the family, selected for that purpose, takes his seat near the lamp, and begins to read some favourite saga, or it may be the works of Klopstock and Milton, (for these have been translated into Icelandic,) whilst all the rest attentively listen, and are at the same time engaged in their respective occupations. From the scarcity of printed books in this poor and sequestered country, in some families the sagas are recited by those who have committed them to memory, and there are still instances of itinerant orators of this sort, who gain a livelihood during the winter, by going about from house to house repeating the stories they have thus learnt by heart.' —pp. 58, 59.

Sæmund Sigfussen, a learned Icelandic ecclesiastic of the eleventh century, collected together a considerable number of poetical fragments, relating to the ancient mythology and history of the North, in a work called the *Edda*, adding to them a single composition of his own, respecting futurity, and of a Christian tendency. This work is preserved in manuscript in the university of Copenhagen, and has been divided into three volumes, the first of which was published in 1787, the second in 1818, and the third a few years ago. One of the poems in this collection gives a curious account of the creation of the universe, and of the gods and men by whom it is inhabited. In another we have a sort of catalogue of magical terms, supposed to be capable of protecting the person who makes a proper use of them, from the common perils of life. In the mystical practices of the magic art, women, as in Macbeth, were principally employed in compounding the ingredients of the cauldron. Indeed the proceedings of Shakspeare's witches, may be considered as exhibiting 'a true living picture of this superstition so widely diffused over all the countries of the North.' 'Associations or brotherhoods of magicians were formed, in which some of the higher chieftains of the country were engaged. In the reign of Harald Harfager, his son, Rognvald Kettilbein, put himself at the head of such an order of magicians. The king, having

vainly endeavoured to reclaim him and his eighty confederates from their odious practices, was so incensed against them, that he invited them to a feast, and when they were drenched with wine and wassail, set fire to the house in which they were assembled, and not one of them escaped with his life.'

Among the fragments collected in the poetical Edda, there is a long dramatic dialogue between the god Odin, disguised as a mortal, and the celebrated giant Vafthrudnir, (with whom no one of the genii was to be compared in craft and valour,) about the most intricate points of the creation of the world, and of gods and men, in the course of which the whole of the mythological doctrines of the North may be said to be embodied. Heroes who had perished by a violent death, were alone considered worthy of admission to Odin's *Valhalla;* they were to be engaged until the end of this world in martial exercises and tournaments, as in life, and real wounds were often inflicted, many dying again in the field of battle; but at a given signal the slain arose, and accompanied their victors to Odin's hall, to share in the banquet prepared for them, to quaff the liquor of the gods, and enjoy the delights of social converse. The destined course of time being run, a great wolf would devour Odin himself, and the whole world, with all things therein, gods as well as men, would be involved in one general conflagration. There are other poems in the collection, descriptive of the habitation of the celestial deities, the occupations of a great variety of mythological agents, the genealogies of kings, and of the proceedings of a certain dwarf, named Alvis. The most valuable, however, of all these fragments, is the *Hávamál*, or sublime discourse of Odin, which contains a metrical collection of moral precepts, not unlike the Proverbs, and details the various Runic charms, by the application of which diseases were healed, poison was counteracted, the arms of an enemy were paralyzed, tempests stilled, witches arrested in their hostile career through the air, and even the dead raised to life, and compelled to disclose the secrets of the invisible world. The reader will be enabled to form some notion of the ancient manners and customs of the north, from some of the precepts which the *Hávamál* inculcates.

' " Sojourn not long in the same place; he who remains too long in the house of another, becomes a burthen to his host."

' " Go not into the field unarmed, nor leave the highway ; for no man knows when he may have use for his spear."

' " He who seeks to spoil another's flock, or to take his life, must rise with the early dawn ; the sleeping wolf takes no prey, and the sluggard man wins not the victory."

' " Once I was young, I went alone, and lost my way; but when I found a companion, I seemed to be rich ; for man is the joy of man. The tree which stands alone in the field puts not forth ; so it is with him whom no one loves. Why should he longer live ? " *

* ' The same thought, expressed in the same manner, is found in the Sanskrit poem, called *Maha Barata.*'

' " Be thou the friend of thy friend, and of his friend; but no man should be the friend of his enemy's friend."

' " Hast thou a friend in whom thou confidest, and from whom thou desirest to obtain something, mingle thy heart with his, exchange gifts with him, and visit him oft. The untrodden way is soon overgrown with grass."

' " Put not thy trust in a woman's word; the heart of woman is versatile as the turning-wheel with which it was formed, and deceit nestles in her bosom."

' " He who would win a virgin's heart, must whisper to her fair words, praise her beauty, and offer her rich gifts."

' " Riches pass away in the twinkling of an eye; the most inconstant of friends are they."

' " I have seen the chambers of the rich man filled with goods, and I have seen his children begging their bread."

' " The foolish man thinks to avoid his doom if he escapes the peril of war; but old age will put an end to his life, though he be safe from the spear."

' " Flocks and herds perish, friends and relations die, we ourselves must die; but one thing I know which never perishes,—the fame of the good man." '—pp. 75—77.

Of the historical lays in the poetical Edda, the most celebrated is that entitled the *Völundar Quida;* upwards of twenty other songs, added to this, make up a collection of heroic poems similar to the old Teutonic epic, the Nibelungenlied, and celebrate the wondrous fortunes of the famous artist Völundar, the adventures of various heroes of romance, and of Attila and his Huns. The same personages, clothed indeed with less of mythic splendour, form the heroes of the Teutonic poem.

' The scene is infinitely diversified, and includes the complicated history of the Franks, Huns, and Burgundians, in their various wanderings, wars, and conquests on the breaking up of the Roman empire. Not only was the great Scandinavian family which occupied the Peninsula, now forming the kingdoms of Sweden, and Norway, and the isles of the Baltic and the Northern ocean, knit together by the most intimate ties of a common origin and religion, language, manners, laws, and government, but it was closely blended with the fortunes of the Franks, Saxons, and other Teutonic tribes, in the same manner as the Dorians, Ionians, and other cognate nations of ancient Greece, were mutually connected together. Hence, their poetic and mythic fictions bear a strong analogy to each other, and hence the resemblance between their early heroic and popular poetry. This cyclus of epic lays has all the interest of a complicated drama, from the variety of events, and of characters which are introduced and pourtrayed with exquisite skill; the same continually changing from one country to another, and in which might be found the materials of many tragedies and tragic romances. The beautiful allegory of the dragon who conceals the treasure, and, transmitting it from hand to hand, makes it the continual stimulus of new crimes, of constantly increasing atrocity, and illustrates the dreadful power of the *auri sacra fames* over the heart of man, is the same in the Teutonic as in the Scandinavian collection.'—p. 82.

The prose Edda is an assemblage of various traditions, legends,

and fables, forming a sort of Pantheon, explanatory of the mythology in the poetical collection. Of the Icelandic sagas, some have been handed down from oral tradition, others appeared for the first time in the shape of written compositions. They are generally relations of the actions of distinguished chieftains, mixed up more or less with mythological and poetical embellishments. The more modern sagas strongly resemble the chronicles and *Romans* of the middle ages, with this exception, that they may in general be considered much superior to the latter, so far as the truth of history is concerned.

The annals of our own country bear sufficient testimony to the wild love of enterprize, and predatory spirit by which the Scandinavians, on the coast of Europe especially, were formerly distinguished. Among them, 'the occupation of a pirate was considered not only lawful but honourable.' They were, moreover, as they still continue to be for the most part, very poor; they lived, when at home, chiefly by fishing and the chase, and hence, as population increased, a usage grew up which ultimately had the force of a law, under which a portion of the people were periodically expelled from their native soil, in order to provide for themselves elsewhere.

'The Scandinavian nations were broken into petty states, like the tribes of Greece in its heroic age, each of which had its chieftain or king, and all of whom were frequently engaged in implacable wars, the result of hereditary feuds. These chieftains, at first elective, by degrees became hereditary. Sometimes the succession was divided, the younger sons retaining the title of kings, and becoming sea-rovers: at others, they agreed, when there were two sons, that they should reign alternately for a limited period, one over the sea, and the other over the land. Thus the practice of sea-roving became the favourite pursuit, and, it might almost be said, the most graceful accomplishment of princes and nobles, and was surrounded with all the lustre of chivalry. The younger sons of the kings and jarls, who had no other inheritance but the ocean, naturally collected around their standards the youth of the inferior orders, who were equally destitute. Thus the best and bravest of the nation were launched upon the waves, and the chieftains who followed this mode of life are distinguished in the Sagas by the appropriate appellation of Sea-kings:— "And they are rightly named Sea-kings," says the author of the Ynlinga-Saga, "who never seek shelter under a roof, and never drain their drinking horn at a cottage fire." '—p. 135.

Piratical expeditions were fitted out annually, and in order to provide for these, the coasts of Scandinavia were, from very early times, divided into districts, each being obliged to furnish a certain number of vessels, which were manned by a compulsory conscription, similar to our own press-gang system. The vessels were, for the most part, of a diminutive size, but very numerous, and it is a striking proof of the salutary influence of Christianity, that these expeditions, so much dreaded by the nations against which they were directed, were continued with undiminished fierceness, until the countries from which they proceeded, were completely comprehended within the circle of the Christian church. Indeed, for some

years before that period, the incursions of these maritime rovers assumed the character of a religious war, in consequence of the attempts made by Charlemagne to force that religion upon the Saxons on the Elbe. Hence the resentment of their neighbours and fellow pagans in Jutland and the islands of the Danish Archipelago, was roused to a pitch of extreme fury, which fell with terrible force upon the churches and monasteries of France and England.

We need not follow Mr. Wheaton through his well-written epitome of the different expeditions undertaken by the Northmen against this country, Scotland, Ireland, France, Italy, and Spain. To one of these enterprises only shall we allude, as it indicates with peculiar force the barbarous bravery with which they were conducted. The leader on this occasion was Hastings, a name celebrated in those days of piracy.

'Hastings proposed to the sons of Ragnar Lodbrook, and his other followers, an expedition against Rome, of whose wealth and splendour they had heard much, without knowing precisely in what part of Italy the capital of the Christian world was situate. He set sail with a hundred barks, pillaged the coasts of Spain on his voyage, and even attacked those of Mauratania in Africa, penetrated into the Mediterranean, and ravaged the Balearic isles. They finally entered an Italian port, which they mistook for Rome, but which was Luna, an ancient city founded by the Etruscans, and whose high walls flanked with towers, and crowned with public edifices, deceived the northern adventurers. The inhabitants were celebrating the festival of Christmas in the cathedral, when the news was spread among them of the arrival of a fleet of unknown strangers. The church was instantly deserted, and the citizens ran to shut the gates, and prepared to defend their town. Hastings sent a herald to inform the count and bishop of Luna that he and his band were Northmen, conquerors of the Franks, who designed no harm to the inhabitants of Italy, but merely sought to repair their shattered barks. In order to inspire more confidence, Hastings pretended to be weary of the wandering life he had so long led, and desired to find repose in the bosom of the Christian church. The bishop and the count furnished the fleet with the needful succour; Hastings was baptised; but still his Norman followers were not admitted within the city walls. Their chief was then obliged to resort to another stratagem: he feigned to be dangerously ill; his camp resounded with the lamentations of his followers; he declared his intention of leaving the rich booty he had acquired to the church, provided they would grant him sepulture in holy ground. The wild howl of the Normans soon announced the death of their chieftain. The inhabitants followed the funeral procession to the church, but at the moment they were about to deposit his apparently lifeless body, Hastings started up from his coffin, and, seizing his sword, struck down the officiating bishop. His followers instantly obeyed this signal of treachery: they drew from under their garments their concealed weapons, massacred the clergy and others who assisted at the ceremony, and spread havoc and consternation throughout the town. Having thus become master of Luna, the Norman chieftain discovered his error, and found that he was still far from Rome, which was not likely to fall so easy a prey. After having transported on board his barks the wealth of the city, as well as the most beautiful women, and the young

men capable of bearing arms or of rowing, he put to sea, intending to return to the North.

'The Italian traditions as to the destruction of this city, resemble more nearly the romance of Romeo and Juliet than the history of the Scandinavian adventurer. According to these accounts, the prince of Luna was inflamed with the beauty of a certain young empress, then travelling in company with the emperor her husband. Their passion was mutual, and the two lovers had recourse to the following stratagem, in order to accomplish their union. The empress feigned to be grievously sick; she was believed to be dead; her funeral obsequies were duly celebrated; but she escaped from the sepulchre, and secretly rejoined her lover. The emperor had no sooner heard of their crime, than he marched to attack the residence of the ravisher, and avenged himself by the entire destruction of the once flourishing city of Luna. The only point of resemblance between these two stories, consists in the romantic incident of the destruction of the city by means of a feigned death, a legend which spread abroad over Italy and France.'—pp. 164—167.

On its return from the Mediterranean, the fleet of Hastings was overtaken by a tremendous storm, which compelled him to seek shelter in the Rhone. Sailing up the stream, he ravaged the towns and monasteries on both sides. This example was followed by myriads of his countrymen, who pursued their way to Spain and Africa, extending their ravages to the coasts even of the Greek empire.

The author gives a full and an interesting account of the progress of Christianity in the North, commencing with the missions of Ebbo, archbishop of Rheims, and Halitgar, a monk, who accompanied him as his associate. Although the labours of these pious men were, to a certain degree, successful, yet the great work of the general conversion of the North was reserved for Ancharius, a Benedictine monk, of the abbey of Corvey, a most excellent instrument for such a purpose. 'In his episcopal visitations,' we are told, 'he constantly waited on the poor, at table, before he took his own frugal repast, and often retired from the world with a few select companions, to his solitary retreat, in the convent of Ramslo. Even the love of fame, that "last infirmity of noble minds," and which in his ardent heart was naturally strong, was anxiously suppressed and made subordinate to higher and purer motives of action. He continued to be worshipped (*i. e.* honoured) as the tutelary saint of the northern nations, until the period of the reformation, and still merits their reverence and gratitude, as their deliverer from a bloody and barbarous superstition, and a benefactor who opened to them the career of civilization.'

Mr. Wheaton, after giving a succinct account of the establishment of the Normans in France, concludes his history with the battle of Hastings, whereby they also obtained a permanent footing in England, thus presenting us, in a single, compact, and well-digested volume, with details which hitherto could only have been gathered, with much labour, from a great variety of sources.

ART. II.—*The Life and Adventures of Nathaniel Pearce, written by himself, during a residence in Abyssinia, from the year* 1810 *to* 1819. *Together with Mr. Coffin's account of his visit to Gondar.* Edited by J. J. Halls, Esq. In two volumes. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1831.

PREVIOUSLY to the publication of the two journals comprised in these volumes, our knowledge of Abyssinia was almost exclusively derived from the travels of Bruce and of Mr. Salt, the late well-known consul general of Egypt. Of the older writers who have transmitted to us accounts of that interesting country, Father Lobo is perhaps the most celebrated. He accompanied the Patriarch Alphonso Mendez, who was sent into Abyssinia in 1624, and having sojourned there for nine years, he produced a description of the country much superior in clearness and accuracy to the works of any of the travellers who had preceded him. Several Jesuit and Franciscan missionaries visited that portion of Africa, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but their published accounts of it, as well, indeed, as that of Father Lobo, have been but little read in England. The travels of Bruce had at first a very different fate: everybody read, but nobody believed them, so novel, for the most part, and so marvellous in some instances, were the facts which he interwove in his narrative. He commenced his journey in Abyssinia towards the close of 1769, and his work was before the public for nearly thirty years before it was brought into some degree of repute, for credibility, by the testimony of Mr. Salt, one of those rare and worthy men, whose evidence is at once admitted upon all hands as sacred and indisputable. Bruce's volumes are not now read so extensively as they were some years ago, when they were very generally assumed to be a parcel of impudent inventions; but by way of compensation to his fame, they are now believed, and more recent travellers have shown that, with the exception of some few points, in which the personal vanity of the writer was concerned, and some others upon which he probably trusted to the reports of others, he has really exhibited a true as well as an animated picture of the country.

Lord Valentia, now the Earl of Mountmorris, who was employed to make a survey of the Western coast of the Red Sea in the early part of the present century, and whose interesting account of his travels in those regions has been before the public some twenty years, was charged also with the task of exploring the interior of Abyssinia. For some reason, however, his lordship preferred to depute Mr. Salt, who was then his secretary, upon that mission, and we have the result of that gentleman's proceedings in the narrative of them, which forms not the least valuable portion of his lordship's work. One of Mr. Salt's attendants upon this journey, which took place in 1805, was Nathaniel Pearce, the author of the principal journal now before us, who had previously been employed

in many capacities in different parts of the world, though chiefly as a seaman, and whose eccentric biography is in itself as curious and as diversified a chapter of accidents as the records of human life can furnish. Mr. Salt having been unable, in consequence of civil dissensions which then prevailed, to visit different parts of Abyssinia, and especially its capital, Gondar, with which he was desirous of becoming acquainted, found no difficulty in persuading Pearce to remain behind him in the country, for the purpose of collecting information concerning the manners of the people, the nature of the climate, the productions of the soil, manufactures, and other topics of importance, in a commercial point of view. Pearce cheerfully executed this commission, and, in 1810, he furnished Mr. Salt with the matter which has been already laid before the world by that estimable traveller in his account of his second visit to Abyssinia. Pearce was then enjoined by his friend, for such Mr. Salt proved himself at all times to be, to make exact notes of events, and of his adventures, as long as he should continue to reside in the country—an injunction with which he faithfully complied during a period of nine years, at the expiration of which he effected what may be called his escape, and repaired to Cairo, where he framed his journal in the form in which it now appears. He died, from the effects of a cold, at Alexandria, in 1820, upon his way to England, and bequeathed his papers to Mr. Salt, who in turn bequeathed them, with the utmost propriety, to the Earl of Mountmorris. From that respectable nobleman they were received by the present editor, and they are now placed under the public eye, without material alteration. The narrative of Mr. Coffin, a mercantile gentleman of remarkable intelligence, who was much in Pearce's company in Abyssinia, appears to have been communicated by himself to Pearce, so that with respect to both journals we have the most satisfactory proofs of authenticity.

But before we introduce the reader to Pearce's share of these volumes, we must give a brief sketch of the author, from a sort of confession, which he prefixed to them, in compliance with Mr. Salt's request. We should suppose that the most romantic imagination would hardly dare to embody, even if it could invent, a series of adventures half so numerous and extravagant as those, by which the youthful part of his career was especially distinguished. Born of parents in the under ranks of life, at East Acton, in Middlesex, on the 14th of February, 1779, he was sent at an early age to one of those economical and very unimproving schools which then abounded, and still are to be met with, in Yorkshire. After spending there six years, which he tells us were principally devoted to robbing birds'-nests and orchards, and to all sorts of wild tricks, he returned home a confirmed dunce, much to the chagrin of this father, who loved him with the most unbounded affection. An attempt was made to repair the time he had lost in Yorkshire, by placing him at an academy

nearer home, where he made greater progress in the course of six months than he made in the north in six years; but being naturally of a restless and truant disposition, he soon resumed his habits of idleness and mischief, and the severest punishment producing no effect upon him, he was bound apprentice to 'a stubborn and unmerciful carpenter' in London. This was a situation not at all congenial to young Pearce's notions; so he ran off to Wapping, and went on board a merchant ship, the owner of which received him as an apprentice, after some inquiries, to which the fugitive gave satisfactory answers, (having already become a master in the art of lying.) His father, who discovered his place of refuge, did every thing in his power to prevent the lad from going to sea, but it was all in vain, and away he sailed on a voyage to Petersburgh. Upon his return to the river, his affectionate parent again exerted himself to wean his son from the dangerous element, promising to do everything in his power for him if only he would be dutiful. So much tenderness kept him quiet only for three weeks, when, beginning his old tricks again, he was, by the advice of friends, apprenticed to a leatherseller in Smithfield. His new master and he agreed very well for some time, but taking an unconquerable dislike to the leatherseller's wife, he was off once more to sea, on board a sloop of war, where he was again discovered by his ever affectionate father, but permitted to remain, there being no alternative, without further molestation. An accident now nearly put a premature end to his career; after a cruize or two in the North sea, his sloop was ordered to Sheerness, to fit out and take in provisions for six months; while engaged one evening in disengaging the main yard from the topping lift of a provision lighter, which got entangled with it, he was violently precipitated into the water, and the night being already pitch dark, he was with difficulty picked up by one of the jolly boats. The sloop, on her way to Newfoundland, was captured (May 1794) by a French frigate, and our hero soon after found himself a prisoner of war at Quimper. From this horrid abode, the inmates of which died weekly in hundreds, from hunger and disease, he endeavoured to effect his escape, and succeeded so far as to scale the walls, and to journey some days towards the sea. But being apprehended on his route, he was ordered into the interior. Luckily, the daughter of the gaoler at Vannes, a very young girl, gave him her heart, and obtained for him many indulgences, and in a little time he became a kind of clerk to her father, who treated him more like a son than a prisoner, and gave him a pony to ride. 'However,' he says, 'all this did not satisfy me: I rather wished to ride on board of one of my own country ships, than the director's pony, and accordingly, hearing that the English fleet was in Quiberon bay, I agreed with some emigrants, or aristocrats, as they were called, to run away.' And away he scampered with so little precaution, that he was soon retaken, and his emigrant companions shot; but this did not deter

him from making another experiment, which turned out more fortunate, and placed him under the protection of Sir John Warren, on board La Pomone, whence he was transferred to the Bellerophon.

The scene now changes to China, where we find him, after numerous desertions from other employments, negotiating with a caravan of Armenian merchants to take him as their servant to Russia; this failing, he tried his hand as a traitor, by going over to the enemy in India, but on his way to the camp he received such bad accounts of the manner in which those of his countrymen had been dealt with, by whose ignominious example he had been seduced, that he repented, and returned to his country's service. We next trace him to Bombay, Madras, and the Cape of Good Hope, near which he suffered shipwreck, and had a miraculous escape. Soon after this we find him cruizing in the river Plate, and the American seas, whence, like a bird of passage, he seems to have flown back again to Bombay. Here he at length fixed his destiny, having joined the Antelope, which was prepared to convey Lord Valentia to the Red Sea. But the truant disposition again broke forth. Upon the arrival of the Antelope at Mocha, Pearce learned that the dola, or governor of that place was a Mahometan Captain Gordon, anxious for converts at any price, and having made his terms, he swam away from the ship when she was taking her departure, regained the shore, and assumed the garb of the infidel. In a little time, however, he grew heartily tired of his new religion, and easily yielded to the advice of Mr. Coffin, who met him in the streets, and assisted in extricating him from his miserable situation. He then rejoined Lord Valentia, who was still employed upon his mission, and who received the adventurer with a generous humanity that reflects the greatest credit upon his lordship's character. Mr. Salt, as we have already seen, took a personal interest in Pearce's welfare, and treated him with a degree of kindness, which that wayward child of fortune, amidst all his subsequent wanderings and errors, appears never to have forgotten.

We regret to say, that a very great portion of Pearce's journal is calculated to afford but little either of instruction or amusement to the general reader. It is filled with details of civil contests between rival chieftains, and with petty affairs concerning himself, which, related in the dull style of an unlettered man, who was incapable of converting such incidents into the materials of a graphic picture, soon fill the mind with a sensation of invincible fatigue. Upon all that portion of the Journal we shall, therefore, touch with the utmost possible brevity, confining ourselves principally to the descriptions which the author has given of some of the most peculiar usages of the country that had fallen under his observation. When Mr. Salt left him, in 1810, his residence was fixed at Chelicut, in the district or kingdom of Tigre, the most important portion of Abyssinia, under the protection of the Ras, by which title

the governors are usually designated in that country. Although these officers are supposed to exercise a power delegated from their respective kings, they assume an independent and lawless authority, the regal functions having either ceased altogether, or having been reduced to a mere shadow, in most of the provinces. These governors were almost constantly at war with each other; one asserting the other to be a rebel, a charge which the other retorted by calling his enemy an usurper. Mr. Coffin was, at this time, with Pearce, and they both ranked high in the estimation of the Ras of Tigre, on account of their skill in the use of fire-arms, and especially of two or three cannon, which the Ras had received from Mr. Salt. The most troublesome enemies with whom the Ras had to contend, and with whom he was now engaged in actual hostilities, were Guebra Guro and his brothers, who joined their forces to those of another set of insurgent chiefs, for the purpose of taking possession of Tigre. These he dispersed without much difficulty, but he could not be said to have conquered them, as either they or their associates kept him perpetually, as we should say, in hot water. Pearce and Coffin were active partizans of his on all occasions, and whenever they wanted anything, they generally succeeded in obtaining it by threatening to quit the country. 'You cannot go,' he would say to them, 'at present; the two guns your king sent make all my enemies fear me, both upon the plains and upon the Ambas; and if I were to let you go, who would know how to use them?' This Ras, of the name of Welled Selasse, is represented by Pearce as the most merciful governor ever known in Abyssinia, never keeping even the greatest of his enemies long in confinement, and never putting them to death except for murder; whereas his predecessors made no ceremony of cutting off the limbs of those who fell under their displeasure, or even of burning them alive for the slightest offences. The Ras was, moreover, a friend to the poor, doing them justice when wronged by the rich, but not, as it would seem, otherwise useful to them, as 'though a man of the tenderest feelings, he is,' says Pearce, 'the greatest miser, I believe, that ever existed.'

What was spared of the population by these constant civil wars, was, towards the close of 1811, much further reduced by the small-pox, which raged with all the severity of a plague, throughout the whole country. In many towns and villages the people lost all their children, and numbers of adults perished, who had not had the disease before. The malady was greatly aggravated by the absurd custom which the Abyssinians have of confining, as closely as possible, the persons who are attacked by it, under the impression that fresh air and sunshine do them harm. When in health they are remarkably cleanly in their persons; but when attacked with the small-pox they neither wash themselves nor change their clothes. Hardly any district of the empire escaped this visitation, which, added to the depredations of the locust, left the country generally in a state of complete desolation. In February, 1812,

the disease still continued its ravages, and numbered among its victims the brother of the then reigning king, in Gondar, and his sister, the favourite wife of Welled Selasse. Pearce, on this occasion, mentions one or two circumstances characteristic of the national customs.

'February 18th, (1812), Ito Yasous died of this malady, and his sister, Ozoro Mantwaub on the 16th; they were brother and sister to the present king, Itsa Guarlu, now in Gondar, who is lineally descended from the late king, Itsa Ischias, who was dethroned by Guxo. Ito Yasous was an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Salt's. The Ozoro's death grieved every one who knew her, as she was one of the most charitable persons in Abyssinia, and was the favourite wife of the Ras, who sat close by her when she died. As she breathed her last, he drew his *shuttle*, or knife, to stab himself, but I caught hold of his arm and took it away, and with the help of some slaves prevented him from committing so dreadful an act. He lay afterwards for some time senseless on the ground, but, at last, when water was thrown upon him, he came to himself, though, for some days, he appeared quite inconsolable, and ate nothing, saying continually,—"Is God angry with me?" A great many of his relations died at the same time, and throughout the country nothing was heard but lamentations for their loss.

'Ozoro Mantwaub and Ito Yasous were buried at Chelicut, and a house was built over their graves. The grave was first dug, and then a large coffin or trough, made out of the trunk of a large darro-tree, formerly serving as doors to the Ras's house, was placed in it. I myself carried Ozoro Mantwaub in my arms, from the church to the grave; she was sewed up in a fine white Indian cloth, and over that was tied the skin upon which she died; they call it a *neet*, and it is formed either of a cow's or a goat's hide. The whole of the people, from the king to the town-cast, sleep with their bodies bare upon it, though they have a carpet beneath. Nobody, except her priest, myself, her women servants, and the eunuchs who used to attend upon her, and of whom she had a great number, was allowed to see her; but the Ras, from the confidence he reposed in me, always allowed me to eat with him and the Ozoro, telling her, at the same time, I was welcome to visit her at her own meals, and, if I did not come, she might, if she thought proper, send for me. This was certainly a great mark of distinction, as his dearest friend or relation was not allowed such a liberty.'—vol. i. pp. 97—99.

The old Ras, however, for he was now nearly seventy years, did not long mourn the loss of his favourite wife; he soon married a young princess of the age of thirteen years, the daughter of King Itsa Tecla Gorgis, and for a season exchanged the toils of war for such diversions as the country afforded. Tecla Gorgis was at this period king in Waldubba; Itsa Guarlu, as we have seen, in the city of Gondar; Itsa Yonas in Gojam; and Itsa Bede Mariam in Samen. Pearce mentions one or two other princes, but his information with respect to these kings is confused and contradictory. Indeed the kings of Abyssinia, who are all related to each other, and boast of being all descended from the true race of

Menelect, have so many wives and children, that the question of the right line is generally determined rather by might than by right.

The common enemy of all the Abyssinian princes are the Galla, a race of negroes who occupy the southern provinces of the country, extending as far as the land of the Caffres, and a very numerous, though not as it would seem a very warlike nation. Their plans are generally so badly combined that they make no impression; they appear upon the confines like a cloud, and are dispersed by a very slight show of resistance. A single instance of the kind of war which they wage, will be sufficient to show that Abyssinia has but little to fear from such a foe.

'April 5th (1812). Just as the Ras had arrived at the Chelicut, from Antàlo, and was feasting with many chiefs, news was brought from the villages of Derger Aggerzeen, the frontiers of the Galla, that Kecty, a powerful chief of that nation, had crossed the plain below them on his way to Wassermer, for the purpose of cutting off the *arro*, or salt caravan.

'The old Ras, on hearing this intelligence, never took another mouthful, but jumping up immediately, called out the word "*Churn!*" which signifies "saddle, and be ready." I and Mr. Coffin instantly ran home, and were mounted and out, with some of our soldiers, as soon as the Ras himself; the rest of our men being absent on leave. We were soon afterwards joined by some of the Ras's soldiers, and we acted the part of Fit-aurari in this inconsiderable division, riding on with all speed until sunset, when we stopped that the Ras might have time to come up with us and give his orders. On his arrival, he directed us to go still forward, although it was quite dark, about which time we reached Armunteller; where, before daylight, a great number of men and women came to us with bread, maize, &c. Many of the Enderta troops had also by this time joined us, together with Bashaw Dingerze of Tigré, who happened to arrive on business, and who expressed himself greatly concerned at the imprudence of the Ras, in venturing himself, with such a handful of men, against the Galla; on which the old man, looking at me and laughing, said, "see how frightened these Tigré fellows are at the Galla!" adding contemptuously to them, "Why look at Pearce, who went down throughout Arrata by himself!"

'After taking a little bread and maize, the day began to break; we were then upon the high mountain, covered with woods, exactly over Wassermer; and the Ras immediately gave orders for every one to be as silent as possible, and not to attempt to shoot or hunt the deer or game, with which the place abounds. After this caution, we began to march down the mountain, and, in about half an hour, being clear of the woody part, and the sun just rising, we could see the Galla encamped below; they had also observed us, and were soon mounted and at the foot of the mountain, before we could lead our horses down the rocks, which we did with great difficulty. During this time several of the Ras's foot soldiers had descended, and were giving battle to the advanced foot of the Galla. At length, the cry of *Goverser Badinsah!* being heard in all quarters, as well as a loud volley of musketry, the Galla immediately became sensible of the Ras's presence, turned their horses to the plain, and rode off at full speed: scarcely any of our horses had got down in time, so that, after a

three hours' chace, we could not come up with their horse, but of the foot very few escaped.'—vol. i. pp. 116—118.

Pearce mentions, without being able to account for or explain, a severe illness, with which he was attacked upon his return from this ludicrous expedition, affecting him chiefly in the eyes and forehead, and producing an intolerable swelling in his face, from which he at first obtained relief by separating the large bone that forms the bridge of the nose. During the period he was confined by this malady, which is common in the country, he was frequently visited by the friendly Ras, who dosed him abundantly with brandy, a remedy to which Pearce was rather too much inclined; but the brandy had no healing effect. Four pieces of thin white bone, he tells us, came from the roof of his mouth, and twelve pieces and all the gristle from his nose, and he became lock-jawed, The native doctors exhausted all their skill and their *charms* in vain; he derived much more benefit from the medical experience of his wife Tringo, who poulticed him with herbs, but he was reduced almost to the last extremity, though he still retained his senses and memory as perfectly as if he had been in the best health. He received the sacrament as a preparation for death, with as much pomp as if he had been a king, after which he recovered gradually, though he does not say any thing about the restoration of his nose.

The reader need hardly be told that a very corrupt species of christianity prevails in Abyssinia, more akin to the Greek church than to any other form of faith with which we are acquainted. With this religion many pagan practices are still incorporated, among which is that of the worship of the snake, which in Abyssinia is held to be so sacred, that he who kills a reptile of that kind forfeits his life, and the penalty is generally exacted, in case of conviction, with the most rigorous severity. It is often otherwise with respect to murder; the ingenuity with which the law is in this case evaded, is not more remarkable than the indulgence with which the murderer is treated, even by the nearest relatives of the deceased.

'The day before we left Chelicut, a woman had brought in chains a poor miserable object, whom she accused of having killed her husband; the witnesses also arrived from the small village of Gibba, to which they belonged. When the Ras had heard the whole story and examined the witnesses, he found the man guilty of murder, though apparently without malice, and told the woman, agreeably to the law, to do as she pleased with him. She replied, "I have no one but myself; I have no relation; neither have I a spear or knife." The Ras said, "then you must hang him." She again replied, "how can I do that myself? I have got a *mushcharn*, [a leather rope] it is true, but I cannot hang him alone." The Ras then ordered some of the groom-boys about the house to assist her in hanging the man to the darrow-tree, on the green before the house. "God preserve you a thousand years!" said the woman, adding, in an under-tone, "his relations are all here, and they will not have far to carry

his body, as he belongs to the church." Mariam Guddervittee Takly, one of the Rass's stable-grooms, and some other of the slaves, had the management of the affair. When they came to the darrow-tree, which is as easily climbed as a ladder, they helped the woman up with one end of the *mushcharn* in her hand, shewing her which was the best bough to tie it to. Takly, notwithstanding the woman had promised to give him plenty of butter for his trouble, now put the poor object's two hands within the *mushcharn,* while they would lift him from off the large stone they had made him stand upon. Accordingly she did this, and made it well fast, and then came down to behold him hanging, at the same time exclaiming, "Blessed be Mary Ann, the mother of God, who has given me revenge for my husband! bad as he was, I have stood true to him." After he had hung for some time, the crowd that stood to look on cried often to her, "why woman he has been dead long ago!" "Thank God for that!' said she, "but they shall not have my *mushcharn* to bury with him." Accordingly she, with the help of Takly, climbed up the tree and loosed the *mushcharn,* while Takly took it from his neck. The relations immediately came to take up the body, which they were allowed to do; but before they had got ten yards, the dead man set off, without being carried, and ran into the Trinity church-yard, where he was safe, even though he had killed a thousand persons. The woman seeing this was enraged, and ran to the Ras's gateway, crying, "*Abbate, Abbate!*" She obtained admittance, and told the Ras that the man had not been hung long enough; the Ras, who had already heard the story, laughed and said to the woman, "would you wish to kill a man that God will not permit to die. He hung long enough to have killed a cat." She answered, "let me have him up again, and I will pull at his legs till I break his neck." "You foolish woman," replied the Ras, "would you oppose the will of God?" Seeing the old Ras looked grave when he said this, she believed it was God's will that the man should not die, and her spirit failed her, as she said, in a very low and sorrowful tone, "though he is such an ill-formed creature, I have seen him do things that nobody else could do. The locust never touched the little corn he had behind his house; and though he used to make a fire to smoke them away, we could not save ours as he did." She immediately went to the church, and begged his forgiveness, and they afterwards lived good neighbours as usual; indeed, I heard subsequently that he became her husband.'—vol. i. pp. 142—145.

Messrs. Pearce and Coffin generally attended the Ras on gala days dressed in English uniforms, which Mr. Salt had given them, and which were universally admired. The Ras paid on one occasion a visit of ceremony to King Tecla Gorgis at Axum, and was followed by a splendid retinue of chieftains, the two Englishmen being mounted on each side; when his great delight was to hear them discharge their blunderbusses and pistols as frequently as possible, on their approach towards the king's tent. The noise created, as might be supposed, no slight confusion amongst the horses of the barbarous chieftains; they all pranced wildly, while the Ras still whispered to the Englishmen, "put in plenty of powder, put in three or four cartridges," which they did, firing away, and causing their own horses also to plunge furiously. The king,

who beheld the spectacle from his tent, was captivated. "They are angels," he cried, "those Feringees, they are not mortal!"

The opinions of Tecla Gorgis upon the subject of toleration in religion, will not, perhaps, be deemed altogether peculiar. Enquiring of Pearce what could be the motive of the king of our country for sending presents to Itsa Guarlu, whom he had never seen in his life, Pearce replied, "our king is great and charitable to all poor Christians." "Great!" said he, "is he so powerful as Welled Selasse?" At this the old Ras laughed, and observed, "he tells me that all Ethiopia is nothing to compare to him, and that I am not so powerful as one of his Allicars," meaning a governor or commander. "If so," said the king, "why does he not put an end to all followers of Mahomet." "Ganvar," (Ganvar and Itsa are titles of kings), Pearce replied, "the English never compel people to religion by force, but by pointing out to them the true religion from the holy scriptures; persons thus converted can be depended upon, while those who are forced would only watch an opportunity of revenging themselves on their oppressors." "Very true," rejoined he, "but it would be a good thing to give them a sound beating, and knock their towns down or burn them, to let them see that the followers of Christ are more powerful under Amlac Hill (the Supreme Being) than the followers of Mahomet."

Upon Pearce's return to his house at Chelicut, he found both his gatekeeper and gardener dead. It appeared that they had died suddenly; the people endeavoured to persuade him that they had been killed by evil spirits. His son, his only child, he was also destined to lose about the same time. His account of his loss is affecting; we shall add to it that of the funeral ceremonies practised on the occasion.

'Being informed that Ito Debbib, the Ras's only brother living, was very ill, I went every morning to see him, and returned about noon, it being a long ride, but over a level plain, after getting over the mountain of Comfu. One day he prevailed on me to remain all night, but in the morning I begged to leave him to go and see my son, who was very ill also, and I promised him to return the same day. Upon my arrival at home I found my boy very ill, a great deal worse than he was when I left him; he brought this illness from Antàlo, where I had sent him with his mother, a Galla slave, to live with a friend until we should return from camp. On this occasion a very extraordinary circumstance happened: while I was sitting by the poor boy, a servant of Ito Dimsu entered the house with the blood running down his cheeks, crying bitterly, *Guity! Guity!* [master! master!] Hearing this, I ordered my horse to be saddled, knowing before he spoke that his master was dead. As I was going to mount, and had got one foot in the stirrup, I heard a cry all of a sudden from the people whom I had left in the house, in the Amhara language, "*Ligho! Ligho!* [your son! your son!] I returned into the house, and perceived that the breath had departed from my poor boy, the only child God had been pleased to bestow upon me. Never in my life did I experience such a

shock, though I strove to refrain from sorrow, but to no purpose. The sight of the poor dead boy I loved so dearly, and the disappointment of the expectations I had formed of his proving on a future day the only comfort I should have, afflicted me so much that I really wished to die with him.

'Ito Dimsu's servant saw the whole melancholy affair, and went off without saying a word, and the townspeople came flocking in crowds, until both the house and yard were full; for my own part I could not bear the sight of any one; I would have rather been left by myself, but that was impossible. The priests came, and the customary prayers were read, and my poor child was carried away to be buried, his mother following in a distracted manner.

'After the funeral, the people returned to my house; and after they had cried for about half an hour, I begged they would leave off, and let me have a little rest, as I found myself unwell. They complied, and left me with only a few friends; but, in a few minutes, the people of Antàlo, my acquaintances, hearing of my misfortunes, came flocking and began their cry, and I was obliged to sit and hear the name of my dead boy repeated a thousand times, with cries that are inexpressible, whether feigned or real. Though no one had so much reason to lament as myself, I could never have shown my grief in so affected a manner, though my heart felt much more.

'Before the cry was over, the people with *devves* were standing in crowds about my house, striving who should get in first, and the door was entirely stopped up, till at last my people were obliged to keep the entrance clear by force, and let only one at a time into the house. Some brought twenty or thirty cakes of bread, some a jar of maize, some cooked victuals, fowls, and bread, some a sheep, &c.; and in this manner I had my house filled so full that I was obliged to go out into the yard, until things were put in order and supper was ready. The head priest came with a jar of maize and a cow.

'What neighbours and acquaintances bring in the manner above-mentioned is called *devves;* the bringers are all invited to eat with you; they talk and tell stories to divert your thoughts from the sorrowful subject; they force you to drink a great deal; but I have remarked that at these cries, when the relatives of the deceased become a little tranquil in their minds, some old woman, or some person who can find no one to talk to, will make a sudden dismal cry, saying, "Oh what a fine child! and is he already forgotten?" This puts the company into confusion, and all join in the cry, which perhaps will last half an hour, during which the servants and common people, standing about, drink out all the maize, and when well drunk, will form themselves into a gang at the door and begin their cry; and if their masters want another jar of maize to drink, they must pour it out themselves, their servants being so intoxicated that they cannot stand. In this manner they pass away a day without taking rest.

'I must say, however, that the first part of the funeral is very affecting, and the only fault I can find is, that they bury their dead the instant they expire. If a grown person of either sex, or a priest, is by them when they expire, the moment the breath departs, the cries and shouts, which have been kept up for hours before, are recommenced with fury; the priests read prayers of forgiveness, while the body is washed, and the hands put

across one another, upon the lower part of the belly, and tied to keep them in that position, the jaws tied as close as possible, the eyes closed, the two great toes tied together, and the body is wrapped in a clean cloth and sewed up; after which the skin called *neet*, the only bed an Abyssinian has to lie upon, is tied over the cloth, and the corpse laid upon a couch and carried to the church, the bearers walking at a slow pace. According to the distance of the house from the church, the whole route is divided into seven equal parts, and, when they come to the end of every seventh part, the corpse is set down, and prayers of forgiveness offered to the Supreme Being for the deceased. Every neighbour helps to dig the grave, bringing their own materials for the purpose, and all try to outwork one another. Indeed, when a stranger happens to die where he has no acquaintances, numbers always flock to assist in burying him, and many of the townspeople will keep an hour's cry, as if they had been related. There is no expense for burying, as every one assists his neighbour, as I have mentioned above. But the priests demand an exorbitant sum from those who have property, for prayers of forgiveness, and I have seen two priests quarrelling over the cloth of a poor dead woman, the only good article she had left. If a man dies and leaves a wife and child, the poor woman is drained of the last article of value she possesses to purchase meat and drink for those priests, for six months after her misfortune, otherwise they would not bestow a prayer upon her husband, which would disgrace her and render her name odious amongst the lowest of the populace. In this manner I have known many families ruined.'—vol. i. pp. 187—192.

As in Ireland formerly, there are still in Abyssinia numbers of persons, men and women, who get a living by making verses and attending at cries, or *wakes*, for the purpose of reciting them. The best of these are sometimes brought from considerable distances, to attend the wakes of individuals of distinction, and are highly paid. Pearce mentions a respectable female of his acquaintance, who, though she had a large estate to live upon, devoted herself from her infancy to the study of poetry, in which she attained great celebrity. She attended wakes also, not however for hire, but for the purpose of increasing her fame.

In the early part of 1814, Mr. Coffin attended the Ras upon an expedition to Gondar, of which he drew up a journal for Pearce, who was detained by bad health and his domestic calamities at Chelicut. The object of the expedition was to repress one of Ras Guebra's numerous insurrections; but it was no part of Welled Selasse's plan to injure the capital, and therefore he prevented his followers from entering it. Mr. Coffin visited but one portion of it, and that only at night; but he had an opportunity of surveying the capital from a hill near the camp, which commanded a full view of its whole extent, and as we are not aware that it has been seen by any other European traveller since Bruce, Mr. Salt having been prevented by the civil war then raging from venturing so far, we shall bestow a few words upon it. The town, according to the Abyssinian fashion, is scattered over a vast tract of land, in general high with small hillocks, every part taking its name either

from the neighbouring church, or from the market, or the people occupying the adjacent ground. The king's palace was at this period in ruins; he had not lived in it for several years; the doors were all broken down, and the walls were all falling in. A very large piece of ground was devoted to the residence of the head bishop of Abyssinia, and within its precincts a sanctuary, as formerly was the case in many parts of Europe, was established for criminals of every hue, murderers not excepted. If Gondar were built in the European style, one eighth part of the extent which it now occupies would be sufficient for its population. The houses are all thatched, but on account of the badness of the clay the walls are also thatched, otherwise they would be washed down by the rain. The whole town is lined with trees, which in some parts afford so dense a shade, that the visitor cannot see a house until he gets within the trees which surround it. The principal church in Gondar, called Quosquom, is well thatched, lined with blue silk, and adorned by mirrors. Indeed ecclesiastical edifices are so numerous here, that the priests entitle Gondar the city of forty-four churches. But mortar being an exceedingly scarce manufacture in Abyssinia, from the want of good lime, all these buildings are constructed of clay, rough stones, wood, canes, and straw, which are indeed the principal materials for the first houses in the country. The thatch is composed, not of straw, which is mixed with the clay to make it adhesive, but of a strong wiry grass, which grows wild during the rains upon all the mountains.

The Ras, upon returning from his expedition, which was as successful as he could wish it to be, was accompanied by the king Tecla Gorgis, whose character Pearce thus describes.

'Tecla Gorgis is remarkably proud of his person: though a little bald at the top of his head, he manages to have the hair, which is nearly a span long, so plaited and disposed as to hide the bald part. He always wears a silver or gold bodkin with a large head, called *walever*, upon his forehead; and round the instep, and below the ancle, a string of oval silver or gold beads, such as are worn by all women, rich and poor, and which are called *aloo*.

'It may be here proper to give some account of this once great emperor's character, which I intend to draw according to what I have heard, not only by word of mouth from numbers, but also from his history at Axum, and my own observations. I shall begin by stating in plain English, that he is a great liar and a great miser, and from his childhood has been remarkable for his changeable and deceitful temper, and utter disregard of his oath. When suspicious of any of his people, it was his abit to send privately to them, telling them, whatever they were concerned n, to let him know all, as he himself had learnt somewhat of their proeedings from people who were continually putting bad things into his ead; the poor offenders, who took all this for truth, would beg his majesty) swear to forgive them, a customary practice in Abyssinia on such occaions. Tecla never hesitated about taking the oath, but would immediately iss the cross when presented to him by the priest, who had the manage-

ment of the sacred affair, and, as soon as he was gone from his presence, would say to the officers who attended upon his person, "see, I scrape from my tongue, which made the oath and touched the cross, all it has uttered," and so saying, he would put his tongue between his teeth, and, drawing it in, would spit, and exclaim, "when the rebel comes, do your duty as I shall order you." In this manner, he has brought his subjects even from Galla, where they had fled for protection, fearing his treachery. Comfu Adam, governor of Begemder, and a near relation to the king, was trepanned in this manner, and had his tongue cut out at his arrival. The Gusmati Woldi Gabriel, son of Ras Michael, who was on terms of the greatest friendship with him, and had marched from Tigré to assist him against Ras Ho and Marro, who had rebelled against Tecla, and almost driven him from Gondar, became, after conquering all Gojam and the neighbouring districts that had been concerned in the rebellion, an object of jealousy in the eyes of the king; who, after inventing his treacherous schemes, and swearing and releasing the rebels, who he well knew would be glad to take revenge on Woldi Gabriel, sent for him, apparently in a friendly manner, and on his arrival at court said to him, "Woldi Gabriel, I have made up my mind to go to Shoa, and take the Tigré army with me." This surprised the Gusmati, who imagined it to be a joke; however, seeing the king in earnest, he represented to him that the Tigré troops were already much tired and numbers of them sick, and that he had, on the conclusion of the war, dismissed more than ten thousand to their respective districts, as he had promised him that he should return to Tigré. He added, "I could never attempt to take my army through a country inhabited only by Pagans. What village could receive our lame and sick? would they not all be murdered by my own hands, if I were to commit such an act of folly?" The king answered, "why do you consider the death of a fly?" "Fly," said Woldi Gabriel, "if my soldiers are but flies, I am nought but a large fly." "If you are no more than a fly," said the king, "you are not able to serve me." He immediately ordered the very rebels whom Woldi had conquered to lay hold of him and bind him, and the whole of his troops were stripped of every thing, and some, in attempting to escape, were killed. Woldi Gabriel was kept in chains, until he brought the last article of value he possessed to ransom himself, while his brave troops had to find their way home over the cold mountains of Samen, without either cloths or skins to cover their nakedness.

'Tecla Gorgis, though thought to be a very learned man in the Scriptures, sets the worst of examples to christians, for notwithstanding his professed religious principles, he is the greatest adulterer in existence. Though he keeps Ozoro Cottser and Ozoro Teschen as regular wives, he has, in general, when at home, ten or twelve other women in the same house, parted off like so many mules or horses. He pays no respect to beauty nor scarcely to age, no matter whether it be a lady, a beggar, or a nun. He has a number of children in all parts of the country, some by women of the lowest class, many of whom are grown up and are great vagabonds.'—vol. i. pp. 274—277.

According to Pearce's account, the Abyssinians are a people more mixed and unequal in their personal appearance and dispositions, than almost any other upon the face of the earth; some

being very black, some very fair with straight hair, some copper-coloured with woolly hair. Very few of the common people, and not many of the people of quality, can give any account even of their own fathers, owing to the frequent changes of the governors, for when a new governor comes to a district, he seizes a great portion of the land and expels the proprietors to seek for themselves new homes. The soldiers are the most mercenary of their profession, changing from one chief to another as they think best for their advantage. Their arms, spears, shields, knives, and powder, they find for themselves; the matchlocks which they carry are the property of their masters, and these they never take away, not even when they go over to the enemy of their former master. Those persons who work at the trade of a carpenter, or in silver, gold, or brass, are looked upon as persons of high rank; but persons who work in iron or pottery are held in horror. They are not permitted to receive the sacrament as Christians, and it is commonly believed that they have the power of turning themselves into hyænas! It is supposed, and not unreasonably, that the potters and blacksmiths who drive a prosperous trade, rather encourage this popular superstition, in order to keep their business within the circle of their own families; they are designated by the name of *Budas*. Another extraordinary set of beings are called Zackary; though esteemed good Christians, Pearce says that he has himself seen them go roaring about the towns, making a most dreadful noise, being apparently in great trouble, whipping themselves, and at times cutting their flesh with knives. They say that they are descendants of St. George! Their patron saint, however, is Oun Arvel, to whom they have dedicated a church, in which they have a light burning for ever, as they say supernaturally, and holy water, which is an effectual preservation against the affliction of evil spirits.

'This is a very wonderful disorder, which I cannot pass over in silence, though the reader may think it fabulous and ridiculous; yet we have accounts of something of the same kind in the New Testament, which the priests and learned men of Abyssinia believe to be the same complaint. This complaint is called *tigretier;* it is more common among the women than the men. The *tigretier* seizes the body as if with a violent fever, and from that turns to a lingering sickness, which reduces the patients to skeletons and often kills them, if the relations cannot procure the proper remedy. During this sickness their speech is changed to a kind of stuttering, which no one can understand but those afflicted with the same disorder. When the relations find the malady to be the real *tigretier*, they in together to defray the expense of curing it; the first remedy they in neral attempt is to procure the assistance of a learned Dofter, who reads e Gospel of St. John, and drenches the patient with cold water daily, for e space of seven days—an application that very often proves fatal. The st effectual cure, though far more expensive than the former, is as fol-ws: The relations hire for a certain sum of money, a band of trum-ters, drummers, and fifers, and buy a quantity of liquor; then all the

young men and women of the place assemble at the patient's house, to perform the following most extraordinary ceremony.

'I once was called in by a neighbour to see his wife, a very young woman, and of whom he was very fond, who had the misfortune to be afflicted with this disorder; and the man being an old acquaintance of mine, and always a close comrade in the camp, I went every day, when at home, to see her, but I could not be of any service to her, though she never refused my medicines. At this time I could not understand a word she said, although she talked very freely, nor could any of her relations understand her. She could not bear the sight of a book, or a priest, for at the sight of either, she struggled, and was apparently seized with acute agony, and a flood of tears, like blood mingled with water, would pour down her face from her eyes. She had lain three months in this lingering state, living upon so little that it seemed not enough to keep a human body alive; at last her husband agreed to employ the usual remedy, and, after preparing for the maintenance of the band during the time it would take to effect the cure, he borrowed from all his neighbours their silver ornaments, and loaded her legs, arms, and neck with them.

'The evening that the band began to play, I seated myself close by her side as she lay upon the couch, and, about two minutes after the trumpets had begun to sound, I observed her shoulders begin to move, and soon afterwards her head and breast, and in less than a quarter of an hour she sat upon her couch. The wild look she had, though sometimes she smiled, made me draw off to a greater distance, being almost alarmed to see one nearly a skeleton move with such strength; her head, neck, shoulders, hands, and feet, all made a strong motion to the sound of the music, and in this manner she went on by degrees, until she stood up on her legs upon the floor. Afterwards she began to dance, and at times to jump about, and at last, as the music and noise of the singers increased, she often sprang three feet from the ground. When the music slackened, she would appear quite out of temper, but, when it became louder, she would smile and be delighted. During this exercise she never showed the least symptom of being tired, though the musicians were thoroughly exhausted; and when they stopped to refresh themselves by drinking and resting a little, she would discover signs of discontent.

'Next day, according to the custom in the cure of this disorder, she was taken into the market-place, where several jars of *maize*, or *tsug*, were set in order by the relations, to give drink to the musicians and dancers. When the crowd had assembled and the music was ready, she was brought forth, and began to throw herself into the maddest postures imaginable, and in this manner she kept on the whole day. Towards evening, she began to let fall her silver ornaments from her neck, arms, and legs, one at a time, so that in the course of three hours she was stripped of every article. A relation continually kept going after her as she danced, to pick up the ornaments, and afterwards delivered them to the owners from whom they were borrowed. As the sun went down, she made a start with such swiftness, that the fastest runner could not come up with her, and when at the distance of about two hundred yards, she dropt on a sudden, as if shot. Soon afterwards, a young man, on coming up with her, fired a matchlock over her body, and struck her upon the back with the broad side of his large knife, and asked her name, to which she answered

as when in her common senses, a sure proof of her being cured; for during the time of this malady, those afflicted with it never answer to their christian name.'—vol. i. pp. 290—294.

The desire of obtaining ornaments, seems to be at bottom the real cause of this disorder. Pearce's wife was for a while afflicted with it: at first he used the whip, when nobody was near to witness the effect of it, but she was, or pretended to be, converted thereby into a corpse, and he ran away, leaving her to be cured by her friends, and by music and dancing, of which she was enamoured. The leprosy is common among the Abyssinians, as is also the tape-worm. Pearce mentions a very singular custom which is resorted to, when a family is attacked by more than the ordinary mortality.

'I cannot help adverting to a practice which is not unfrequent, but which might appear fabulous to any one who had not witnessed it. When a woman has had one, two, or more children, and they have all died, she will, in hopes of saving the life of another just born, cut off a piece from the tip of the left ear, roll it up in a piece of bread, and swallow it; and others will keep one side only of the head shaved until the child is grown up. For some time I was at a loss to conjecture the reason why a number of grown people of my acquaintance had one ear cut; and when told the truth, I could scarcely believe it, till I went into the house of a neighbour, though contrary to the custom, purposely to see the operation. An old woman cut off the tip of the ear, and put it into a bit of cold cooked victuals, called *sherro*, when the mother of the infant opened her mouth to receive it, and swallowed it, prononncing the words, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." They have recourse to many other superstitious and whimsical practices to prevent children from dying.'—vol. i. p. 307.

In Tigre, no marriages are performed in churches, or by the interference of a clergyman: a man may have as many wives as he wishes, but it would seem that there is no community of property, unless in the case where a man and woman agree to be content with each other; an account is then taken of their respective wealth before a court of shummergildas, or elders, and it is afterwards considered as belonging to both, so that one cannot dispose of any part of it without the approbation of the other. They swear mutual fidelity, and to receive the sacrament together, which gives either party a right of going before the same tribunal in order to demand a divorce, or a pecuniary fine to be levied on the offender, in case of adultery. If there be a divorce, the mother takes the girls under her care, the father the boys, if any. If there be only one child, the parents cast lots for it. Pearce says, that he had known many instances of females being cheated by impostors, through the instrumentality of marriages of this description.

'There are a number of people in different parts of Abyssinia, who get their living by *moggot and sheffart*, which signify "lawyering and cheating," though *tuvverku* is the common name given to a lawyer, *moggot* being more applicable to those who plead causes, who are connected often

with men who make such marriages a business. One of these, knowing a woman to have a good property, feigns to fall in love with her, and entices her into the snare. After he has succeeded in persuading the poor woman to be his wife, and they are bound by an oath to receive the sacrament together, and live as the select people of Christ, he, in a very short time brings one of his acquaintances to be a constant visitor, and a plan is arranged between them in what manner to act: for instance, a day will be appointed for the ruin of the poor woman, when the acquaintance will be lying and playing on the same sofa with the woman, such liberties being common in Abyssinia, when the parties are intimate friends and familiar in the family, and then the husband will come in suddenly, bringing several witnesses with him, whom he has told previously that he has frequently caught a man with his wife. On their approach, the friend jumps from the sofa, and makes his escape, in order to confirm the fact, and in this way the poor woman is cheated. If she says anything in her defence, when before the *shummergildas*, the witnesses against her, who suppose they are attesting the truth, are too numerous, and she is accordingly condemned. I have known several instances of this kind, and indeed, I once knew a woman to have been guilty of this shameful practice in several towns where she had lived. She was a native of Gondar, who set herself up for a *tuvverku*, or lawyer, by which profession she procured her maintenance, as one of the higher class of people. She is known in all the principal towns of Abyssinia, by the name of Wolleta Gorgis Sheffart, or cheat.

'In all law-suits, either before the governor of a province, or a court of *shummergildas*, the plaintiff and the defendant stand up, with their cloth tied round their middle, leaving the upper part of the body naked, which is customary even in the severest weather. The *tuvverkus* stand on each side of them, pleading in a loud tone of voice their several causes, during which time wagers of mules, cows, sheep, or *wakeahs* of gold, &c., are continually laid by the *tuvverkus*, that they will prove such and such charges which may be denied by the plaintiff or defendant, which wagers, when won, become the perquisites of the governor. They will also bind each other over to forfeit a mule, or a *wakeah* of gold, not to speak till the other has finished his speech; but it often happens that the falsehoods which the one may be relating, incense the other, who in general holds his mouth with his hand, to such a degree, that forgetting he is bound by a forfeit not to speak, he bursts out into a rage, exclaiming, *assert!* [a lie!] when he is instantly taken up by the governor's servant, whose office it is to look for such slips, and obliged to give bond on the spot for the forfeit lost; or he has a chain put on his wrist, and is chained to one of the governor's servants till he pays the sum forfeited; though it is seldom that they cannot find some one standing or sitting by to be bond for them. These forfeits are also the governor's perquisites. I have known a great man lose by one wager, fifty white mules, which are the most esteemed, the wager having been made merely to show his consequence.'—vol. i. pp. 310—313.

In all parts of Abyssinia, girls are married at a very early age, some as young as eight years: Mr. Coffin told the editor, that he has known many girls to become mothers at eleven, or even ten years. When parents think their daughter old enough to take a

husband, they plait her hair very neatly, blacken her eyes, or rather, we should suppose, the arches above and beneath them, with a mineral which they obtain from the Egyptian caravans, and die their hands a dark red colour. The damsel is then placed constantly at the door in dry weather, occupying herself in spinning or clearing corn, so that every one who passes may see her. If any man take a liking to her, every facility is allowed him for improving his acquaintance, and all parties consenting, she is taken to his house upon trial, the husband having it in his power to turn her away when he chooses. This custom, however, prevails chiefly in the lower ranks. In the higher, marriages are agreed upon much after the same fashion as in Europe. Pearce gives the following description of the musical instruments which are most in use in Abyssinia:—

'The trumpets are in general made of the skin of the elephant, except the lower broad mouth, which is the neck of a calebash. They give out a tremendous sound. The fifes are made of a hard wood hollowed out, having three holes for the fingers of the left hand. They are blown into at the end, are about a foot and three quarters long, and their tone is very wild, especially when they are accompanied by a small instrument called *tora*, about eight inches long, which is likewise blown at the end, yielding a hollow, bass, and savage sound. Three trumpeters, three fifers, and one tora, with a long drum, narrower at one end than at the other, and beat at both ends with the hands, complete the band of the chief of a district.

'The band of a Ras consists of the number above-mentioned, and forty-four large drums, accompanied each by a small one. These drums are in the shape of the kettle-drums of Europe, cut out of trunks of large trees; they are headed with cow-hide, and, being very heavy, are carried on mules, the larger on the right side, and the smaller on the left, the drummers riding behind, with a small straight stick in the left hand, and one that turns up at the end and larger in the right. His provisions, in leather bags, beneath the drums, prevent these heavy and clumsy instruments from galling the animal's back; these drums produce a warlike sound, and in marches are beat regularly together, though they have but few changes.

'Of stringed instruments, they have a sort of fiddle, consisting of a piece of wood square and hollowed out, with a neck about a foot-and a-half long. The hollow part is covered with hide, on which the bridge stands. It has only one string, and the bow is a stick bent, with several horse-hairs attached to it. They have also a kind of lyre, the lower part of which is made of a hollow piece of wood, and covered with cow-hide, and above which is a slight wooden arch, about two feet high, to which six strings are fastened. Each string has a piece of wood to answer to it as a screw, which twists the string round the top of the arch. This instrument is called *charchamer*. There is another, of nearly the same form, and of the same materials, only larger and with ten strings, called *berganner*. Some of them are four feet high, and their notes are very pleasant. The nobility and great men all practice playing upon them; the strings are beat with a piece of wood, or ivory, with the right hand, while the fingers of the left command the time. There are besides many childish instruments chiefly made out of the horns of animals.

'Their manner of dancing consists rather in the motion of the shoulders and head than in that of legs or feet. When several dance at a time, they move round in a ring. The men jump a great height at times, while the women squat down by degrees, making motions with the head, shoulders, and breast, until they nearly squat on the ground. They afterwards spring up in a lively manner, and go round as before. The Amhara do not practice this latter exercise, but their motions are the same. Their songs are far from humorous, and seldom consist of more than one or two short verses, sung over and over again, in a rude manner. The chanting of their priests, in their churches and public places, would be more agreeable if they did not exhibit the most unbecoming actions while they are so employed.'—vol. i. pp. 320—322.

Pearce presents us with an appalling account of the depravity of the clergy, who are, in general, he says, the greatest drinkers in the whole country, and the most ravenous gluttons, and addicted to fighting, quarrelling, lying, swearing, cheating, and all manner of bad practices. Here and there, by chance, is found a priest free from these vices, but the clergy are in general so loosely governed, all considering themselves as equals, that the good example of a few individuals produces no effect. The number of priests in the country is considerable. They are allowed to marry, but only once. Great numbers of the younger clergy, who are attached to no particular mission, go about teaching children, but though their terms are very low, they obtain comparatively few scholars. Their school is generally held in the open air, except in wet weather. It would seem that they are in some measure acquainted with the Lancasterian system, as the advanced boys are made to teach the younger ones. The urchins are sometimes so violent and ungovernable, that the master is obliged to put them in irons for months together. Very few of the Abyssinians learn to write. They have all a strong belief, however, in the efficacy of written charms, and those who can manufacture these spells are much respected, as it is supposed that, by their supernatural power, they can keep off the hail and locust from the harvest, and cure all sorts of diseases. The reader will be amused with an anecdote or two, which Pearce relates of these rascals.

'I cannot help mentioning a circumstance which once befel one of these impostors. The Ras had often conversed with me, telling me the power these people had, and what dangerous enemies they were to those who offended them; to which I always replied, that it was only a foolish superstition of the ignorant, and that they had no power more than other people, and ought rather to be punished as impostors. Through frequent conversations he began, I saw, to be of my opinion, but dared not shew it, for fear of giving umbrage to the priests. A Gojam Dofter came one day, to ask the Ras to put him at the head of the clergy of some country district, assuring him that he could prevent the ravages of the small-pox, of the destructive locust, or of hail. The Ras, smiling, recommended him to me and Mr. Coffin, who were then sitting at dinner with him. In consequence, he made his bow, and addressed himself to us. On our return

home he followed us, and we ordered our gate-keeper to permit him to enter the yard, while I and Mr. Coffin went into the house, and soon returned with two English cart-whips, that came with the artillery harness and carriages brought by Mr. Salt. The Dofter smiled at seeing those long weapons, and asked the use of them. "We are going to show you," said Mr. Coffin, and I immediately added, in a serious tone, "If you can save others from the wrath of God, save yourself from the whipping you are going to receive;" on which we both began to lay on, till he fell at our feet imploring mercy, declaring he had no more power than his fellow-creatures. After this acknowledgment, we gave him his belly full of victuals, raw meat and maize, and turned him out of the yard, when he asked us for money, which we refused, and he became very troublesome and abusive, At last he so provoked Mr. Coffin, that he took his blunderbuss, charged it, put the blood of a fowl which he had just killed on the top of the powder, and went to the gate and discharged it at him; when the man, seeing himself covered with blood, took to his heels and ran up to the top of a small mountain, where he remained till the evening, when he descended, and went to the Ras's gate, calling out *Abbate! Abbate!* [justice]; and stating that the white man had shot him. Upon this, the Ras sent for me and Mr. Coffin, to inquire into the matter, when, hearing the truth of the affair, he laughed heartily, and dismissed the fellow, who departed, and was never heard of more in that part of the country. For several weeks after, the old Ras would laugh heartily at dinner time over the story.

'Another time we produced the same effect upon one of these impostors, with a number of squibs and crackers, that came from England also, which we threw upon him through the roof, into a close room, where he was writing his charms, and drawing the picture of hell, the devil, &c., which frightened him so much, that he broke open the door, and, leaving his cap and turban, with all the utensils of his art, behind him, he ran off, and never returned. This also furnished great amusement to the old gentleman, though he never durst say any thing against these wretches in public, even when he was himself convinced.

'There was also a great Dofter who used to travel about the country of Enderta for several years, and had become very rich, by cheating the poor and ignorant. This Dofter used to attend the sick, and was employed to purify places supposed to be haunted by the devil, &c. He used always to commence his operations in the heat of the sun, when he would order all fires to be removed from near the spot, and would then sit down on a dry place near the door, and tell the people to withdraw to a little distance while he prayed, during which time he would, by the assistance of the bottom of a broken bottle, set fire to some dry horse-dung, with the rays of the sun; he would then throw on some frankincense, to make a great smoke, and, rising up with his face towards heaven, would call his ignorant employers, telling them in an awful tone, that "God had heard him, nd sent down fire from heaven to destroy all their enemies, visible or in-sible." This I found out by my own investigation, having produced the me effect with the bottom of a broken *bruly*, or bottle, which experiment showed to the Ras. Still, none durst disbelieve the Dofter.'—vol. i. . 332—335.

Though smoking is forbidden by the priests, yet it is very gene-lly practised. The churches are constructed of wood, and are

generally of very inferior workmanship, though some are painted and decorated very elegantly. The taxes are paid in corn, cattle, honey, butter, salt, and cotton cloths, and in some places in gold, to the chiefs of the districts, who, in their turn, pay an annual tribute, in kind, to the Ras, whom they acknowledge as their superior. Cloth is very cheap, there being a great abundance of cotton in the central and northern parts of Abyssinia. The sheep are seldom fat, though the pasture is very fine; goats thrive well, and the horses are spirited and beautiful. They are never shod, and very seldom cleaned. We may add the details which Pearce has collected of the domestic economy of the Abyssinians.

'Their houses are far from being clean, in general swarming with vermin. They consist only of stones and clay, thatched over with a kind of grass, which I have mentioned in a former part of my journal. The land is cultivated with great ease; they use no kind of manure to enrich the soil. They plough with a small plough, which the farmer holds in one hand, and a large whip in the other, and it is drawn by a yoke of oxen, which are trained to be very steady. A cow is never put into the yoke, for which reason an ox is never killed, unless he will not or is not able to draw the plough. Cows are always used for slaughter. In clearing for cultivation land which never before was tilled, they cut down the trees and bushes, which they pile in different places over the remaining stumps of the larger sort, and, when dry, set them on fire, and then plough the ground two or three times over, and it is fit for cultivation.

'At the commencement of the rains, the fields farthest from their villages are frequently damaged by hogs and monkeys, which are very numerous every where near the mountains, the centre of the larger plains being alone exempt from these intruders. I have myself seen an assemblage of large monkeys* drive the keepers from the field, in spite of their slings and stones, till several people went from the village to their assistance, and then they only retired slowly, on seeing that the men had no guns. Where leopards resort, the country is clear of monkeys, but the farmer is continually losing his sheep and goats, though his corn may be safe. Wheat, barley, beans, hemp, and a corn called *arras* in Tigré, as well as peas, are sown in the month of June, after the first day or two of rain. Other different varieties of grain, called *marshella daguxu*, and a red *taff*, called *taff agi*, are sown from the latter end of April till the middle of May. There are in general ten or fifteen days' rain in these months. Their harvest for the abovementioned grain lasts from the latter end of September till the

* 'These monkeys, I am told by Mr. Coffin, are very mischievous and dangerous, especially to young females, when they chance to meet with them unprotected in solitary places; in case of blows or resistance they become extremely savage. I am not certain whether medical men are aware that these animals can be inoculated with the small-pox; but, as I have somewhere heard, or read, that this disease cannot be communicated, in any way, from the human subject to the brute creation, I merely mention the circumstance, as a fact that has come within Mr. Coffin's personal knowledge, and that the complaint is as fatal to the monkey as it is to the human species.—EDITOR.'

quence, h.

beginning of November; white and black *taff*, which is sown in the latter end of July and the beginning of August, is harvested in November and December; other species of grain called *shemberra* and *bursine*, are sown in the odd days, or *epagoma*, between August and September, and their harvest is in December and January. On plains or in valleys, near the rivers, they have crops all the year round, by means of trenches cut from the rivers, which water their banks for a considerable width, according to the industry of the farmers.

'The rainy season, which is June, July, and August, is the quarter called Corrumpta; the following three months are the quarter called the Koi in Tigré; and the next quarter is called Asmerra.

'The country is much overrun with numerous kinds of weeds, which, if neglected and not plucked up before the corn begins to form its ear, are often destructive to whole fields. The Abyssinians always help each other to weed their corn, which is done with great ceremony; a chief will muster every soldier in his service, and march at the head of them to his corn fields, where they lay down their arms, form into a line, join in chorus to a song, and, in general led by a female, march on plucking up the weeds. In this way they soon get through a number of fields, throwing the weeds down as they pluck them, and leaving the farming-men, boys, and girls, to carry them to the borders of the field. In the month of September, the chief, in general, finds this employment for his soldiers, to preserve his favourite white *Taff*. At times he will, on his return home, give them a feast of raw meat and maize, which is considered as the greatest treat in Abyssinia. Nothing can give more pleasure to the soldiers, or be more welcome to a visitor or stranger, than entertaining them with the blood-warm raw steaks of a cow, and a hornful of maize or *tsug*.

'In their cooking they are very clean, except in two or three dishes which I shall not omit to mention. Fowls are washed after being cut into pieces for cooking, in a dozen waters at least, and the same is practised in cleaning fish. Both dishes are cooked with curry, a mixture of hot chilly-pepper, onions, and salt, called *dillack*, with the addition of some butter and spices, which altogether form a hot compound that few European throats could swallow.

'Mutton and goats' flesh are sometimes curried, and sometimes boiled, but more frequently only a little broiled. Partridges, guinea-fowl, and other game, are always curried. A very favourite dish is the sheep's or goat's paunch minced, the liver broiled and also minced, together with a little of the substance from the entrails, that has not been digested, and a few drops from the gall, mixed all together with another compound of red pepper and salt, called *horzy*. Another sauce consists of the thin substance from a cow's entrails, boiled with mustard and the mixture called *horzy* and butter, which they generally eat with the raw beef. Another dish, which is seldom to be met with, except at the tables of persons of the ' 'gher rank, or the nobility, is made from a part of the cow called *chakkiner*, ıich is very tender, and cut up raw into very small mince-meat, then ixed with black pepper and a great quantity of oil, that runs from the nts of the knees and other limbs of the cow while being dissected. He y consider himself a great favourite who gets his mouth crammed full of ı dish.

'Women do all the cookery, and every chief keeps a good cook, called

abbuzer. *Sherro* is a dish often given to a stranger, it being quickly done; it is made of meal, butter, and pepper. As I have before mentioned, it is the custom to feed their guests by cramming them, and when a man invites a friend to eat with himself and his wife, it is reckoned very impolite if the wife does not feed the guest with her own hands; the husband will also at times cram the guest, male or female, without distinction, and the more voraciously the visitor eats the better bred he is esteemed, except when necessity causes a scanty table, as in a camp or on a march; then the more gluttonously a person eats the less he is regarded. They never see a stranger standing by, if even on a march, when going to eat, without asking him to partake of their fare.'—vol. i. pp. 343—348.

The currency of the country is cloth, in pieces, each of which may be estimated at a dollar in value; when smaller sums are required in marketing, the pieces are torn into halves, quarters, &c. A fine fat cow may be had for four or five pieces of cloth, goats for two or three each, sheep for from three to six; honey, butter, and corn, are remarkably cheap, eight bushels of the latter are sold for one piece of cloth. The Abyssinians have a regular code of laws, taken from different books of the Old Testament, but it is seldom attended to, the will of the chiefs being, in general, the only rules that are resorted to for the administration of justice. They all, high and low, are very fond of chess, at which game the chiefs spend whole days. They are also partial to hunting and the sports of the field. But they never kill snipes, geese, ducks, or any kind of water-fowl, which they look upon as unclean. The hare also, for the same reason, is held in abomination, as is likewise the hog, though the flesh of the latter is eaten by great numbers, as a cure for rheumatism and other disorders. Abyssinia abounds in wild beasts, and is much infested with snakes, which grow to an immense size. Mr. Coffin says that he saw one of these reptiles shot, which measured more than forty feet, and had the appearance of being a young one. It was armed on the forehead with horns, which the Abyssinians use as musical instruments; its body was of prodigious thickness, and the skin impenetrable to a musket-shot, so that the only chance of killing them, is by hitting them with an iron ball in the eye. It is a most dangerous reptile, he adds, and very destructive to man and to almost every other animal. The birds are numerous, and some, especially of the vulture tribe, very large; the singing birds are few, but their plumage is in general very beautiful.

But we must bring this paper to a close. In the May of 1816, the old Ras died, and hostilities broke out amongst all the chiefs of Tigre for the vacant dignity. The situation of Pearce and Coffin became very precarious; the former quitted Chelicut, and proceeded to Adowa, Axum, and other places; he set out with the view of visiting Gondar, but he was prevented by the rains, which swelled the river Tacazze to such a height, that the whole of the adjacent country was covered by the inundation. He occasionally served in

the civil contests, which raged in almost every district, but, after wandering about for two or three years, he resolved on leaving Abyssinia. The conduct, on this occasion, of his wife Tringo, to whom he had been married eleven years, was worthy of her sex. She was now in Adowa, the town in which her friends resided, and when she saw that he was determined to depart, 'she asked,' says Pearce, 'to speak to me in some place where she could not be heard by any one else. Accordingly, we went out under a tree, where she burst into a flood of tears, and said, "If you leave me behind, I shall never be happy." I said, "How is it possible you can go? your grandmother, brothers, and sisters, will never give ear to any such thing. They said, the day before yesterday, when I told you in their presence that I should take you with me, that I only wanted to take you to Massowa, and sell you." "Never mind that," said she, "I shall be happier as your slave, than as my mother's child. Don't let a word be spoken, and I will manage well enough to get clear with you out of the town, unknown to any; after which, you know best yourself what to do." They made the best of their way to Massowa, whence they proceeded by sea to Suez. Upon arriving at Cairo, in January, 1819, Pearce found there Mr. and Mrs. Belzoni, from whom he experienced the greatest kindness. He then left poor Tringo in the care of Mr. Salt's servants, and as that gentleman was then upon an excursion in Upper Egypt, Pearce set off on a voyage up the Nile, in search of him. He was received by his friend and benefactor in the most affectionate manner, and, upon returning to Cairo, he was appointed to superintend Mr. Salt's household establishment, an office which he executed with fidelity and diligence. Here, as we have already intimated, he drew up his journal, which Mr. Salt highly valued, and intended, if health had been spared him, to revise. But this design he did not live to accomplish. In 1820, that gentleman having some things of consequence to send to England, committed them to the care of Pearce, for whom a passage was secured from Alexandria, where, from the causes already mentioned, he died, says the editor, in the June of that year. But this must be a mistake, as Pearce's will is dated and witnessed the 31st of July, 1820. In that document he refers, in the most affectionate terms, to his *late* wife, from which it appears that Tringo was then no more. After leaving to an Abyssinian girl, named Cullum, almost all the personal property he was possessed of, because she was Tringo's faithful attendant, he adds, 'I also leave a silver chain, which I kiss in memory of my late beloved wife, to my niece.'

There is one characteristic feature of this journal which renders it particularly worthy of attention,—the evident exactness with which the representation of Abyssinian manners and usages is every where given. The author seems to have had no idea whatever of the art of exaggeration, and not a particle of personal vanity. His attachment

to Mr. Salt would, indeed, have prevented him from giving a false colouring to any thing that came under his notice, even if his innate love of truth had been habitually depraved. The editor assures us, that he confined his alterations, "merely to such corrections in orthography, grammar, &c., as would tend to render the work more clear and intelligible to the reader," and we must do him the justice to say, that he has performed his part most judiciously, preserving, as far as he possibly could, the simplicity of the original manuscript. He informs us, that the successor of the old Ras, Welled Selasse, is a chieftain named Subegadis, with whom Mr. Salt became acquainted in 1810, and whose elevation he predicted, in consequence of the great superiority of character which Subegadis, then quite a young man, had already evinced. Brave, intelligent, indefatigable, of an iron, sinewy frame, and a pleasing aspect, he promises to be the Ali Pacha of Abyssinia. The latest accounts from that region left him preparing for his march to Gondar, where it is probable that he has already seated himself upon the throne.

ART. III.—*Memoires de Madame La Duchesse D'Abrantes, ou Souvenirs Historiques sur Napoleon, La Revolution, Le Directoire, Le Consulat, L'Empire, et La Restauration.* Tome second. Paris: Ladvocat. 1831.

THE second volume of this work, to which we have now to direct the attention of the reader, commences with some minute details of persons and events which are entirely destitute of any interest, at least for the public of this country, at the present time. Madame Junot, however, in dwelling on the recollections of her childhood, gives the most decided proofs that she posseses true filial piety, and affords, indeed, in her own person, a very remarkable example of the paramount influence which early impressions maintain over the human heart, no matter how manifold may be the distractions to which it is exposed. She recurs with manifest delight to those days of happiness, when the flame of religion was first breathed by her devout mother into her innocent soul; and she describes her first communion with as much enthusiasm, as if she had, during her subsequent life, very strong reasons to be grateful for some advantages which it conferred.

The birth and parentage of Junot are given in this volume, and, considering who the biographer is, it appears to us a very candid and impartial account. His parents, she says, were of the middling class, and he received a good education. She describes him as being the best of sons, of husbands, and of fathers. His letters, very often written amidst the tumult of battle, entered into all the interests of his little family; and with all the anxiety of a fond parent, he would inquire if his last boy had yet cut his tenth tooth. A passion for arms drove Junot, at the age of twenty, to seek his

fortune in the field. He first distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon, where his intrepid conduct made such an impression on his comrades, that they unanimously and with acclamation proclaimed him their sergeant, for Junot had begun his military life as a private soldier. The following anecdote displays his sense of honour and the boldness of his valour :—

'About this time Junot was one day stationed at a battery, when an artillery officer, who had just come from Paris to take the command of the siege, asked an officer on duty if he was acquainted with any person amongst the subalterns who could be relied on for his bravery and intelligence. The lieutenant instantly called La Tempête, and Junot presented himself. "Put off your uniform," said the artillery officer, surveying him with a searching eye, "and carry this order *there*," pointing with his hand to a particular direction. The young sergeant blushed deeply, and his eyes brightened. "I am not a spy, sir," said he, "and you must look out for some one else to execute your orders." "What!" said the officer, in a severe tone, "you refuse to obey orders? Do you know what you expose yourself to?" "I am ready," replied Junot, "to obey orders—but if I go at all with this message I will go with my uniform on—I am sure it is paying compliment enough to these —— English." The officer, smiling, said, "But they will kill you, man." "That's no affair of yours; you do not know me sufficiently to care about me—and as for myself it is all equal to me. Come, I will proceed as I am—shall I not. I am mistaken if, with this good sabre in my hand, I shall let the conversation flag, should these folks be inclined to talk with me." And off he went, singing. As soon as he was gone the officer inquired the name of the young man, and when informed of it he remarked, "that lad will make his way," and he made a memorandum in his tablets. This affair was of the greatest consequence to Junot, for the reader will have already anticipated that the superior officer was Napoleon.

'A few days after this incident Buonaparte, approaching the very same battery, inquired for some person who could write a good hand. Junot stepped forward, and was immediately recognized by his officer, who did not fail to say some kind and encouraging things to him. Buonaparte then desired him to write what he was about to dictate; and Junot, for the purpose, squatted himself on the demi-bastion of the battery. The letter was scarcely finished, when a shell, which had been thrown by the English, exploded at a distance of about ten steps from where they were, and covered Junot and the letter with earth. "Very well," exclaimed Junot, laughing, "we had no sand to dry the ink." Buonaparte was struck at the coolness and firmness of the young sergeant. This circumstance decided his fortune. He left his corps and attached himself to Napoleon; and when the town was afterwards taken, he asked no other promotion than that of being aid-de-camp to Buonaparte, although he was entitled to a higher rank.'—pp. 189—192.

The subsequent conduct of Junot uniformly shows the strength and perseverance of his attachment to Napoleon, with whom he shared the glory of many of those splendid victories, which render the early life of the great conqueror so illustrious. A letter from Buonaparte to Junot, when the former was about to make a secret

departure from Egypt, is full of affection. 'I am leaving Egypt,' he writes, 'my dear Junot. You are too far from the place of embarkation to accompany me; but I leave an order with Kleber to enable you to depart in the course of October. In conclusion, wherever I am, and in whatever situation I may be placed, you may certainly count upon receiving from me positive proof of the affectionate friendship I bear to you.' Junot was at this time commanding a division at Suez. His ultimate departure was attended by very inauspicious circumstances. A report was spread amongst the troops, that Junot was about to take home the treasures which were said to have been discovered in the pyramids by Napoleon. The soldiers were so worked upon by this rumour, that a party of them took the opportunity, before Junot's embarkation, of boarding the vessel in which he was to sail, and of breaking open every box and case they found. But their violent search was fruitless, and Junot appears to have felt more on account of the mean suspicions that were entertained of him and his friend, than he did for the outrage that was committed on his property. The Duchess is exceedingly indignant that the English should have believed this story of her husband, and that too so implicitly, as to send a ship of war to cruise before Alexandria, and to intercept the vessel in which Junot was transporting the money. This was the Theseus, then commanded by captain Steels, a gentleman whom she is pleased to set down as one of the most impertinent fellows in existence. The captain had the indelicacy to capture the French vessel which had Junot and his suite on board, just as she came out of port, and no doubt he highly offended that distinguished officer by telling him, in the plain bluff manner of a British tar, "we were just waiting for you." After four months of captivity on board the English vessel, during which we are told that the sufferings of Junot and his companions were very great, captain Steels directed his course to Jaffa, to deliver up the prisoners to Sir Sidney Smith. This gallant sailor behaved with great civility to the prisoners, and sent them in the Vaillant to Cyprus, whence they were to be conveyed to Toulon. It was, however, necessary that an English officer should be dispatched to Palermo, to take orders from Nelson, who was there at that time with Lady Hamilton. We shall give the sequel from the Duchess's own description.

'The morning after the Vaillant had anchored in the port of Palermo, a beautiful barge with twelve oars, and most luxuriously ornamented, was rowed in the direction of the ship. Junot, who was then in his berth, was surprized by the appearance of the captain of the Vaillant, who presented himself in a most arrogant manner, and addressed Junot and his friends in the following words: "Gentlemen, get upon deck, the great admiral Nelson, our hero, wishes to see the French prisoners." Junot looked at the officer for a moment, and then turned his head about as if it had been somebody near him that was spoken to; then, after a pause, he said, "Oh, I see it is me that you address—aye, it is the general you are

speaking to." The captain nodded in the affirmative. "And you have the fortitude," added Junot, "to execute your commission with so much impertinence. Now, sir, take back this answer, at least so far as I and my officers are concerned—go and tell your admiral Nelson, who is to me certainly neither a hero nor a great man, that I am not his prisoner, but the prisoner of his government, and that were I ever so much in his custody, I would not submit to an order conveyed to me with the brutality that is only used to those curious beasts which you have brought from Egypt, and to which you would very properly fill the office of groom. If admiral Nelson has any wish to see me he knows where I am. I have to add this: he is my superior, his rank is above mine—let him but intimate in a courteous manner that he wishes to see me, and I will instantly repair to him. But now the insult has been offered, and he cannot undo it." The truth is, that it was his anger that made Junot say what he did of Nelson, for he admired that hero, and did not conceal what he thought. It is to be presumed, besides, that the conduct of Junot was understood by Nelson: for the same evening he sent the prisoners a large basket of fruit and syrups, with some bottles of Bourdeaux wine. Lady Hamilton added some oranges to the present. However, Nelson annulled the orders given by Sidney Smith, and the prisoners, instead of returning to France, were sent to Mahon, to await the judgment of the Admiralty. That judgment was not very doubtful; still it might be delayed, and for the prisoners to remain any longer under the power of the captain of the frigate was more than human patience could endure.

'Commodore Sidney Smith appeared to Junot, under an aspect which was not very favourable to his hopes of enjoying with that officer such a social and agreeable intercourse, as ought to subsist between gentlemen so circumstanced. General Buonaparte was not deceived in attributing the evils which resulted from the protracted resistance of St. Jean d'Acre to the quarter he did. Sidney Smith and those calamities could never be dissociated in his mind. Those who were immediately about him, and who so easily sympathized with his hatreds and his friendships, could see in Sidney Smith only a man whom Buonaparte could not love, and whom therefore they could no longer regard. Notwithstanding this, Junot declared to me one day, that the Emperor always thought Sidney Smith was an honourable man, and that he acknowledged it. He believed, however, that Smith was insane, for he could not imagine how any man in his senses would undertake such irrational enterprizes as he did. It happened, therefore, that the first hours of intercourse between Junot and Smith were unpleasant. But this state of things did not last long—they very soon became well acquainted, and inspired each other with a mutual and profound esteem. Junot used to say of Sidney that he was chivalry personified in all its valour and fealty. They spent two months together, which appeared to Junot very short ones—but he was desirous of returning to France. Every other anxiety, indeed, was merged in that one, which ultimately became a real *maladie du pays*. Sidney observed it, and did as much as he could do for a brother, to promote his wishes in that respect. In fine, it was to the active interference of Sir Sidney Smith that Junot was indebted for the privilege of being liberated by an exchange of prisoners. I may remark that for Junot ten persons were exchanged.'—pp. 226—233.

From all that we have read and heard ourselves respecting the astonishment that was excited throughout France by the sudden appearance of Buonaparte in Paris, when everybody supposed that he was still in Egypt, we can well imagine the state of consternation into which his more immediate friends and relatives were thrown by such an event. Madame Junot gives a very lively description of the manner in which the news was received in her domestic circle.

'On the night of the 18th Vendemiaire we had a party at my mother's. We were all sitting round an immense table, playing *à loto-dauphin*, a game of which my mother was extremely fond. We were all very merry, when our attention was arrested by the arrival of a cabriolet, which seemed to have approached with the utmost rapidity. Some one ascended the staircase in two jumps. It proved to be my brother Albert, who exclaimed, "who will guess the news?" As we were all very cheerful, and as he appeared to be so too, we supposed that he might guess who could imagine the greatest absurdity possible. Albert shook his head. My mother told him that she was tired of holding the bag of little balls, and that upon an occasion when *a change of the republic* was agitated, he was no longer serious. "Upon my word, mother," replied Albert, "you must know that what you have said in jest will very soon happen in downright earnest—Buonaparte is in France." At the moment that these words were uttered, every person in the room became stock still, as if they had been struck with a magic wand. "Buonaparte in France!" exclaimed my mother, "how can that be? Your news is contrary to common sense. I only saw Madame Buonaparte at five o'clock this evening, and I could remark nothing in her conduct which led me to suppose that she expected his return.'—"But my intelligence is certain," rejoined Albert, "for I was at the house of Brunetiere when he was sent for by Gohier. As the Luxembourg is quite close to his house he requested me to wait for him, and in about half an hour he returned with the tidings that Buonaparte arrived the day before at Frejus. Brunetiere informed me that he found Madame Josephine Buonaparte at Gohier's, where she had dined, and heard the first announcement of this important intelligence. It appeared to him (and this my brother spoke in a low tone of voice to my mother) that she was not as pleased with the news as she ought to have been." "Bah," exclaimed the old Marquis d'Hautefort, "she knows how to put on her wedding mask when she sees him—but let her take care—it is a sharp subject she has to deal with, and she—she is nothing but a fool." My mother, who was sunk in a deep reverie, now rose, and pushing back her chair with some force, asked what o'clock it was. Eleven was the hour. "It is too late," she muttered to herself. "Where do you purpose to go?" inquired the Marquis d'Hautefort. My mother replied, "I want to find out if the news be true." Albert on the instant started off to Joseph and Lucien Buonaparte, and in a very short time returned with a confirmation of the news.'—pp. 337—340.

The suggestion which is made in the above extract, with reference to the ill-fated Josephine, is developed in a more ample and satisfactory manner afterwards. Indeed it must be confessed, that there is manifested by the Duchess of Abrantes a strong disposition

to inculpate the character and conduct of Josephine; the least criminal excuse for such evidently-unjust accusations being the strength of the Duchess's attachment to the memory of Napoleon, and her consequent anxiety to diminish, as much as she could, the guilt which he incurred by his cruel repudiation of that excellent woman. We shall give the passage to which we allude, as it appears to throw some new light on one of the most striking events of Buonaparte's life.

'Madame Buonaparte had griefs of her own, which she felt very sensibly, and for which there was undoubtedly adequate provocation. Whether it was on the score of mere imprudence, or for some real fault, certain it is, that before the tribunal of the Buonaparte family she stood in the character of an accused party, and everybody talked of a divorce.

'Madame Buonaparte, when her husband returned from Egypt, had been for some time engaged in an intimacy with Gohier and his wife. The only reason which the family could give for this intimacy was, that Madame Buonaparte was looking to secure to herself an asylum, in case Napoleon should cast her off, in consequence of what his sisters might tell him. The 18th Brumaire had certainly justified the hatred of Gohier for Buonaparte, but he entertained this animosity long before. One of the great faults of Madame Buonaparte at this epoch was, that she neglected to seek an asylum in the very bosom of danger itself. It was obviously from her mother-in-law that she ought to have sought protection against those who wanted to destroy her, and who did effectually destroy her only eight years later; for it must not be concealed, that the divorce of 1809 was the result of the incessant efforts of all the members of the Buonaparte family, as well as of those confidential servants whom, when she was Madame and when she was Empress, Josephine too fatally neglected to attach to her. She perceived, at length, that she ran much risk in not having the support of any portion of that family to which she was allied by ties whose strength no circumstance could diminish.

'Accordingly, when Buonaparte arrived on the morning of the 24th Vendemiaire, at his little house in the rue Chantereine, he found no one there, for neither Louis Buonaparte nor Madame had returned from their unnecessary journey. (Louis and Madame had left Paris a few days before for the south, in order to meet Napoleon.) Immediately, however, after his arrival, Buonaparte was surrounded by his mother, sisters, and sisters-in-law, and indeed all the family. The impression which he received on finding his home so perfect a solitude as it was, especially when he saw that it was abandoned by her who was naturally its head, was terrible and profound. He spoke of it long afterwards to Junot, and what is still more remarkable, nine years later, when his wife was involved in the most distressing circumstances of her life, he did not forget it. He concluded that, when he did not find her in the midst of his family surrounded by his sisters, and presented by his mother, she must feel that she was unworthy of that protection, and that she fled from the presence of him whom she had outraged. The mistake which he made as to the road that Buonaparte took from Frejus to Paris was only a pretext. He was deeply wounded, and, in a moment so undeserved, the calamity was calculated to work with the most disastrous extraordinary

'Madame Buonaparte now returned. M. de Bourrienne tells us, that Buonaparte shewed the greatest coldness to his wife for the first three days. He certainly was an eye-witness on the occasion, and I am at a loss to know why he has not told us that Napoleon did not want to see her, and did not actually see her on his arrival. This conduct surely was a little beyond mere coldness. Madame Buonaparte was indebted, at the time I speak of, for the restoration—not indeed of the heart of her husband, since he had lost all affection for her for a long time—but of that customary confidence and intimate relation which would give her the title of companion to the greatest man in the world; I say she was indebted for this fortunate change solely to the solicitations of her children. Buonaparte was exceedingly fond of Eugene Beauharnais, who certainly was then a very prepossessing young man. He knew a great deal less of Hortense; but her gentleness, her tender years, the dependant relation in which, as his adopted daughter, she stood to Napoleon, all powerfully appealed to his heart, and finally overcame his repugnance.

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'Buonaparte could not give reasons to those children, and therefore was unable to oppose, by any argument, the irresistible appeal made to him by the two young and innocent creatures, who, on their bended knees before him, and their tears bedewing his hands, repeated—Oh, do not abandon my mother—she will perish if you do: are we, wretched orphans, whom the scaffold has already deprived of our natural protector, are we now to be unjustly deprived of that protector whom Providence has sent us? The result of this scene, which, according to Buonaparte himself, was protracted and heart-rending, was that the children went for their mother, and conducted her into the arms of Buonaparte. The unhappy creature, whilst her children were thus entreating for her, was lying on the steps of an adjoining staircase, and undergoing an agony of torments. Finally, whatever may have been the errors of his wife, Napoleon appears to have then forgotten them, and the reconciliation was complete. The important nature of the duties which thenceforward engaged Buonaparte, prevented him from giving attention to almost any thing else.'—pp. 343—350.

But the reconciliation, unhappily for the ill-fated Josephine, was but temporary; and from what Madame Junot has intimated, in more than one page of the present volume, it is impossible not to feel that that act of cold-blooded cruelty—we mean the divorce of Josephine—was instigated and carried to completion, by the arts, intrigues, and malignant perseverance of Buonaparte's sisters and brothers. The Duchess tells us that Madame Leclerc was the loudest in avowing her displeasure at the reconciliation. Buonaparte's mother, she declares, was no less opposed to it, but she was more guarded in displaying her hostility. Madame Joseph Buonaparte, always unexceptionable and perfect, took no part in news affair. Madame Bacciochi observed no restraint, but exhibited The sub content in a manner so contemptuous, that Josephine could rence to the with it. Christine, an angel of goodness, followed the satisfactory ma adame Joseph; and as to Caroline, she was too young there is manifest of any importance in the family. The brothers

were avowedly at open war with Josephine. Jerome himself, then only fifteen years old, joined the opposition of his family, and never raised his voice but in blame. But he no longer thought of doing so when he began to run after his pretty half sister, as he called Hortense Beauharnais, in the little garden attached to the residence in the rue Chantereine. Blue eyes and fair hair, very soon turned a little head that was far from being very steady. Madame Buonaparte, whilst yet her little brother-in-law was so young, thought of him before she did of Louis, that is just after the reconciliation. M. de Bourrienne, who was her man of business in every thing, gave her this advice. But she had too hard a card to play, having Lucien in her contemplation, and permitting Jerome to run about the garden, and to take a part in small plays in the drawing-room. Still, childish as he was, Jerome was given to understand that he must not yield to the fascination of the beautiful eyes and the fair tresses which had, at a later period, completely captivated his brother. The family party very soon penetrated the plans of Madame Buonaparte, and, as is always sure to happen with respect to projects which are discovered before they are executed, the scheme of Josephine fell to the ground, and measures were effectually taken to induce Jerome to return to the interests of his own family.

'At the time I speak of,' writes the Duchess, 'Jerome had been, I think, at the college of Juilly; he had then in his own person the levity, wrong-headedness, and frivolity of the whole family; and I have seen nothing like his character in any of his brothers. He very much resembled his sister Paulette, and both of them appeared to possess nothing in common with their brothers and sisters.'—p. 353.

The insight which is here given into the machinery, by the working of which poor Josephine was ultimately destroyed, appears to us to confirm the opinion of her perfect innocence as a wife. It is openly stated by the Duchess, that Josephine was guilty of faults, but she leaves their nature to be determined, if they could fairly be so indeed, by conjecture. The hatred and jealousy which the Buonaparte family seemed to have indulged in against her, are quite sufficient to account for her deplorable downfal, and nothing but, as we said before, a blind resolution to justify Napoleon, could have prevailed on the Duchess to insinuate that there was any foundation in the actual conduct of Josephine for the punishment to which she was consigned. It is familiarly said in France, that the calamities which overtook Buonaparte, were only the testimonies of the Divine wrath, which he had provoked by his injustice to his wife. Whatever we may be permitted to believe respecting the dispensations of Providence in this world, we cannot but admire the sentiment which gave rise to so remarkable an impression. At all events we take it as evidence, that the universal opinion of France concurred in favour of the innocence of Josephine; and so undeserved and so unrighteous was the outrage, that some extraordinary

demonstration, they believed, of heavenly vengeance, was necessary to denounce it.

We do not know that we have left untouched any portion of this volume which contains the slightest material of interest to the British reader. There are of course a thousand incidents and a thousand names commemorated in these pages, which will be relished in the boulevards and, haply, some of the fauxbourgs of Paris. As it is impossible for us to participate in the amusement, which these reminiscences, we are sure, are calculated to afford to the people of Paris, we have naturally dwelt upon those records only which relate to characters and events of general interest and importance. It is only justice to the ingenious writer that we should subjoin this explanation, and assure the curious in literature that, in addition to the sort of information of which we have given so many specimens, these Memoirs contain a great variety of local and personal anecdotes, grave and gay, sometimes carrying us to the profoundest depths of pathos—sometimes refreshing us with the most delightful mirth,—but all pencilled off with that matchless grace, to which a French woman of fashion only can expect to attain.

ART. IV.—*The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.* By Thomas Moore. In two volumes. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1831.

MRS. BEAUCLERK, to whom this Memoir is inscribed, is not the only individual in whose breast the name of Lord Edward Fitzgerald is cherished with a feeling of enthusiasm. It is a name sacred in the annals of Ireland, and precious in the estimation of every man who takes an interest in the real welfare of that country. Rebellion in the abstract is hateful, and raises, in every well constituted mind, the most unfavourable prejudices against those individuals, whom the mere impatience of order and of authority, has arrayed in arms against them. But circumstances may sometimes be found in the condition of a nation which justify insurrection, and render it a duty upon the part of the people; if they be sensibly alive to that duty, and rush to the performance of it, with the determination of men who have resolved to die for their freedom, they may not, indeed, calculate upon an infallible result, but even in their fall they attain the object next to victory, the dignity of defeat in a glorious cause. No hatred, no disgrace, but, on the contrary, esteem that never diminishes, honours that never fade, grow around their memory, and flourish through many an age, after the name of their servile conqueror has been entombed in oblivion.

And assuredly, if ever a nation were driven by its rulers to the duty of revolt, it was Ireland, at the close of the last century. Hence there is hardly an instance of a chieftain having perished,

either in the field or upon the scaffold, in her cause, whose memory is not still preserved in that country, with as much freshness as if his death had occurred but yesterday. It will be the same thirty years, or thirty centuries from this time, as it is now. If the circumstances of Ireland be altered for the better, those heroes will take rank amongst the most estimable of her national heroes; if it be her fate to decline from misery to misery, until the grass shall grow in her streets and market-places, she will still look up, with a sense of agony and shame, upon those bright stars in her political hemisphere, lamenting her lost independence, and the degeneracy that prevents her from entertaining even the hope of seeing better days.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are true friends to the perpetuation of the union which subsists between Great Britain and Ireland: we think, that placed upon a proper footing, it would be essentially advantageous to both parties; but the years that have rolled by since the act of union was passed, have proved, to demonstration, that the basis upon which that union has been conducted is not one of perfect equality, and that Ireland has, in fact, been treated, not as the sister, but as the handmaid of England. It was but the other day, for instance, that one of the most notorious intentions of the framers of that measure was carried into execution, we mean the removal of religious disqualifications from the letter of the statute book; but the spirit of those odious laws still remains in all its force, pervading every part of the political system in that country; a faction still sternly controuls her destinies, and whatever the government may say or wish, or even exert itself to do, it cannot, it dare not, contend against that faction, with any thing like effectual energy.

It is mere idle talk to discuss bills for the regulation of the parliamentary constituency of Ireland, or indeed any other measure of mere palliation, so long as that faction, consisting principally of the members of the Lutheran sect established by law, continues to lord it over the people, and to defy the government. It is but a small minority of the population, say five hundred thousand individuals at the utmost, out of seven millions; and yet, by the enormous wealth which it extorts from the country, under the sanction of the legislature; by the means which it possesses and strenuously uses, for impoverishing the numerical majority, who have two churches to support; by the countless dignities and offices which it monopolizes; and, above all, by the incessant action of its malignity towards every body beyond its own pale, it exercises an influence over the affairs of Ireland, ecclesiastical and temporal, general and local, within the sanctuary of private dwellings and out of it, in town and village, by land and on the sea, which the legislature does not possess, and against which the cabinet must contend in vain. It is this band of harpies that has been, for centuries, drinking up the life-blood of Ireland at its very fountain; and thus we behold

the paradox of a country, rich in all the gifts of nature, pining to a skeleton. Tracts of land from verge to verge of the horizon may be seen, in all her provinces, annually teeming to profusion with golden harvests; her green hills and level pastures—and none more green are to be found in any other part of Europe—are covered with sheep and cattle of the most excellent description; her rivers, some of which are like inland seas, abound in fish, and offer every facility for navigation to and from the finest harbours in the world; her climate is genial for every vegetable, and almost for every fruit that loves the open air, nor is the interior of her soil destitute of mineral wealth;—and yet do we not hear periodically, not of a family only, but of whole districts of families, perishing of famine—of famine in the very bosom of plenty? But who is it that sweeps away the overflowing abundance of that land to its own granaries? It is *the* faction. Who is it that devours the harvests? It is these locusts who swarm from the church, and pour down upon the natural riches of the country with a voracity never to be satiated, and more destructive than all the plagues of Egypt. These were but for a season: those never die.

Before any measures of mere regulation can be devised for Ireland, our legislators must first clear their way, by the utter extermination of this den of thieves. The church, as an establishment, must be razed to the earth, and every particle of law enacted for forcing it upon a people who have always detested it, must be expunged from our records. It is a systematic robbery, a wicked spoliation, under the forms of authority, that must be put an end to. The days are rapidly passing away, when mere usage was sufficient to protect abuses, however enormous, from being corrected, and even from being investigated. Now every body inquires for himself; the legislature has lost its *prestige*, and is no longer considered as an oracle of consummate wisdom. Public opinion is the true Parliament of our times, to which all other tribunals must bend, and this has already decided the fate of the church in Ireland. The rebellions by which that country has been agitated and deeply injured have been traced, like the French revolution, to various causes; but to one cause alone are they in truth to be imputed—to the church, the absorber of its wealth, the incubus upon its prosperity, the relentless oppressor of its people. It is from that prolific source that all her misfortunes have sprung, from the days of Elizabeth to the present hour: during that long and gloomy period in the annals of Ireland, it has been the disastrous policy of every successive cabinet to govern her people through the instrumentality of the Lutheran sect, for which purpose all the wealth of the country has been prostituted to the uses of ecclesiastical domination. And what has been the consequence? The Irish people have been slain in battle, rivers have been dyed with their blood, their property has been confiscated, their homes have been plundered, their persons incarcerated, their civil and political fran-

chises trampled upon, they have undergone every species of persecution which theological and official tyranny could invent, but never have they swerved from the religion of their fathers, never have they succumbed to their foes; they may, as Tacitus expresses it, have been triumphed over, but they have not been conquered, and, at this moment, they are the most disorganized, and most discontented community of civilized beings on the face of the earth.

This may be said to be the language of rebellion. We care not by what name it is designated, if it be, as we believe it to be, the language of truth. We do not hesitate to use it, because we desire it to be known that we are the open foes of that church, which has brought every kind and degree of misery that man can experience, upon a country which ought to be, and might without difficulty be made, a nation the most tranquil, the most industrious, the most happy, that a good king could wish to govern, or a good man to inhabit. Let the people have to support but their own worship, let their native energies be released from the ecclesiastical thraldom in which they are now iron-bound, let them apply to manufactures and trade the capital which is now swallowed up in the abyss of a false religion, and instead of soliciting succour from us to stay the progress of famine and disease, they will have an abundance of their own to bestow upon the wants of others, and will earn for their island the title of a second England.

We are not amongst those who desire for Ireland a separate and independent legislature: the existence of such a power in her metropolis would soon put an end to all co-operation between the two countries; would, in our opinion, be beneficial to neither, but, on the contrary, injurious to both, and more injurious to Ireland than to Great Britain. Such a legislature, at best, would be but a provincial one, and the country would preserve, as long as such legislature continued, a merely provincial character, whereas she ought to be upon a perfect equality with the other members of the confederacy, Scotland and England,—an equality which she never could enjoy without being directly represented in the Imperial Parliament. It is obvious, however, if we consider the quantity of business constantly accumulating in that parliament, that there are many things now necessarily done with its sanction, which might be much better done without it. All that class of transactions which is comprised in private and local bills, the providing for the education of the lower orders, the draining and reclaiming of waste lands and bogs, the regulation of rail-ways and canals, the construction of new roads and the repair of the old, the erection of public buildings, and many of those arrangements which support the interests of commerce and agriculture, and, above all, the enactment and administration of a code of rational poor laws, might be most advantageously committed to a local assembly in Ireland, whose functions should be strictly limited within the range of all questions not of a general or, as we might say, of an imperial character. An

assembly of this description, consisting of a certain number of deputies from each county, and regulated upon the principle of a grand jury, for receiving and answering the presentments of every part of that country, and sitting for a month three or four times a year, would not only not interfere with the higher duties of the United Parliament, but materially facilitate them, as well as those of the local executive government.

We have been led into these observations by some of the topics which are touched upon in the work now before us, but still more by reflecting upon the long course of unhappiness through which it has been the doom of Ireland to run, in consequence of the wretched policy that, since the reformation, has led England to press, and to press in vain, upon the sister nation, her own new-fangled and often-varied, and still not settled notions of religion. Of the many high-minded and chivalrous victims whom that ill-starred policy has sacrificed upon the altar of the law, few are more worthy of being commemorated than Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Though a member of the dominant church, he clearly saw the evils which it brought upon Ireland, and he generously resolved to expose himself to every risk in order to eradicate them. His efforts were unfortunate, and he was therefore branded as a traitor: but, under the circumstances, that designation carries with it no shame, for it was but accident which prevented it from being anticipated by the title of the deliverer of his country. Washington and Bolivar, the men of the barricades in Paris and in Brussels, were all rebels, as the Poles are also still styled by their assumed master; but the fortune of battle gave to the former, as we trust it may give to the latter, the glorious appellation of the liberators of their native land, and has decreed the character of real traitors to their enemies.

It is delightful to cast a passing glance at the early life of the subject of these pages, abounding as it does in all the amiable charities of private life. He was the fifth son of the first Duke of Leinster, by Emilia Mary, daughter of Charles, Duke of Richmond, and was born on the 15th of October, 1763. At a very early period he evinced a decided tendency towards the military profession, and at the same time towards the principles of civil and religious liberty. Before he was quite twenty years old he obtained a lieutenancy in the 96th regiment of foot, from which he shortly afterwards exchanged into the 19th; with this regiment he proceeded to America, where he behaved so well upon the first occasion that offered itself, that he was promoted to the situation of aid-de-camp on the staff of Lord Rawdon, who then commanded a corps at Charlestown. In the course of this unhappy war, then so near its termination, Lord Edward frequently distinguished himself. Speaking of him at this period, Major, now General Sir John Doyle, has left it upon record that he "never knew so loveable a person: his frank and open manner, his universal benevolence, his *gaieté de cœur*, his

valour almost chivalrous, and, above all, his unassuming tone, made him the idol of all who served with him." Upon his return to Ireland, in 1783, he became, through the influence of his elder brother, a member of the Irish Parliament; but such was his attachment to his profession, that he came over to England, and entered himself at Woolwich at the beginning of 1786, in order to improve himself by a regular course of practical study. His mother, who had some years before become a widow, and without any very long tenure of that character, the wife of Mr. Ogilvie, a gentleman of ancient family in Scotland, was at this time resident in Ireland, and his letters to her on every occasion breathe the tenderest filial affection. Nothing can be more engaging than the confiding familiarity, with which he opens to her every thought that lay in his breast. His military studies were somewhat distracted by his visits to London, but still more by an affair of the heart, his idol, the first of many who afterwards engrossed his affections, being the Lady Catharine Mead, second daughter of the Earl of Clanwilliam, to whom he alludes under the name of Kate.

'"I get up in the morning," he says, describing his town life in the summer of 1786, "hating every thing,—go out with an intention of calling on somebody,—and then with the first person I meet go any where, and stay any time, without thinking the least what I am about, or enjoying the least pleasure. By this means I am constantly late for dinner wherever I have dined. By the by, I have been engaged every day to dinner somewhere or other since I came; so much so, that, till to-day, Ogilvie and I have not had one quiet dinner together. We are, however, to dine to-day *téte-à-tête*. But to return to my daily proceedings:—from dinner somebody or other (quite indifferent to me who) carries me to wherever I am asked, and there I stay till morning, and come home to bed hating every thing as much as when I got up and went out. All this is, however, what I used to call a life of pleasure. I have been at balls almost every night, and, as I said before, always stay till morning.

'"Ogilvie has just been here, and read your letter; he says he will scold you; he is in great good humour, but not at all soft or tender. Dear fellow! I shall be very sorry when he is gone. He calls here every morning, and I find it the pleasantest part of the day. I make him talk of Kate, whether he will or not; and, indeed, of you all. I find, now I am away, I like you all better than I thought I did. I am sorry to say I am quite tired of my friends in London, though they have been as kind as possible. I go to Woolwich on Sunday."'—vol. i. pp. 39, 40.

The conflict between the duties of study and the impulses of sentiment, is painted still more strongly in the following letter:

'"*Woolwich, June* 16, 1786.

'"I am as busy as ever: it is the only resource I have, for I have no pleasure in any thing. I agree with you, perfectly, in trying to drive away care; I do all I can, but do not succeed. My natural good spirits, however, and the hopes of some change, keep me up a little. If I thought there was no hopes of the latter, I believe the other would soon give way; and I should be very unfit for this place, or indeed any other, with an idea

of doing any good; for I should not then care a pin about what happened me, either in fortune or person; at least so I think now; but I am determined to give myself as long a trial as I can bear. This is all I can do, as long as I think this way. I hope you will try and make me as happy as you can, by giving accounts in your letters.

'"You say Henry spends all the night with * * and her company. I suppose by that he goes on very well. I wish him success with all my heart. The cottage party will be delightful for him. Think of my not being there! I must comfort myself by hoping you all missed me, and wished for me. Lady Clare will certainly have been there. Are you upon your high horse with her, or are you gracious? I need not say I hope you are kind to pretty dear Kate; I am sure you are. I want you to like her almost as much as I do;—it is a feeling I always have with people I love excessively. Did you not feel to love her very much, and wish for me, when you saw her look pretty at the cottage? I think I see you looking at her, and saying to yourself, 'I wish my dear Eddy was here.' One does not know how much one loves people, till we find ourselves separated. But I am sure I must grow stupid;—I write as if *you* were confined at Woolwich also, and in the same spirits as I am."'—vol. i. pp. 40—42.

In the July of the same year, we still find him harping on the same theme, which, however, he endeavours to persuade his mother, does not prevent him from thinking sometimes upon *her*.

'"Now Ogilvie is gone, and that I cannot depend upon any body to give you some account of me, I will do it myself. By the by, I wish Tony could write. I have been up since before six, and it is now near nine, and I have been hard at work in the laboratory pulverizing saltpetre; so you may guess how dreadfully hungry I am. You cannot conceive how odd the life I lead now appears to me. I must confess if I had *le cœur content*, I should like best the idle, indolent one. Getting up between eleven and twelve, breakfasting in one's jacket *sans souci*, *se fichant du monde*, and totally careless and thoughtless of every thing but the people one loves, is a very pleasant life, *il faut le dire*.

'"You cannot think how sorry I was to part with Ogilvie. I begin to find one has very few real friends, whatever number of agreeable acquaintance one may have. Pray do not let Ogilvie spoil you; I am sure he will try, crying, 'Nonsense! fool! fool! all imagination!—by heavens! you will be the ruin of that boy.' My dear mother, if you mind him, and do not write me pleasant letters, and always say something of pretty Kate, I will not answer your letters, nor indeed write *any* to you. I believe if any thing can make me like writing letters, Woolwich will,—for to be here alone is most melancholy. However, I like it better than London, and am not in such bad spirits. I have not time hardly. In my evening's walk, however, I am as bad as ever. I believe in my letter to Henry, I told him how I passed my day; so shall not begin again. You will see by that what my evening's walk is; but, upon my honour, I sometimes think of *you* in it.

'"I wish, my dear mother, you would *insist* on my coming to you;—but stop—If I go on thus thinking and writing, I shall be very unfit for mortars, cannons, &c. So, love to every body—God bless you!"'—vol i. pp. 42—44.

All this time he seems to have had little, if any, encouragement from the young lady herself: but the vision pleased his fancy for a season, until he saw another that charmed it more. He then very soon found out that at best *Kate* "only liked him," and that he would not prove a very disobedient son, if his mother were to desire him to "think of that girl no more." Being on a visit at Stoke, he occasionally passed a part of his time at the seat of a noble lord, not far from Goodwood, one of whose daughters seemed to have the power of alleviating the passion which he had already entertained. But still he flatters himself that he had not quite forgotten his first love. "I am glad," he says, writing to his mother, in the autumn of 1786, "that sweetest Kate is grown fat. I love her more than any thing yet, though I have seen a great deal of G * *. I own fairly I am not in such bad spirits as I was, particularly when I am with G * *, whom I certainly love better than any of her sisters. However, I can safely say, I have not been *infidelle* to *Kate*,—whenever I thought of her, which I do very often, though not so constantly as usual: this entirely between you and me." The flame flickers, we may clearly see, and is fast going out. Mr. Moore is very sentimental upon this part of his subject, and seems to have retained a good deal of *fine writing* about it, which he had elaborated manifestly some twenty years ago,—comparing this displacing of one tender passion by another, to the story of Romeo, in whose heart a fanciful passion gave way to a real one for Juliet. 'The poet well knew,' we are told, 'that, in natures of this kind, a first love is almost always but a rehearsal for the second; that imagination must act as taster to the heart, before the true "thirst from the soul" is called forth, and that, accordingly, out of this sort of inconstancy to one object, is oftenest seen to spring the most passionate, and even constant, devotion to another.' This is amusing, for nobody knows better than Mr. Moore, that there is no rule of the kind, but that if there be any, it is this, that first love is that which, of all others, is most deeply felt, and that in truth, those that follow are, generally speaking, but faint repetitions of it, the mere echoes of that fairy music which first broke upon the ear.

In the mean time, Lord Edward was obliged occasionally to attend to politics in the Irish House of Commons, where his name is constantly found among the brilliant opposition of that period, the Grattans and the Currans, 'that small but illustrious band,—"the few, fine flushes of departing day,"—that gave such splendour to the last moments of Ireland as a nation.' He was far from being pleased with the slow progress which the popular cause was making; he was disappointed though not dispirited, and already seems, in his secret thoughts, to have aimed at much more mighty objects than any which he had then the hope of obtaining. "You desire me," he writes in February, 1787, "to give you an account of myself; I do not think you could ask a more difficult thing, for

though I have been doing nothing but the common John-trot things, yet I have been thinking of a great many others, both *serious* and trivial." Again, in the same letter, he adds, "When one has any *great object* to carry, one must expect disappointments, and not be diverted from one's object by them, or even appear to mind them. I therefore say to every body, that I think we are going on well. The truth is, the people one has to do with are a bad set. I mean the *whole;* for really I believe those *we* act with are the best." While attending parliament, he occasionally sojourned at Mr. Ogilvie's seat, and it is truly delightful to read the affectionate language in which he writes to his mother, of that place, where every object reminded him only of her.

'"You cannot think," he says, in one of those letters of the heart, "how I feel to want you here. I dined and slept at Frescati the other day, Ogilvie and I *tête-à-tête*. We talked a great deal of you. Though the place makes me melancholy, yet it gives one pleasant feelings. To be sure, the going to bed without wishing you a good night; the coming down in a morning, and not seeing you; the sauntering about in the fine sunshine, looking at your flowers and shrubs without you to lean upon me, was all very bad indeed." '—vol. i. p. 62.

'"It is time for me," he says in another letter, "to go to Frescati. Why are not you there, dearest mother? But it feels a little like seeing you too, to go there. We shall talk a great deal of you. I assure you I miss you in Ireland very very much. I am not half so merry as I should be if you were here. I get tired of every thing, and want to have you to go and talk to, You are, after all, what I love best in the world. I always return to you, and find it is the only love I do not deceive myself in. I love you more than I think I do,—but I will not give way to such thoughts, for it always makes me grave. I really made myself miserable for two days since I left you, by this sort of reflections; and in thinking over with myself what misfortunes *I could* bear, I found there was one *I could not;*—but God bless you." '—p. 63.

All his letters to his mother breathe this beautiful tone of filial affection, never more becoming than when it is found in the same breast with the true gallantry of a soldier, and the ardour of a patriot. The Duchess being at Nice, for the benefit of the climate, he paid her a visit, previously to joining his regiment, then the 54th, which was stationed at New Brunswick, and took that opportunity of making a little tour through Portugal and Spain. We observe not a word in any of his letters at this period, of his love for G * * , a silence that shews how deep the current of that passion was. It turned out eventually an unhappy affair, as the father not only refused his sanction to their union, but peremptorily forbade Lord Edward his house. It was a relief to his thoughts, to try to dissipate them once more in the New World. We must afford room for a single extract from one of his letters to his "dearest mother," written from St. John's, (New Brunswick,) in July, 1788. The reader will doubtless agree with Mr. Moore, that the quiet and affecting picture which it details of an evening in the

woods, 'affords one of those instances where a writer may be said to be a poet without knowing it.'

'"I came by a settlement along one of the rivers, which was all the work of one pair; the old man was seventy-two, the old lady seventy; they had been there thirty years; they came there with one cow, three children, and one servant; there was not a living being within sixty miles of them. The first year they lived mostly on milk and marsh leaves; the second year they contrived to purchase a bull, by the produce of their moose skins and fish; from this time they got on very well; and there are now five sons and a daughter, all settled in different farms, along the river for the space of twenty miles, and all living comfortably and at ease. The old pair live alone in the little log cabin they first settled in, two miles from any of their children; their little spot of ground is cultivated by these children, and they are supplied with so much butter, grain, meat, &c. from each child, according to the share he got of the land; so that the old folks have nothing to do but to mind their house, which is a kind of inn they keep, more for the sake of the company of the few travellers there are, than for gain.

'"I was obliged to stay a day with the old people, on account of the tides, which did not answer for going up the river till next morning; it was, I think, as odd and as pleasant a day (in its way) as ever I passed. I wish I could describe it to you, but I cannot, you must only help it out with your own imagination. Conceive, dearest mother, arriving about twelve o'clock in a hot day, at a little cabin upon the side of a rapid river, the banks all covered with woods, not a house in sight,—and there finding a little old, clean, tidy woman, spinning, with an old man of the same appearance weeding sallad. We had come for ten miles up the river without seeing any thing but woods. The old pair, on our arrival, got as active as if only five-and-twenty, the gentleman getting wood and water, the lady frying bacon and eggs, both talking a great deal, telling their story, as I mentioned before, how they had been there thirty years, and how their children were settled, and when either's back was turned, remarking how old the other had grown; at the same time all kindness, cheerfulness, and love to each other.

'"The contrast of all this, which had passed during the day, with the quietness of the evening, when the spirits of the old people had a little subsided, and began to wear off with the day, and with the fatigue of their little work,—sitting quietly at their door, on the same spot they had lived in thirty years together, the contented thoughtfulness of their countenances, which was increased by their age and the solitary life they had led, the wild quietness of the place, not a living creature or habitation to be seen, and me, Tony, and our guide, sitting with them, all on one log. The difference of the scene I had left,—the immense way I had to get from this little corner of the world, to see any thing I loved,—the difference of the life I should lead from that of this old pair, perhaps at their age discontented, disappointed and miserable, wishing for power, &c. &c.—my dearest mother, if it was not for you, I believe I never should go home, at least I thought so at that moment.

'"However, here I am now with my regiment, up at six in the morning doing all sorts of right things, and liking it very much, determined to go home next spring, and live with you a great deal. Employment keeps

up my spirits, and I shall have more every day. I own I often think how happy I could be with G * * in some of the spots I see; and envied every young farmer I met, whom I saw sitting down with a young wife, whom he was going to work to maintain. I believe these thoughts made my journey pleasanter than it otherwise would have been; but I don't give way to them here. Dearest mother, I sometimes hope it will end well,—but shall not think any more of it till I hear from England." '—vol. i. pp. 80—83.

The expression, "wishing for power, &c." carries on the story of that latent ambition, which now and then breaks out in his letters, even upon indifferent subjects. It was some feeling of this kind that represented the savage life of the woods so charming in his eyes, and which, after he had abundantly explored the northern provinces, induced him to pay a visit to the south. After mentioning other reasons, which, he says, influenced him to set out upon this expedition, he adds,—"I have, besides, some schemes of my own, which this journey will be of great use in clearing up my ideas upon." There is no doubt that the romantic turn which his mind now decidedly took, and to which it had been, as we may have observed from the first, naturally predisposed, was in part to be attributed to the rejection which he had experienced from the father of G * * . By the way we wish, if there had been no breach of delicacy in the matter, that Mr. Moore had favoured us with the lady's name, as we have a most particular abhorrence of blanks. Lord Edward having descended the Mississippi, arrived at New Orleans, hoping that he might obtain permission to explore the silver mines of South America. This, however, was denied him, the Spanish colonial laws having been at that time rigidly enforced, against the admission of foreigners within the precincts of their mineral territory. He was, in consequence, preparing to return home, towards the close of 1789, when he heard that G * * was married, a circumstance which affected him so much, that Mr. Moore doubts whether, if it had not been for his mother, whom he so devotedly loved, he would ever have returned to Europe. He does not himself go quite so far. After getting over his disappointment as well as he could, he says, "I bore all the account of G * * tolerably well. I must say with Cardenio, 'Lo que ha lleantado sus hermosura, han derribada sus obras. Por elli entendi que era angel, y por ellas conozco que era muger. *Quede ella en paz,* el causado de mi guerra, y *haga el Cielo que ella* no quede arrepentida de *lo* que ha hechio'.* But this is enough on this disagreeable subject. I am now quite stout, and think of nothing but being a good soldier. To be sure, if it was not for dearest mother, I

* That which her beauty lifted up, her actions have thrown down. By that I thought she was an angel; by these I know she was a woman. *Peace be to her,* the cause of my anguish, *and* heaven *grant that she* has *not* already repented of *what* she has done.

believe I should not return to England for *some time*. God, how happy I shall be to see you all! Dearest Robert, I cannot express how I love you all. I know what I say appears odd, but it is impossible to describe the sort of feeling I have."

Upon his arrival in England, Lord Edward was, through the influence of his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, promised by Mr. Pitt immediate promotion by brevet, and the command of the expedition then intended against Cadiz, a duty for which he was particularly well fitted, as he had, upon his journey in Spain, made plans of the fortifications of that city. His uncle expressed a wish, that Lord Edward should, as a matter of course, no longer appear in opposition to government, a wish with which he readily complied, as, not knowing that he was then in parliament, he said that he was desirous of devoting himself for the future exclusively to his profession. The duke mentioned this arrangement to the king; but on the following day he learned from his mother that he had been again returned by his brother, the Duke of Leinster, for the county of Kildare, and it appears that, though he might easily have resigned his seat, he chose rather to preserve it, and, moreover, to continue in opposition. The Duke of Richmond felt and expressed the strongest displeasure against his nephew upon this occasion, and accused him of breaking his word with the king. He further intimated that Lord Edward could expect no favour then, or at any other time, if he did not quit the ranks of opposition, and give his votes to the government—an alternative which he decidedly refused to adopt. Not long after this occurrence he was dismissed altogether from the army, without even the form of an inquiry. We ought not to be surprised to find, that a measure so doubly harsh as this, not only depriving him of the brilliant prospects that had been held out to him, but even of the rank which he had already possessed and well earned, filled his blood with gall against the government. It is acts of tyranny, of personal persecution like this, that have in all ages and countries produced disaffection, and roused to open revolt. We are not, indeed, informed of the reasons which influenced Lord Edward to retract the pledge that he gave, of devoting himself solely to his profession; but whatever they were, the loss of his intended appointment ought to have been considered as a sufficient penalty for the part which he had taken.

We now find the subject of this Memoir mingling more actively than ever in the field of political warfare, associating chiefly with the Foxes and Sheridans, and all that party, and imbibing, with marked avidity, the new doctrines which then began to be propogated in France. We do not know whether Mr. Moore intends it as a compliment or a sneer, when he says that Lord Edward did not attend much 'to those constitutional guards and conditions with which the whig patriots, at that time, fenced round even their boldest opinions,—partly from a long-transmitted reverence for the forms of the constitution, and partly, also, from a prospective view

to their own attainment of power, and to the great inconvenience of being encumbered, on entering into office, by opinions which it might not only be their interest, but their duty, to retract.' Indeed he immediately after insinuates that there was something of *selfishness* in this prudence, for he adds that 'from both these restraints on political ardour, Lord Edward was free; having derived, it may be supposed, from his Irish education in politics, but a small portion of respect for the English constitution, and being by nature *too little selfish*, even had he any ulterior *interests*, to let a thought of them stand in the way of the present *generous impulse*.' These the whigs will consider, we apprehend, as rather harsh expressions, and as emanating, perhaps, from some sense of disappointment on the part of Mr. Moore himself, towards whom, it must be confessed, they have shown great apathy, looking to the essential assistance which he has frequently rendered to their cause. We doubt if they will be more offended with the calculating spirit which he has imputed to them as a party, than with the tendency to violent, not to say revolutionary measures, which he has unequivocally ascribed to their idolized chieftain.

'At a later period, indeed,' says Mr. Moore, 'it is well known that even Mr. Fox himself, impatient at the hopelessness of all his efforts to rid England, by any ordinary means, of a despotism which aristocratic alarm had brought upon her, found himself driven, in his despair of reform, so near that edge where revolution begins, that had there existed, at that time, in England, any thing like the same prevalent sympathy with the new doctrines of democracy as responded throughout Ireland, there is no saying how far short of the daring aims of Lord Edward even this great constitutional whig leader might, in the warmth of his generous zeal, have ventured.'—vol. i. pp. 165, 166.

These points we shall leave Mr. Moore to settle with the whigs; it is sufficient for our purpose to know, that, in 1792, Lord Edward visited Paris, where, under the tutelage of the too celebrated Tom Paine, he became so full of the French doctrines, that he desired his letters to be directed to "Citizen Edward Fitzgerald." This is not all; after publicly renouncing his title, he joined in proposing a toast in these terms, "May the patriotic airs of the German legion (Ca Ira, the Carmagnole, Marseillaise March, &c.) soon become the favourite music of every army, and may the soldier and the citizen join in the chorus." We mark these facts rather as indicating the decided courses which our hero had entered upon, than as matters entitled to our approbation. It was for his conduct on this occasion that he was stripped of his rank in the British army. His letters at this period overflow with enthusiasm; it would appear as if, in his opinion, no revolution had ever been more immaculate or more elevated in all its scenes, than that which was then but entering upon its commencement in Paris. Amongst the other numerous acquaintances made by him at this period, in the French capital, was Madame de Sillery, otherwise the Countess

de Genlis. To this lady, and a young mademoiselle, whom, when in England, she passed off as her adopted daughter, he systematically avoided an introduction in London, from a certain horror which he entertained against *blues;* but in Paris his notions underwent an alteration, and he says carelessly in one of his letters, "I dine to-day with Madame de Sillery." This lady, it is well known, had been long domesticated in the family of the Duke of Orleans, well remembered under the title of Philippe Egalité, as the preceptress of his children. By way of teaching them morality, she formed a *liaison* with the duke, the result of which was a daughter, to whom she gave the name of Pamela; and by way of impressing them with the beauty and value of truth, she gave it out to the world, and some portion of the world believed, that Pamela was the child, not of her blood but of her adoption, and she trumped up a plausible story to support her fiction. Lord Edward Fitzgerald being at the theatre one evening in Paris, saw in a neighbouring box a face with which he at once, with his usual impetuosity, became violently enamoured. He easily obtained an introduction on the spot, a day or two after he dined with her family, and in a month married her at Tournay. Two of the witnesses to the marriage instrument were Philippe Egalité and his son, Louis Philippe Egalité, who now sits upon the throne of France.

It was towards the close of the month of January, 1793, that Lord Edward and his bride arrived in Dublin, where they were received by his family in the most affectionate manner. It can hardly be necessary for us to paint the situation of Ireland, as it presented itself to that young and ardent nobleman at this period. The tyranny of the alien church had already produced a mass of discontent amongst the Catholics, which, increasing from generation to generation, had now leavened the whole island. "The whole people of Ireland," said the immortal Grattan, "for almost an entire century, were a victim." "Law was poisoned at its source," said the same orator, "and the seats of judgment were polluted. The ministers of the country were the *ringleaders of sedition placed in authority,* because, in order to keep the frame-work of their wretched system of oppression together, they had recourse to deeds of corruption and crime that defied all comparison." The example of France was electric, as it always will be upon every part of Europe, of which we had a second proof in the late revolution. Patriotic clubs were instituted with rapidity in every part of the country; and the crying grievances of the nation being those which the Catholics had too long endured, their wrongs were placed in the front of the complaints which were now embodied in fiery language in addresses and remonstrances, and every other mode of proclamation, that an angry people could put into requisition. Of the allies of the Catholics none were more ardent than the Dissenters, both being, says the author, '*victims of the church establishment.*' Without going farther into the history of this horrible epoch, we need merely

add that Lord Edward Fitzgerald openly, from his place in the House of Commons, denounced, more than once, the iniquitous system upon which the rulers of Ireland were proceeding, and was already set down by the *ringleaders of sedition* as one of the fiercest of traitors. Amidst these political turmoils it is like lighting upon an oasis in an African desert, to turn to such a letter as the following. It is dated from Kildare, June 23d, 1794, where he had just placed his domestic establishment in a little lodge, which he describes in his usual happy phraseology,—happy on account of the perfect innocence and home-tenderness of feeling which it expresses.

'" Dearest Mother,

'" I write to you in the middle of settling and arranging my little family here. But the day is fine,—the spot looks pretty, quiet, and comfortable;—I feel pleasant, contented, and happy, and all these feelings and sights never come across me, without bringing dearest, dearest mother, to my heart's recollection. I am sure you understand these feelings, dear mother. How you would like this little spot! it is the smallest thing imaginable, and to numbers would have no beauty; but there is a comfort and moderation in it that delights me. I don't know how I can describe it to you, but I will try.

'" After going up a little lane, and in a close gate, you come on a little white house, with a small gravel court before it. You see but three small windows, the court surrounded by large old elms; one side of the house covered with shrubs, on the other side a tolerable large ash; upon the stairs going up to the house, two wicker cages, in which there are at this moment two thrushes, singing *à gorge deployée*. In coming into the house, you find a small passage hall, very clean, the floor tiled; upon your left, a small room; on the right the staircase. In front, you come into the parlour, a good room, with a bow window looking into the garden, which is a small green plot, surrounded by good trees, and in it three of the finest thorns I ever saw, and all these so placed that you may shade yourself from the sun all hours of the day; the bow window covered with honeysuckles, and up to the window some roses.

'" Going up stairs you find another bow room, the honeysuckle almost up to it, and a little room the same size as that below; this, with a kitchen or servants' hall below, is the whole house. There is, on the left, in the court-yard, another building which makes a kitchen; it is covered by trees, so as to look pretty; at the back of it there is a yard, &c., which looks into a lane. On the side of the house opposite the grass plot, there is ground enough for a flower-garden, communicating with the front garden by a little walk.

'" The whole place is situated on a kind of rampart, of a circular form, surrounded by a wall; which wall, towards the village and lane, is high, but covered with trees and shrubs;—the trees old and large, giving a great deal of shade. Towards the country the wall is not higher than your knee, and this covered with bushes: from these open parts you have view of a pretty cultivated country, till your eye is stopped by the Curragh. From our place there is a back way to these fields, so as to go out and walk, without having to do with the town.

'"This, dearest mother, is the spot, as well as I can give it you, but it don't describe well; one must see it and feel it; it is all the little peeps and ideas that go with it that make the beauty of it to me. My dear wife dotes on it, and becomes it. She is busy, in her little American jacket, planting sweet peas and mignonette. Her table and work-box, with the little one's caps, are on the table. I wish my dearest mother was here, and the scene to me would be complete.

'"I will now answer some of your dear letters.

* * * * * *

Pam is as well as possible, better than ever; the only inconvenience she finds is great fulness, for which she was bled this morning, and it has done her a great deal of good. I can't tell you how delighted she was at your china, and how it adds to the little *ménage;* it is beautiful, and your dear way of buying and giving it goes to my heart. What would I give to have you here drinking tea out of it! Ogilvie flattered us with the prospect the last day we dined with him. If you do not come we will go to you, when you think Pamela will bear it. I don't know how nursing and travelling do, but I should think, if the child should prove strong, it won't mind it.

'"Parting with poor dear Frescati did make me melancholy, as well as the idea of your settling away from us; but, certainly, there are good reasons for it. If you can once recover your money for Frescati, it will be a great object, and not be missed; and then, after parting with it, I don't think you would like Ireland. I have tired you by this long scroll. I have not said half I feel, for it is one of those delightful days when one thinks and feels more than one can say or write." '—vol. i. pp. 240—244.

To the other causes of discontent that rankled in the bosom of Lord Edward, was the war then going on against France, as besides that it reminded him forcibly of his dismissal from the army, it may be supposed, with something more than probability, that his connection with France by marriage and by community of political sentiment, would exercise no small influence upon his resolutions. Accordingly, we find him rejoicing that the people did not cordially like the enrolling of the militia; and denouncing the war as a vile one, for its wickedness and injustice, its folly and madness, and as one which he says, "if it is not soon put a stop to in England, I am in hopes we shall take some *strong measures* against here." Before, however, we plunge once more with him into the world of politics, we must take another—it shall be the last—peep at his little cottage, to the circle of which an interesting addition had recently been made in the person of his eldest-born boy, in whom he took the most exquisite delight.

'"My little place is much improved by a few things I have done, and by all my *planting;*—by the by, I doubt if I told you of my flower garden,—I got a great deal from Frescati. I have been at Kildare since Pam's lying-in, and it looked delightful, though all the leaves were off the trees,—but so comfortable and snug. I think I shall pass a delightful winter there. I have got two fine large clumps of turf, which look both comfortable and pretty. I have paled in my little flower-garden before my hall-door, with a lath paling like the cottage, and stuck it full of roses, sweetbriar, honey-

suckles, and Spanish broom. I have got all my beds ready for my flowers; so you may guess how I long to be down to plant them. The little fellow will be a great addition to the party. I think when I am there with Pam and child, of a blustery evening, with a good turf fire, and a pleasant book,—coming in, after seeing my poultry put up, my garden settled,—flower beds and plants covered, for fear of frost,—the place looking comfortable, and taken care of, I shall be as happy as possible; and sure I am I shall regret nothing but not being nearer my dearest mother, and her not being of our party."'—vol. i. pp. 253, 254.

'The government,' says Mr. Moore, and not without reason, 'that could drive such a man into resistance—and there were hundreds equal to him in goodness, if not in heroism, so driven—is convicted by this very result alone, without any further inquiry into its history.' Of all the clubs that were organized for the purposes of rebellion at this period, the most extensive, and of course the most powerful, was that which was called the United Irish Association. Though Lord Edward had not as yet become a member of this society, his name had already become obnoxious to suspicion, in consequence not only of his well-known republican sentiments, but of a circumstance which had occurred in the early part of 1793, and which, doubtless, had reached the ear of authority. About the beginning of that year, the then ruling party in France dispatched a secret agent to Ireland, in order to confer with the leaders of the disaffected in that country, and to offer them the aid of French arms for the liberation of their country. This person brought a letter of introduction to Lord Edward, who, however, took no step in the business beyond making him known to some of the heads of the United Irishmen, and the mission itself ended in nothing. It was not until about the beginning of 1796, that Lord Edward became a member of that body, whose meetings, hitherto held in public for constitutional purposes, were now rendered secret, under the solemn obligation of an oath, in consequence of the measures that had been taken by government for extinguishing them altogether. The organization of this confederacy was admirably calculated for the purposes which it sought to accomplish, and was equally suitable to civil and to military operations. Authorized emissaries passed secretly between France and Ireland, with the view of bringing about an understanding between the United Irishmen and the French directory; the first well-known invasion of Ireland was concerted, and in order to settle all its details, Lord Edward and Mr. Arthur O'Connor were appointed to proceed to France, to enter into a regular negociation with the agents of that country. These two individuals cheerfully undertook the mission, but having proceeded by Hamburgh to Basle, it was there signified to them that O'Connor alone would be permitted to meet Hoche as a negociator, the French government fearing, that from Lord Edward being married to Pamela, his participation in the business might lead to a suspicion that "it

had some reference to the Orleans family." Lord Edward, upon his return to Hamburgh, unfortunately had for a travelling companion a foreign lady, who had once been the mistress of an old friend of Mr. Pitt, and still corresponded with him. This lady, it is said, collected from her unsuspecting fellow-traveller many dangerous particulars, which, with his characteristic frankness, he made no difficulty in mentioning, and thus a clue to his proceedings was placed in the hands of government. The failure of Hoche's expedition, owing chiefly to the disasters that occurred to the French fleet, did not prevent the French government from pursuing their project of a second invasion, which, however, was again baffled, and Ireland was thrown upon her own resources—resources at that time so abundant, and so completely organized, that if dependence had been placed upon them from the beginning, without the expectation of any aid from France, there is little doubt that she might have dictated the terms of her future existence.

In the mean time, affairs were rushing towards a crisis; arrest, imprisonment, the form of a trial, execution, and punishments, sometimes short indeed of death, but barbarous beyond all precedent, were the order of the day. Mr. Moore, with a pardonable digression to his own biography, informs us that, 'though then but a youth in Trinity College (Dublin), and so many years have since gone by, the impression of horror and indignation which the acts of the government of that day left upon my mind is, I confess, at this moment, far too freshly alive to allow me the due calmness of a historian in speaking of them.' Those of his seniors in college, to whom he looked up with most admiration, were members of the league, and he need not be ashamed to say that it was only the want of a few additional years, that prevented him from following their example. It was to one of the conspirators, not however a university man, that he was indebted for that enthusiastic attachment to the music of his country, which he has since immortalized in his melodies. That gentleman, 'who, by his industry and taste,' says the author, 'in collecting old Irish airs, and the true, national expression with which he performed them on the flute, contributed to raise in me a strong feeling for our country's music, is now, if he be still alive, languishing in exile.' Lord Edward Fitzgerald, it seems, he had no opportunity of forming an acquaintance with, 'but I remember,' he proudly adds, 'as if it had been but yesterday, having once seen him, in the year 1797, in Grafton Street,—when, on being told who he was, as he passed, I ran anxiously after him, desirous of another look at one whose name had, from my school-days, been associated in my mind with all that was noble, patriotic, and chivalrous. Though I saw him but this once, his peculiar dress, the elastic lightness of his step, his fresh healthful complexion, and the soft expression given to his eyes by their long dark eye-lashes, are as present and familiar to my memory as if I had intimately known him. Little did I then

think that, at an internal of four-and-thirty years from thence,—an interval equal to the whole span of his life at that period,—I should not only find myself the historian of his mournful fate, but (what to many will appear matter rather of shame than boast) with feelings so little altered, either as to himself or his cause.'

Notwithstanding that towards the close of 1797, and the commencement of the fatal year 1798, much dissension prevailed among the chiefs of the Irish conspiracy, immense numbers of the people were organized in the north, and the returns that were made to Lord Edward as the head of the military committee, in the month of February of the latter year, gave the rebel force at that time, regimented and armed throughout the country, at little less than 300,000 men. The hope of succours from France was still not abandoned, M. Talleyrand having assured their agent that an expedition was in forwardness, which would arrive in April. A revolutionary staff was formed and other preparations made for an open insurrection, under the direction of Lord Edward, when the whole of the plot was disclosed to government by the treachery of Thomas Reynolds, a name, says Mr. Moore, 'in *one* country, at least, never to be forgotten.' This Judas, for a sum of money, delivered up almost all the leaders at one *coup de main*, and thus disconcerted the plans that had been just ready for execution. Lord Edward, however, happened not to have been present at the meeting at which his colleagues were apprehended on the 12th of March, and learning what had taken place, he continued for a while to elude pursuit. It is now understood that he might, if he had so chosen, easily have effected his escape from Ireland, as there was one at least of the powerful members of the cabinet (Lord Clare) who would have favoured his departure, and given him every possible facility for ensuring his safety. But it seems never to have occurred even in thought to Lord Edward, to abandon the post of peril which had been assigned him: on the contrary, by means of disguises, and frequent changes of his places of abode, he remained for some time in or near Dublin, endeavouring to restore the cause which, by the baseness of Reynolds, had received so severe a blow. In point of fact, the vacancies that had been created by the arrests, were filled up in a few days, and the operations of the conspirators were carried on with undiminished zeal and success towards a general explosion. The search after Lord Edward now became exceedingly active, the government having gradually learned the character and depth of the volcano upon the verge of which they were standing. On the 30th of March the whole kingdom was declared to be in a state of rebellion, and the country having been put under martial law, the troops were authorized to act without waiting for the authority of a civil magistrate.

At this juncture, Lord Edward was called upon by his old friend, Mr. Ogilvie, at the moment when he was engaged with a meeting of the chief conspirators, who were assembled in his place of

refuge, and whom he left in order to attend the summons of his friend. But the adviser tried every argument and persuasion without effect. "It is now out of the question," said his lordship. "I am too deeply pledged to these men to be able to withdraw with honour." His retreat was at this time on the banks of the canal, in a retired house belonging to a lady, who would have sacrificed her own life to preserve his. From this abode, where he had remained a month in safety, he deemed it prudent to fly in consequence of a circumstance mentioned in the following anecdote:—

'During the absence, one day, of the lady of the house, the maid-servant came in alarm to tell him that she had just seen a guard of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, pass on the other side of the canal. "And I, too," said Lord Edward, "have observed, within these ten minutes, a man whom I know to be a police-officer, looking up earnestly at the house." The maid, whose terrors were naturally increased by the responsibility now thrown upon her, made him instantly put on a lady's night-dress and get into bed; then, darkening the room, as for a person indisposed, she placed a table, with medicine bottles upon it, beside the bed. In this situation he remained for two hours, but neither policeman nor soldiers again made their appearance; and the scene served but as a subject of mirth for the evening's conversation. It excited, however, some fears;—even his own sense of security was disturbed by it, and his friends thought it most prudent that he should, for a time, at least, remove to Dublin, where, in the house of a respectable feather-merchant, named Murphy, in Thomas-street, he was to be allowed to lie concealed for some days."'—vol. ii. pp. 59, 60.

To this house he was taken wrapped up in a countryman's great coat, and wearing a pig-tailed wig; and here he remained a fortnight in safety, walking out with his host every evening on the banks of the canal, receiving visits from the inferior spirits with which the places of his former colleagues had been filled up, and occasionally having interviews with Lady Edward, one of which was so sudden that it brought on a premature labour. From the house of Mr. Murphy his lordship removed to that of a Mr. Cormick, another feather merchant, and it will be seen, from the following extract from the evidence of a person named Hughes, taken before a committee of the House of Lords, in 1798, with how little precaution strangers were admitted to his lordship's presence:—

'"Deponent went to Dublin on the 20th of April, and remained there about nine days. He called on Samuel Neilson, and walked with him to Mr. Cormick, in the office. Cormick asked them to go up stairs; he and Neilson went up stairs, and found Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. Lawless the surgeon, playing at billiards. He had been introduced to Lord Edward about a year before, by Teeling; he was a stranger to Lawless; stayed about an hour; no particular conversations; was invited to dine there that day, and did so; the company were, Lord Edward, Lawless, Neilson, Cormick, and his wife. The conversation turned upon the state of the country, and the violent measures of government, in letting the army loose.

The company were all of opinion, that there was then no chance of the people resisting by force with any success." '—vol. ii. p. 71.

The hope of assistance from France having now vanished, the resolution was adopted by Lord Edward of taking the field about the end of the month of May, when preparations were made for a general rising. Lord Edward was to unfurl his standard in Leinster, where it was arranged that the forces of three counties should co-operate in an advance upon the capital. A military camp on the line of march was to be taken by surprise, a park of artillery was to be captured, and the enterprise was to be crowned by the seizure of the Lord Lieutenant and the other members of the government in Dublin. While this measure was in agitation, it was deemed necessary that Lord Edward should be constantly in Dublin; a reward having been now offered by proclamation for his apprehension, it was found necessary to change his place of concealment as often as possible; but, as we approach the catastrophe, we shall allow Mr. Moore to detail it in his own unadorned and affecting narrative.

'On the following night (18th May) he was brought from Moore's to the house of Mr Murphy,—Mrs. Moore herself being his conductress. He had been suffering lately from cold and sore throat, and, as his host thought, looked much altered in his appearance since he had last seen him. An old maid servant was the only person in the house besides themselves.

'Next morning, as Mr. Murphy was standing within his gateway, there came a woman from Moore's with a bundle, which, without saying a word, she put into his hands, and which, taking for granted that it was for Lord Edward, he carried up to his lordship. It was found to contain a coat, jacket, and trousers, of dark green edged with red, together with a handsome military cap, of a conical form. At the sight of this uniform, which, for the first time, led him to suspect that a rising must be at hand, the fears of the already nervous host were redoubled; and, on being desired by Lord Edward to put it somewhere out of sight, he carried the bundle to a loft over one of his warehouses, and there hid it under some goat-skins, whose offensiveness he thought would be a security against search.

'About the middle of the day, an occurrence took place which, from its appearing to have some connexion with the pursuit after himself, excited a good deal of apprehension in his lordship's mind. A serjeant-major, with a party of soldiers, had been seen to pass up the street, and were, at the moment when Murphy ran to apprize his guest of it, halting before Moore's door. This suspicious circumstance, indicating, as it seemed, some knowledge of his haunts, startled Lord Edward, and he expressed instantly a wish to be put in some place of secrecy; on which Murphy took him out on the top of the house, and laying him down in one of the valleys formed between the roofs of his warehouses, left him there for some hours. During the excitement produced in the neighbourhood by the appearance of the soldiers, Lord Edward's officious friend, Neilson, was, in his usual flighty and inconsiderate manner, walking up and down the street, saying occasionally, as he passed, to Murphy, who was standing in his gateway,—"Is he safe?"—"Look sharp."

'While this anxious scene was passing in one quarter, treachery—and it is still unknown from what source—was at work in another. It must have been late in the day that information of his lordship's hiding-place reached the government, as Major Sirr did not receive his instructions on the subject till but a few minutes before he proceeded to execute them. Major Swan and Mr. Ryan (the latter of whom volunteered his services) happened to be in his house at the moment; and he had but time to take a few soldiers, in plain clothes, along with him,—purposing to send, on his arrival in Thomas-street, for the pickets of infantry and cavalry in that neighbourhood.

'To return to Lord Edward:—as soon as the alarm produced by the soldiers had subsided, he ventured to leave his retreat, and resume his place in the back drawing-room,—where, Mr. Murphy having invited Neilson to join them, they soon after sat down to dinner. The cloth had not been many minutes removed, when Neilson, as if suddenly recollecting something, hurried out of the room and left the house; shortly after which Mr. Murphy, seeing that his guest was not inclined to drink any wine, went down stairs. In a few minutes after, however, returning, he found that his lordship had, in the interim, gone up to his bed-room, and, on following him thither, saw him lying, without his coat, upon the bed. There had elapsed from the time of Neilson's departure, not more than ten minutes, and it is asserted that he had, in going out, left the hall door open.*

'Mr. Murphy had but just began to ask his host whether he would like some tea, when, hearing a trampling on the stairs, he turned round, and saw Major Swan enter the room. Scarcely had this officer time to mention the object of his visit, when Lord Edward jumped up, as Murphy describes him, "like a tiger," from the bed, on seeing which, Swan fired a small pocket-pistol at him, but without effect; and then, turning round short upon Murphy, from whom he seemed to apprehend an attack, thrust the pistol violently in his face, saying to a soldier, who just then entered, "Take that fellow away." Almost at the same instant, Lord Edward struck at Swan with a dagger, which, it now appeared, he had had in the bed with him; and, immediately after, Ryan, armed only with a sword-cane, entered the room.

'In the mean time, Major Sirr, who had stopped below to place the pickets round the house, hearing the report of Swan's pistol, hurried up to the landing, and from thence saw, within the room, Lord Edward struggling between Swan and Ryan, the latter down on the floor, weltering in his blood,, and both clinging to their powerful adversary, who was now dragging them towards the door. Threatened as he was, with a fate similar

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* 'From my mention of these particulars respecting Neilson, it cannot fail to have struck the reader, that some share of the suspicion of having betrayed Lord Edward attaches to this man. That his conduct was calculated to leave such an impression cannot be denied; but besides that the general character of his mind, bordering closely, as it did, on insanity, affords some solution of these incoherencies, the fact of his being afterwards left to share the fate of the other state prisoners would seem of itself sufficient to absolve him from any such imputation.'

to that of his companions, Sirr had no alternative but to fire, and, aiming his pistol deliberately, he lodged the contents in Lord Edward's right arm, near the shoulder. The wound for a moment staggered him; but, as he again rallied, and was pushing towards the door, Major Sirr called up the soldiers; and so desperate were their captive's struggles, that they found it necessary to lay their firelocks across him, before he could be disarmed or bound, so as to prevent further mischief.

'It was during one of those instinctive efforts of courage that the opportunity was, as I understand, taken by a wretched drummer to give him a wound in the back of the neck, which, though slight, yet, from his position, contributed not a little to aggravate the uneasiness of his last hours. There are also instances mentioned of rudeness, both in language and conduct, which he had to suffer, while in this state, from some of the minor tools of government, and which, even of such men, it is painful and difficult to believe. But so it is,

> "Curs snap at lions in the toils, whose looks
> Frighted them being free."

'It being understood that Dr. Adreen, a surgeon of much eminence, was in the neighbourhood, messengers were immediately dispatched to fetch him, and his attention was called to the state of the three combatants. The wounds of Major Swan, though numerous, were found not to be severe; but Mr. Ryan was in a situation that gave little hope of recovery. When, on examining Lord Edward's wound, Adreen pronounced it not to be dangerous, his Lordship calmly answered, "I'm sorry for it." '—vol. ii. pp. 83—90.

Mr. Moore enters into very full details of the melancholy close of Lord Edward's life. It will only be necessary for us to add, that after suffering, with his wonted firmness, a martyrdom in consequence of the wounds which he had received, his spirit fled, we trust, to a world more worthy of it, on the morning of the 4th of June, little more than a fortnight after his apprehension. His was precisely the character to leave behind it, through all succeeding ages, a fund of unavailing regret. His manners, tender almost to weakness, engaged not the cold approbation but the enthusiastic attachment of his own family, and indeed of every body who happened to become acquainted with him in the haunts of private life. All his tastes, as we have seen, were simple, affectionate, and amiable in the highest degree. His ambition was, perhaps, the fruit rather of his discontent than of any towering impulse towards personal elevation; his talents were not remarkably brilliant, but, to compensate for this, such as they were, they were used with the most unreserved disinterestedness for what he conceived to be the real benefit of his country. His nature was, perhaps, too candid and gentle for the mighty designs which he took in hand; a little more of plebeian fire would have considerably improved it. By means of a proceeding worthy of the days of Nero, the blood of Lord Edward was attainted by the Irish Parliament after his death; in other words, his remains having already

mouldered in the grave, he was, as it were, raised up in his coffin, brought to the bar of the legislature, tried, and found guilty of treason, and his children were thus for a time deprived of their inheritance. This atrocious act of tyranny was repealed in 1819, but the act itself will remain, for ever upon the records of Ireland, as a decisive proof of the odious character of that church ascendancy party, with which it originated; a party, without whose utter annihilation Ireland never can be free, peaceable, enlightened, or happy.

With respect to Mr. Moore's merits, so far as the present performance is concerned, we must observe that it affords abundant proof of his patriotism, but very few traces of those splendid literary talents by which all the world knows him to be distinguished. His task, it is true, has been chiefly that of what the French call a *redacteur*, that is to say of a person who arranges materials which are laid before him, compressing them within the desired compass, and expunging whatever it might not be safe or expedient to publish. The two volumes are almost filled up with correspondence, and although it cannot be denied that there are some letters in this collection which will be read with unfeigned delight, yet as a 'Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,' we must reluctantly say that the work, if not a failure, is certainly the least effective of those memoirs which Mr. Moore has given to the world. The fault of this is, in some measure, no doubt, to be imputed to the mediocrity of the hero's character, in a personal point of view; but the subject was one that afforded a fine field for avenging eloquence, and we did expect that such a biographer would have made much more of it.

ART. V.—*A Family Tour through South Holland; up the Rhine; and across the Netherlands, to Ostend, being No.* XXIII. *of the Family Library.* 12mo. pp. 295. London: Murray. 1831.

WE have no idea of breaking a political lance with the author of this little volume, who appears, on many points, to be a thorough Dutchman in his way of thinking, as well as a strenuous anti-reformer. There are, however, two or three strong assertions in a postscript which he has but very recently added to his tour, that demand from us a passing notice, as the volume being a portion of that useful and popular collection, Murray's Family Library, it is likely to reach many circles, which otherwise never could by possibility have heard of it, and therefore the bane should not be without its antidote. By the way, we would take leave to suggest to the respectable publisher, to exercise a little more discretion, in the admission of works of so decidedly illiberal a character as this is, both in religion and politics. Many families who, influenced by the strictly literary nature of the early numbers, have cheerfully

patronized the undertaking, will be shocked when they receive the volume now before us, and find in it so much of objectionable matter, exceedingly false, and therefore prejudicial to those young minds to whom it is principally addressed.

The author begins his postscript (dated 31st January, 1831) by stating, that the remarks on Belgium were written two years ago, and that since that period 'a sad change has taken place in that country.' He paints it as the very beau ideal of prosperity, a Paradise upon earth, when he travelled through it, but says that since then, 'from the mild and fostering hand of a beneficent sovereign, the people of this once flourishing country, instigated by a few wicked and designing knaves, have precipitated themselves into the hard and unfeeling grasp of that worst of all tyrannies—the tyranny of a mob.' With respect to the mild and fostering hand of its beneficent sovereign, we are forced to remark, since it is thus eulogized, that whatever may have been the character of his reign in Holland, in the then Belgic part of his dominions, it was neither mild, fostering, nor beneficent. He carried on a war of extermination against the press, not suffering any of his public acts to be rendered the subject even of gentle commentary, in the periodical journals. He was a bigotted adversary of the religion professed by the Belgic people, but his Dutch cunning prevented him from attacking it openly; he preferred to proceed against it by the slow but effectual process of the sapper and miner, by endeavouring to get into his own hands, and regulating according to his own notions, the education, not of the lay generations only, but also of the clergy. He wished, he said, to liberalize their plan of study, by introducing into it a larger portion of philosophy and worldly learning, which, in plain language, meant latitudinarian doctrines with respect to religion. To this the heads of the church in that country very properly objected, because, as their tenets are not of yesterday, but have been settled for nearly eighteen centuries, they conceived that they were much more safe, in clinging to rules so firmly and so wisely established, than in opening the door to discussions, which would only lead from change to change, until every particle should be lost in irremediable confusion. Still the obstinate king went on in his own way, determined to carry his point with a high hand; nor did he evince the slightest disposition to recede from his iniquitous course, until he alienated from his throne the whole body of the clergy, and the greater portion of the Belgic people. Nor was this all. It was an essential part of his policy to assimilate, as far as possible, the two divisions of his kingdom, which, though joined together by an act of the European Congress, never were, and never could have been, naturally united. And how did he endeavour to accomplish this object? By filling almost every public office in Belgium, as well as in Holland, with Dutchmen, and this, the sharpest scimitar he could use to separate them, he thought was *assimilating* the two countries. And so it was, in one point of view,

for it tended to make Belgium Dutch, but no part of Holland Belgic. In addition to these causes of discontent,—and who will say that they were not sufficient to justify insurrection on the part of the injured and insulted people?—there was the eternal bar between the two nations of difference, not merely in character, habits, and religion, but, above all, in language. In the States General the phenomenon was not rare, of a Belgian being obliged to answer in French, the speech of a Dutchman, not one word of which he understood, except through the interpretation of a friendly member sitting near him. Was it possible that two nations, thus disjoined by nature, as completely as if Alps rose or Atlantics rolled between them, could ever be amalgamated? If such a thing were possible, was William of Nassau the man to effect it?

The Allied Powers, who originally decreed this union, and who certainly have no peculiar love of insurrections and revolutions, saw at length their mistake, and have endeavoured to rectify it, by constituting Belgium as an independent state; and this fact is the only further answer that we shall condescend to give to the tissue of falsehoods, which the author of the 'Family Tour' has strung together in his postscript.

One word more upon the political part of the subject. We have heard much said, and have read much that has been written, about the armistice, and about the King of the Netherlands—for it seems he is still to retain that title—being hardly dealt with by the Allied Powers in the late negociations. Without pronouncing an opinion, whether he had a right to put an end to the armistice, with or without notice,—though it would appear to us that the much disputed phrase, *moyens militaires*, gave abundant notice of his intentions,—no doubt can be entertained that hostilities were determined upon by William, in the face of two contingencies, which were, of all others, the most likely to happen, viz., the instant despatch of succour to Leopold, both from France and England. Of another arrangement made by William as little doubt can be entertained, and that was, that as soon as a French army should enter Belgium, his should retire from it. With these determinations, deliberately drawn up by his cabinet, sanctioned by himself, and recorded in his archives before a gun was fired, this *mild* and *beneficent* sovereign, nevertheless, directs his army to pass the frontiers, to fire in cold blood upon the Belgic forces, to massacre the Belgian people, and to plunder their dwellings,—orders which his son*

* It is worth remarking as a curious instance of the course which fortune sometimes takes, that not many years since the Prince of Orange and Prince Leopold were suitors for the same hand, that of our lamented Princess Charlotte, and that the Dutchman was rejected. They then little expected that they should be suitors for the same crown, and that again the Dutchman should fail. In the late conflict both the princes could hardly have forgotten these coincidences.

carried into execution with the expedition and bitterness of thwarted ambition and breathless revenge. Here is, indeed, a model of a Christian king, as the hypocrite is fond of boasting himself to be, and of a Christian people, as he calls his dastardly slaves. History in its most bloody pages records few acts of atrocity so execrable as this. This *beneficent* sovereign, by a refinement in diplomacy quite his own, describes this act as merely putting into the scale of negociation the weight of his army! It is for him to explain, how he could, even in diplomacy, hope that such a weight on one side would avail him, when he well knew that into the other scale would instantly be thrown the armies of France and the navy of England. For our parts we look upon this deed as the least excusable that he has yet perpetrated in his career of blundering tyranny. We consider him, under the circumstances of the case, all of which he had had full time to consider beforehand, as guilty of the murder of every individual who has fallen the victim of his sanguinary decree. It was a true specimen of Dutch revenge, and we feel assured that the GOD above us will mark it by a signal punishment.

As to the 'Family Tour' itself,—it is in every thing but its abominable postscript, a curiosity in itself,—not indeed for any thing new that it relates concerning the country which forms the subject of it, but for the facility and pleasantness with which a company, of six individuals, attended by one servant, transferred themselves to so many places worth seeing, within the period of one little month, at an expense comparatively trifling, and merely by means of the public conveyances. The sum of one hundred and thirty-eight pounds, we are told, covered the whole of their expenditure, which does not amount to £20 for each person, a moderate allowance enough, even supposing that he had never stirred beyond the precincts of his house, or his village, during that interval. Nor do they seem to have proceeded upon any very rigid plan of economy in the progress of their tour. They travelled at their ease, in the carriages of the different countries—*carriages* by the bye, not *diligences;* where steam-boats were to be had, they availed themselves of them; sometimes they were obliged to put up with sailing vessels, or treckscuyts; they stopped at the first hotels, dined sometimes at tables-d'hôte, at others in their private apartments, lived excellently well, saw every thing that was worth seeing, and 'every one of the party returned with the pleasing recollections (and such recollections live a long time) of what they had seen, and with invigorated health,' which was still better. Their plan was to make the tour of the southern provinces of Holland, to ascend the Rhine as far as Mayence, thence pay a visit to Frankfort, return by the Rhine to Cologne, and thence, crossing the Netherlands by Liege, Waterloo, Brussels, and Ostend, to London. All this they fully and quietly acccomplished in twenty-eight days! We cannot hesitate, therefore, to subscribe to the recommendation which the author gives in his preface.

'Those who may wish to spend a month in visiting that most interesting country, Holland,—to enjoy the magnificent scenery of the Rhine, to admire the splendid decorations of the churches, and to be gratified with the beautiful state of agricultural industry in Belgium,—cannot do better, (because they probably cannot derive so much gratification in so short a time, and at so small an expense,) than to follow the track which is laid down in these pages, drawn up from notes taken on the spot by one of the party, and now published in the hope that they may prove of some use to future travellers.'—p. vi.

Embarking at Deptford on the 6th of August, 1828, in a sailing yacht, this little family party dropped down the river with the tide, and on the evening of the following day, were at anchor in the Flushing roads, directly before the town. There being nothing in it, however, worth the traveller's notice, and the sea being rough, they proceeded up the Scheldt, which is here at least three miles in width, the high artificial dykes, by which the island of Walcheren is defended from the inroads of the ocean, already reminding them of the power which human ingenuity and industry can exercise over that tremendous element. The safety of the island of Walcheren very much depends upon a strong wall of masonry, erected at West Capel, the point where Flushing is situated. The side of the island that faces the Scheldt is embanked with the greatest care, and at an enormous expense. Similar dykes are carried along both sides of the river, there being thrown out at the base of each, a barrier of stones and stakes to protect the higher ramparts of earth; these again being covered with a kind of thatch, consisting of bean-stubble or straw. The sides of the ramparts slope gently towards the water, and are, for the most part, grown over with grass, upon which fine cattle may be seen grazing. The stones at the base are frequently confined, for greater security, in a kind of basket work of twigs, kept together by ropes of the same material, interwoven with rushes. Notwithstanding all these precautions, accidents of a serious nature have sometimes occurred. These wonderful dykes, with their supporting embankments, are seen in great perfection along the shores of South Beveland, the island next to Walcheren, and one of the best cultivated and most fertile territories of Holland. Its sylvan riches and beauties are, however, but little observed by the navigator of the Scheldt, who can see only the spires of its churches rising in every direction out of the woods. 'Even in those villages that are close to the banks, seldom is any part of the houses visible, except the chimnies and tiled roofs.'

'The general surface, in fact, on both sides of the river, is below the level of the high-water mark, so that a vast extent of fertile country has actually been rescued from the sea by human labour and ingenuity. It is evident, therefore, that unless due precautions were taken against the breaking in of the sea, which not unfrequently happens, the whole country would be subject to inundation, and revert to its ancient state of useless sterility—alternately a sandy marsh and a sheet of water.

'This is, in fact, what has actually happened to the eastern side of this very island of South Beveland, where, at low water, there is a vast extent of sand which the Dutch have named "Verdrunken land," or land swallowed up by the sea. To obviate a disaster of such fatal import, innumerable inland dykes are constructed in every direction, not only to mark, as they sometimes do, the division of property, but also to afford additional barriers to the waters, so that if the first barrier or sea-dyke should give way, a second and a third may be found to resist the further ravages of the flood. At the commencement of the present century, however, Walcheren was inundated by a branch of the sea, at West Capel, and the water is said to have stood as high as the roofs of the houses of Middelburgh, which fine city was saved from utter destruction only by the strength of its walls. This event is commemorated by an inscription on a stone.

'The sea had once before washed away the sandy downs which form a barrier along the western coast, and submerged the ancient town of West Capel, which was afterwards rebuilt further inland. It is here that, in order to prevent future accidents of the same kind, an enormous dyke thirty feet high, has been raised to fill up the breach. The expense must have been enormous, but the salvation of the whole island of Walcheren may be said to depend on its stability.

'In all these banks several sluices are constructed, by means of which the inhabitants have not only the power of letting out the water from the sands, but also of letting in that of the river or the sea, in the event of an enemy invading the country; and by this desperate measure to make it impossible for him to remain; but this is an advantage gained only at the expense of an infliction of general misery and distress, amounting very nearly to complete ruin.'—pp. 7, 8.

From Flushing to Antwerp the distance is reckoned by the bending of the river, to be sixty-two miles; which our party made in their yacht in five hours; not bad sailing. Antwerp is an interesting object from the river. In his *Postscript* the author has the courage to state, that under the rule of King William 'Antwerp was yearly rising in commercial importance, and diverting the trade of the less convenient ports of Amsterdam and Rotterdam into its own channel.' But in his journal, which was not written with a political intent, and the fact proves the boldness with which men will sometimes make assertions when a political argument is to be sustained, he reports that 'the Scheldt, when we ascended it, was a *vacant* river; we neither met nor overtook a *single sail*, and with the exception of some ten or twelve *small* vessels, mostly brigs, except two or three American ships, there was *little appearance of trade along the quay of Antwerp.*' A writer can hardly contradict himself in terms more decided than these. In truth, the very act which placed Belgium and Holland under the King of the Netherlands, sacrificed the commercial importance of Antwerp to that of Amsterdam, and this the author well knew, for in another part of his journal, not his audacious postscript, he very justly says that 'the demolition of Antwerp, (of its dock-yards he means)

and the transfer of ship-building, and artificers, and commerce to the ports of Holland, was one of the heaviest blows that could, in recent times, have been inflicted on the inhabitants of the former.' He well might have added, that it was a blow that deeply rankled in the bosom of a city which formerly contained not fewer than two hundred thousand inhabitants, and beheld sometimes two thousand ships and vessels lying in her river, harbours and basins; whereas when this author visited Antwerp, the former were reduced to sixty thousand, and the latter to at most two hundred. We should like to know how much of Dutch commercial cupidity entered into the menaces which the King of Holland, in his late warlike vagaries, pronounced against Antwerp; menaces, which the prompt interposition of the Allied Powers alone prevented this 'mild and beneficent' monarch from carrying into effect. In the way of description, it need only be added that the appearance of this fine old city, though somewhat grotesque on account of the gable ends facing the streets, as in some of our own ancient towns, is highly picturesque. Several of the new streets are not inferior to many in London. We need not observe, that most of the ecclesiastical buildings in Antwerp are well worth the attention of a visitor. We were amused with the author's remarks upon the confessionals, as the subject is one which he cannot possibly comprehend. His religious prejudices are upon a par with his political obliquity. He mentions as a portion of the *religion* of the people, some superstitious tricks, which are resorted to evidently for the purpose of getting money. He ought to know that, considering the constitution of human nature, it would be hardly possible that any system of worship could have travelled down through a course of eighteen hundred years, without bringing with it excrescences of divers kinds. These ridiculous things the intelligent Belgians laugh at, as well as other persons, and it is only ignorance, capable itself of being, under other circumstances, duped by such knavery, that can for a moment seriously look at it as a real blot upon any system of faith. It is the weakness of nature, not of religion, which lives in a much higher and an infinitely purer region. From Antwerp to Rotterdam you may go by the steam boat in ten hours, partly by the Scheldt, partly by arms of the sea, partly by branches of the Rhine and Meuse, through a number of small islands, which give variety and interest to the navigation. Whatever other inconvenience the traveller may experience in Holland, he will seldom meet with a bad or filthy bed. He will, indeed, generally find them remarkably clean and neat, not only in Holland, but in Belgium, and also in Prussia. 'It may here be added,' says our author, 'that in no single instance were we disgusted or annoyed, notwithstanding the heat of the nights, with bug, flea, gnat or musquito, in any part of our route, with the single exception of a few small gnats that had entered the open window at Antwerp. This is the more surprising, especially in Holland,

where so much stagnant water prevails.' The description of Rotterdam will serve for Dutch cities in general.

'It is not very difficult to give a general idea of Rotterdam; but the effect which is altogether produced on a stranger, who, for the first time, has visited a Dutch city, is not so easily to be conveyed. The ground plan of the city is that of a triangle, the base being the quay we have mentioned, stretching along the river, in its whole length about a mile and a quarter, according to the plan, the central portion of which is the "Boomtjes," occupying, as before said, about three quarters of a mile; and a perpendicular, drawn from it to the opposite extremity, may be somewhat less than a mile. Through the middle of most of the streets runs a straight canal, bordered by large, lofty, and healthy trees,—oaks, elms, and lime-trees, chiefly the latter; and all these canals are, or at least were, crowded with shipping of every conceivable size and form. They are crossed by numerous draw-bridges, which, mixed with the shipping, the trees, and the houses, have a very picturesque effect. Between the trees and each of the canals is the quay, which is of a width sufficient for shipping, landing, and receiving all articles of merchandize; and within the row of trees is the paved street for carts, carriages, and horses: and between this again, and extending close to the fronts of the houses, is a paved foot-path of bricks, or clinkers, as they are called, set edgeways, which, like our trottoirs, are for the sole use of foot passengers, but, unlike ours, are not raised above the level of the street. It will readily be imagined, that in these canal-streets, with all the shipping, there will be an incessant bustle.

'The houses are generally on a large scale, and lofty; in many of the streets they are really elegant. But belonging, as they do, chiefly to merchants and tradesmen, their workhouses or magazines are sometimes on the ground-floor, and frequently extend far behind, while the family is contented to occupy the upper stories. With all this, however, nothing can exceed in cleanliness every part of the exterior of those houses. Here we observed, as in Antwerp, that the women were constantly employed in washing the walls, the doors, the window-shutters, and windows, by means of small pump-engines, or with pails, mops, and scrubbing-brushes; and, when engaged in this operation, they are seldom deterred from pursuing their task of brushing, scrubbing, or dashing water, by the heaviest showers of rain that may happen to fall. In fact, a Dutchman's house externally is as neat as paint and water can make it; nor are they less neat and clean in the interior. The floors, in general, are so scrubbed and polished as scarcely to allow one to walk upon them with safety.'—pp. 49, 50.

The author very truly remarks, that in the churches of Rotterdam, as well as in those of Holland generally, where, what is called the reformed religion is established, there is nothing worth the notice of a stranger; the religious Vandals of the reformation having recklessly destroyed every thing in the way of ornament, which they could lay their desolating hands upon. His description of the route from Rotterdam to Amsterdam, is lively and characteristic. A small portion of it will however sufficiently justify our praise, and perhaps induce the reader to make himself further acquainted with the volume itself.

'There are two methods of making the journey from Rotterdam to Amsterdam, as there are, indeed, between almost every two towns throughout Holland,—by land and by water. The latter is the most common, and the most easy and convenient, as well as by much the cheapest, but is somewhat slower than posting; the treckscuyt going barely at the rate of four miles an hour, while post-horses, or others hired for the journey, will make good a little more than five miles an hour. The distance in either way, in the present case, is nearly the same, as the straight line of road generally accompanies, in a parallel direction, the straight canal, and in most parts of it has a straight row of trees on each side; every thing in Holland, where it can conveniently be done, being laid out with a line. The trifling difference, however, in point of speed, is not the only objection which a stranger, desirous of seeing the country, will make to the water conveyance. The banks of the canal are sometimes so high that the views are intercepted by them, and confined to the line of the canal. We, therefore, hired a four-wheeled carriage, known in Holland by the name of *char-a-banc*, which, with its three cross seats, we found to be sufficiently roomy to hold, without inconvenience, six persons and their luggage, besides a servant on the dickey. In this vehicle the owner agreed to carry us to Amsterdam in two days; and for the hire of this, with two horses, the owner feeding them, and paying the driver, we were charged forty-eight guilders, or florins, (four pounds sterling,) the distance being about fifty miles, or a little more.

'On the 11th of August, about noon, we left Rotterdam. The road, as we afterwards found to be common throughout Holland, was paved with a particular kind of brick, called a clinker, set closely on edge, very neatly fitted together, and as level as a bowling green.

'After running for some distance along the side of the canal, the road branched off, and here commenced a continued succession of neat, and sometimes very handsome villas on both sides, and at no great distance from it. Here and there an elegant château occurred, surrounded by an extensive domain well planted with patches of trees, but generally in straight lines; and, for the most part, the mansion was approached through a grand avenue. The boundaries also of these large estates are frequently terminated by avenues of trees, each row belonging to separate proprietors; but the division of property is most marked by a dyke and a ditch. Most of these country-houses, whether large or small, have a ditch of stagnant water dividing the little front garden from the road; and close to this ditch, generally, indeed, rising out of it, and not unfrequently bestriding it, is sure to be found a small building, square or octagonal, called a *lust-huis*, or pleasure-house, with a window in each side, commanding a complete view of the road. These little buildings or pleasure-houses are so very numerous as to form a characteristic feature of this part of the country. They occur, indeed, as we afterwards found, by the sides of the roads throughout South Holland. In the summer and autumn evenings they are the common resort of families, where the men enjoy their pipes with beer or wine, and the females sip their tea; and both derive amusement in observing and conversing with the passengers on the road. In any other country these would be considered as just the seasons of the year, and the time of the day, when these ditch-bestriding pleasure-houses would be shunned, the effluvia from the stagnant water being then

strongest, and the frogs, which are everywhere seen skipping about, most lively and noisy. But the same vitiated taste, which has selected the ditch for the site of the pleasure-house, may deem the croaking of the frog, when in full song, just as melodious to their ears as the note of the nightingale is to their more southern neighbours.

'As there is no want of water in any part of Holland, the flower-gardens attached to these villas have generally a fish-pond in some part of them, and, when they happen to face the road, the pleasure-house is frequently placed on a hillock in the middle of the garden, and is accessible only by a bridge or a flight of steps. Each villa has its name, or some motto inscribed over the gateway, the choice of which is generally meant to bespeak content and comfort on the part of the owner, and they afford a source of amusement to the stranger as he passes along. Thus, among others, we read, "Lust en rust," Pleasure and ease; "Wel to vrede," Well contented; "Myn genegentheid is voldoen," My desire is satisfied; "Myn lust en leven," My pleasure and life; "Niet zoo guaalyk," Not so bad; "Gerustelyk en wel to vrede," Tranquil and content; "Vreindschap en gezelschap," Friendship and sociability; "Het vermaak is in't hovenieren," There is pleasure in gardening. And over the entrance to one of the tea-gardens, near Rotterdam, was inscribed, "Het vleesch potten van Egypte." Some of the larger gardens abound with fruits and vegetables, and beds and borders of flowering shrubs and plants, are laid out in all the grotesque shapes that can be imagined. It must be confessed, however, that an air of comfort presides over these villas. Most of the dwelling houses are gaily painted in lively colours, all the offices and out-houses are kept in neat order, while the verdant meadows are covered with the finest cattle, mostly speckled brown and white.

'At the distance of about eight miles from Rotterdam, is the ancient town of Delft, once famous for its woollen manufactures, and more especially its pottery ware, which employed many thousands of its inhabitants, and which was known by the name of Delft-ware, all over Europe; but the superior and cheaper article, manufactured by Wedgwood, gave a death-blow to the potteries of Delft, which can scarcely now be said to exist. The traveller will observe, in passing through this town, a fine old Gothic church, and also one of a more recent date, with a lofty spire; but as they were said to contain only monuments of the family of the House of Orange, of Grotius and Van Tromp, and that there was little worth seeing in the town, we did not stop; but in passing through a spacious market-place, we could observe a copious supply of fine vegetables, and the common fruits of the country. The streets and houses appeared to be kept in neat and clean order, but the town wore a dull aspect, the more so, perhaps, after just leaving the bustle of Rotterdam. The whole country around Delft, with the exception of some contiguous gardens, and potatoe beds, consisted of rich pasturage, and a great number of very fine cattle were grazing in the meadows. No appearance of tillage, except small patches of stubble here and there, and a few enclosures of clover.'—pp. 67—71.

The Hague, as every body knows, was the principal, and now will be the only residence of the King of the Netherlands; it is a well built, handsome, clean and gentlemanly town, where he may do very well, if only he can contrive to keep himself quiet. Leyden

follows, famous for its university, its botanical garden, its Broad-street, said to be fully equal in beauty to the High-street of Oxford, and its charming environs, studded with villas, gardens and pleasure houses. Haarlem then succeeds, 'very well built, very clean and very dull,' but remarkable for its gardens, whence we are annually supplied with roots of tulips, hyacinths and jonquils. The reader need hardly be reminded of the rage which at one time prevailed in Holland, in favour of the tulip, and of the enormous prices which were occasionally given for the bulbs of particular kinds. But he would be grossly deceived, if he were led to think that in this *rage*, there were anything of real sentiment. Dutch sentiment! That would indeed have been a curiosity greater than the *Semper Augustus** itself. 'The real truth of the story is,' as the author candidly states, 'that these tulip roots were never bought or sold, but they became the medium of a systematised species of gambling. The bulbs, and their divisions into perits, became like the different stocks in our public funds, the objects of the bulls and bears, and were bought and sold at different prices from day to day, the parties settling their account at fixed periods; the innocent tulips, all the while, never once appearing in the transactions, nor even thought of.' "Before the tulip season was over," says Beckman, "more roots were sold and purchased, bespoke and promised to be delivered, than in all probability were to be found in the gardens of Holland; and when *Semper Augustus* was not to be had anywhere, which happened twice, no species perhaps, was oftener purchased and sold." The Dutch, in fact, under the hypocritical pretext of dealing in flowers, for there are not greater pharisees in the world, pursued a system of deep gambling, to which the government at length found it necessary to put an end.

We next arrive with our party at Amsterdam, one of the most extraordinary cities in Europe, which, in the thirteenth century, was nothing better than a swamp, with a few fishermen's huts perched upon its higher and drier parts, those huts being constantly liable to inundation, and having been, in point of fact, often covered by the sea. Nevertheless, industry collected riches upon this spot; by degrees it became the great emporium of commerce for Holland, and is now a collection of magnificent streets, 'three of which,' says the author, 'are not easily to be matched in any other town or city in Europe for their length, width, and the grandeur and elegance of their buildings.' He adds—

'The numerous canals of Amsterdam, it is said, divide the city into ninety different islands, communicating by two hundred and eighty bridges, either of stone or of wood, the latter being draw-bridges, and many of the former having sluices to open in the centre for the passage of boats, and others for the purpose of regulating the level of the water in the canals.

* A rare species of Tulip.

These sluices are so placed, and so well attended to, that little danger or damage is now apprehended from high tides and storms on the Zuyder Zee, which, in former times, was but too frequently experienced!'—p. 95.

One of the disagreeables of Amsterdam is the mixture of muddy and sea water in its countless canals, which are, for the most part, stagnant, although the means exist for rendering them in this respect perfectly inoffensive. Horses can seldom live long at Amsterdam, on account of the deleterious character of the water,—a circumstance, by the way, which proves that the Amsterdamites are no water-drinkers, for they are said to be as robust and healthy a set of persons as can be found in all Holland. Our author's description of this extraordinary city is not destitute of interest.

'Whoever is desirous of seeing human ingenuity and human industry most successfully and most extensively exerted, for the purpose of counteracting the injurious effect of one of the most powerful and destructive elements, and by means the most simple, must visit Holland, and more particularly Amsterdam. He will there see and admire the simple and effectual means that have been adopted for the security of the town, by bringing the waters under complete control.

'The whole extent of the sea-front, with the quays, and the shipping, is protected from injury by a double stockade of strong, square, wooden posts, known by the name of *boomen* or barriers, extending at a distance from the quay along the whole line of the city, from the north-west to the south-east corner, a distance of two miles and a half. These large beams of wood are firmly fixed in pairs, with openings between each tier, at certain distances, to allow ships to pass them to and from the quays. Of these openings or passages, there are twenty-one, all of which are closed by night; so that nothing can arrive at, or depart from, the quay, till they are set open. By means of these barriers, the injurious effects of the waves on the wharf wall, by being divided and dispersed, as well as of masses of ice driven down from the northward, are completely obviated.

'All the quays, and, indeed, every house in Amsterdam, are built upon piles; and as each of these is a large tree or baulk of timber, of forty or fifty feet in length, some idea may be formed of the expense of building in Amsterdam, as well as of the immense quantity of timber that must have been brought thither for this purpose alone. It is recorded that the number of piles on which the old Town House, now the Royal Palace, is built, amounts to upwards of thirteen thousand.

'Indeed the industry of the Dutch is not to be surpassed; and it is exercised not only with great skill and ingenuity, but also with indefatigable perseverance; otherwise they never could have succeeded in accomplishing such great undertakings with such small means.

'On no occasion, perhaps, is this ingenuity and perseverance more displayed than in the means employed in conquering the waters of the ocean, and in bringing under subjection the rivers, lakes, and canals with which they are surrounded on either side, by means of sluices, drains, ditches, and windmills, of the last of which, for this and other purposes, such as sawing wood, grinding corn, and crushing seeds for oil, the number in the vicinity of all their towns and cities is perfectly astonishing.

'These windmills are remarkable objects on the Boulevards of Amsterdam. There are no less than thirty bastions in the line of fortification on the land side, and on each bastion is a windmill, of a description larger than common, for grinding corn, and other purposes. It is whimsical enough that, surrounded as they are with water on every side, there is not a watermill in the whole country. It suited their purpose better to raise a contention between the elements, by employing the wind to drive out the water Necessity, indeed, taught the Hollander this; for if it were not for the complete subjection in which the waters are held by this and other means, the city of Amsterdam might at any one moment be altogether submerged. The idea of such a calamity, happening to a city which is stated to contain near two hundred thousand inhabitants, calls for every precaution that can be put in practice to avert it.

'Of this number of inhabitants, consisting chiefly of Calvinists, Catholics, Lutherans, and Jews, by far the greater part are engaged in some kind of commerce or other; few of them in manufactures, except such as are in every-day use, and for home consumption. Many of the artizans and the poorer classes, inhabit the cellars under the houses of the more opulent, and a great many reside constantly on the water, in comfortable apartments built on their trading vessels, more particularly those employed in the inland navigations.

'In this and many other respects, the Dutch bear a strong resemblance to the Chinese; like this industrious and economical race, they keep their hogs, their ducks, and other domestic animals, constantly on board. Their apartments are kept in a state of great neatness; the women employ themselves in all the domestic offices, and are assiduous in embellishing their little sitting-rooms with the labours of the needle, and many of them have little gardens of tulips, hyacinths, anemonies, and various other flowers. Some of these vessels are of great length, but generally narrow, suitable to the canals and sluices of the towns. Each vessel is generally navigated by the members of one family, of which the female part is by no means the least useful, nothing being more common than to see the women steering, poling, hauling the ropes, or employed on some other duties of the craft.'—pp. 97—100.

This is not the sixth part of the information which the author gives about Amsterdam, although he and his party remained in that city but two days, after which they set off for Nimeguen in a *char-à-banc*, or, as we should call it, a tax-cart, (because no tax it pays,) drawn by two horses, passing by Utrecht, whose once famous university has fallen into decay. At Nimeguen they embarked in a steam-boat on the Rhine, and took leave of the ditches, dykes, sloots, and sluices of Holland, which, with all its drawbacks, the author considers to be unquestionably one of the most curious and most interesting countries in the world! 'And as to the people,' he adds, 'who inhabit, and whose ancestors may fairly be said to have created it, though they have been represented as cold and uncourteous towards strangers, rude in their speech, and repulsive in their manners, we can, with honest truth, declare, that so far from experiencing any conduct of this kind, or having the slightest

ground of complaint in any one instance, or in any part of the country from Rotterdam to Nimeguen, we never found them to be wanting in the common courtesies and civilities of life.'

The town of Emmerick marks the frontier of Prussia, which our party reached in three hours from Nimeguen: here, and indeed as far as Dusseldorf, the country on both sides of the river is a dead flat, consisting for the greater part of low natural banks, overgrown with reeds, rushes, and willows. The appearance of the inhabitants is in keeping with this dull scenery, exhibiting every where the disagreeable signs of extreme poverty, houses in ruins surrounded by filth, the men, women, and children, ill clad, ill-looking, dirty, and as brown as mulattoes. At Neus, the Novesium of the Romans, a range of fine blue hills show themselves at a distance, holding out the promise of better things; the country on each side becomes better cultivated, and soon Cologne, with its numerous spires and towers, rises on the horizon. At the distance of three or four miles, no finer object can be imagined than the view which the navigator obtains of that ancient city, at the head of a noble expanse of water, magnificently bordered on both banks, the town of Deutz, with its old Benedictine abbey, being immediately opposite to Cologne, and farther inland, on the slope of the hills, the ruins of the once splendid chateau of Bensberg.

The churches, paintings, antiquities, and other "lions" of Cologne, may well detain even the most hurried traveller a day or two; he may then proceed by a caleche to Bonn, admire its beautiful market, in which the truly wonderful phenomenon may be witnessed, of two hundred women, neatly dressed, all in a row, carrying on their business of selling greens, fruit, bread, butter, and eggs, with a tranquillity that may be said to be silence! Enjoying as he goes along views of the Rhine, varied in grandeur and beauty, he may, if he likes it, diverge to many villages, and towns, and mountains, amongst which he can amuse himself with thousands of legends, which are associated with every spot of this storied country, visiting Coblentz and Frankfort, and such other places as his leisure may permit. He must excuse us, however, from accompanying him, as we do not feel disposed at present to go beyond what our author justly describes as the 'romantic portion of the Rhine,' which the traveller passes through on his way from Coblentz to Mayence.

'The romantic portion of the Rhine is that between Boppart and Bingen, in which the several reaches of the river form a constant succession of lakes, accompanied by the most enchanting and diversified scenery, encircled with a chain of the most picturesque mountains, some clothed with wood, others naked, black, and frowning with rocks, rearing their pinnacled heads under every fantastic shape, and scarcely distinguishable from the ruined remains of forts and castles, which are seen crowning their rugged summits, themselves "shaped as they had turrets been, in mockery

of man's art;" while the narrow spaces between their feet and the margin of the lakes are smiling with cultivation, and enlivened with towns and villages in the midst of vineyards. Here, in short, is

> ' " A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
> Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-fields, mountain, vine,
> And chiefless castles, breathing stern farewells
> From grey but leafy walls, where Ruin greatly dwells."

' On clearing the ravine, however, the scene was entirely changed, and the eye had now full scope to range round the whole of the southern, eastern, and western horizons. The sun was just setting as we left the dark and gloomy gulph, and its western rays, falling on the little town of Bingen, and the vine-clad side of the opposite mountain, afforded a contrast equally striking and agreeable. The broad expansive Rhine glistened in the sunbeams, as its ample volume flowed majestically towards us, interrupted only by the *Maus-thurm*, or as travellers interpret it, the tower of rats, which is built on a rock in the middle of the river, and by dividing the current, adds to the velocity and the noise of the Bingen-lock, which is considered to be dangerous to navigation.

* * * * * *

' The endless succession of ancient dilapidated castles is generally spoken of by travellers with a degree of rapture in which some of us did not exactly partake. The eternal round tower, or stone cylinder, which always accompanies, and is always left standing amidst, the castellated ruins, and that alone sometimes remaining, is the very reverse of picturesque. There is besides a moral feeling attached to them, that is apt to carry the recollection back to those days of feudal tenure, when murder and robbery were hardly considered as crimes; and when many an unhappy victim lingered out a miserable existence in the cells and dungeons of these ancient ruins, which still remain as memorials of the villanous scenes that have been transacted within their walls. A French writer thinks otherwise; he tells us how delightful he feels in transporting himself in imagination to those remote ages of ancient chivalry—those ages, as he calls them, of valour and virtue,—in imagining himself to be surrounded by those *preux chevaliers*, the protectors of weakness, the defenders of a sex which in those days knew no other ornament but delicacy and gentility. Perhaps he would have been nearer the truth if, instead of *preux chevaliers*, he had painted these castles to his mind as the retreats of bands of brigands. Lord Byron, we suspect, has taken a juster view of them.

> ' " Beneath these battlements, within those walls
> Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
> Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
> Doing his evil will, not less elate
> Than mightier heroes of a longer date."

' As we were here to quit the Rhine, a word or two may be added on the general character of this interesting river. We frequently find the epithet " magnificent" coupled with the Rhine. To speak correctly, it is not sufficiently capacious to justify the application of that term; but to the eye of the traveller it possesses charms, abundantly superior to those rivers that are so truly magnificent, that one shore is frequently invisible from the other.

The Rhine includes within its banks sublimity and beauty, softness and amenity. In gliding down the stream the eye embraces all these at a glance, and riots in endless variety,—the rugged and fantastic forms displayed by naked mountain tops, vying in picturesque with some ancient and ruined castle—the overhanging forest—the sombre crag mingled with the verdant vine—the neatly cultivated plain—the clustered town with its turretted towers and spires—the sequestered village, and the lowly cottage, the beautiful island, and the constant succession of new objects, and a new disposition of them,—these are the features ever varied that constitute the beauties, and afford that delight, which travellers rarely fail to derive from an excursion on or along the banks of the Rhine.

'The town of Bingen is situated at the confluence of the Nahe with the Rhine, and is approached from the north by a stone bridge over the former, said to have been built, or its remaining piers at least built, in the time of the Drusus. The situation is beautiful, and there was an appearance of industry and bustle which we had not witnessed since our departure from Amsterdam. A number of vessels were lying alongside the quay, and in every street were coopers, house-carpenters, and masons, working at their several trades; the first preparing their large pipes for the approaching vintage, and the others on new houses building, and old ones repairing. Extensive floats of timber were lying along the quay and the shore, and about a dozen of those remarkably long and narrow vessels that navigate the Rhine were at anchor, having each a house on the deck, in which the owner or navigator with his whole family dwells.'—pp. 205—209.

Returning by Aix-la-Chapelle, Liége, Namur, and the often-sung Waterloo, by Brussels and Bruges, our author and his party reached Ostend, and, as we have already said, London, within the month, which they had assigned for their excursion. We shall not notice the malignity or ignorance which he betrays on almost every matter connected with the Belgians and their religion. There is, however, one imputation so infamous, that we cannot, in the duty that we owe to truth, pass the slander in silence:—'Of what possible use,' he asks, 'can any oath be that is taken with a mental reservation, and by those who have the means of freeing their consciences from any breach of it, by obtaining absolution? The Papists are likely enough to be as ready as the Roundheads were to think that

> '"'Tis he who *makes* the oath, that breaks it,
> Not he who, for convenience, *takes* it."'

If the absolving power which is here spoken of, in truth, existed in the church, we should wish to know by what chance it happened that the Catholic peers and gentry in this country were prevented for many years from sitting in Parliament, as there was no other barrier whatever in their way except a phrase in a single oath? If they could have freed their consciences from the breach of that obligation in the manner in which this slanderer says they might have done, why had they not done it? The fact of their exclusion from Parliament until an oath which they could not conscientiously

take was repealed, is so notorious, that this author must have well known it; and yet he deliberately endeavours to propagate his calumny. We have often observed that those who impute unworthy motives and base principles to others, are generally persons who are in the habit of acting upon such motives and principles themselves; we hope that to this rule the author forms an exception, and that he has fallen into the error of which we complain, rather from ignorance, or want of thought, or stupid prejudice, than from any real want of just and honourable feeling.

ART. VI.—*Journal of Voyages and Travels, by the Reverend Daniel Tyerman and George Bennet, Esq. Deputed from the London Missionary Society to visit their various stations in the South Islands, China, India, &c. Between the years* 1821 *and* 1829. Compiled from the original documents. By James Montgomery. In 2 vols. 8vo, with numerous plates. London: Westley & Davis. 1831.

IN the year 1820, the Directors of the London Missionary Society, now established upwards of thirty-five years, came to the resolution of sending a deputation to some of the more distant stations, which had been occupied by their agents. We are not aware that any immediate reasons existed to call for this unusual proceeding: but the members of the pious embassy were enjoined to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the state of their foreign missions, and to propose, in case it was necessary, any addition or modification that might, in their opinion, contribute to the efficacy of that great plan of charity which the Society was specially created to execute. They were authorized to entertain every question connected with the diffusion of the Gospel in these remote countries, and they were instructed particularly to ascertain if, with the religion of civilization, they could not also introduce its arts and some of its refinements. The commission was first limited to the South Sea Islands, but it was subsequently extended; and the deputation proceeded on its mission "of good will and friendly enquiry" to the numerous establishments, insular as well as continental, where the Society had established a footing in the Eastern quarter of the world.

The deputation consisted of only two persons, the Rev. Daniel Tyerman, and George Bennet, Esq. of Sheffield, and no doubt they possessed all the qualifications which an important and delicate duty required. In the spring of 1821 these gentlemen proceeded on their voyage; and after having nearly circumnavigated the globe, visiting the numberless stations that were in connexion with the society, a part only of the deputation returned to England in the summer of 1829. The Rev. Mr. Tyerman died at Madagascar, leaving his colleague to complete that important mission, in which he had taken so zealous a part. Both the deputies appear to have made daily registers of the occurrences which they

witnessed. These memoranda were written almost always on the spur of the moment: they were desultory, and not at all times particularly pertinent or worthy of preservation; they were besides voluminous; repetitions were found in them, and the authors themselves, we are justified in supposing, would have treated them as a series of casual observations, the essence of which might be comprised in an infinitely smaller compass than that which, in their original state, they occupied. The various documents were ultimately placed in the hands of Mr. James Montgomery, to whose labour and judgment we owe the present compilation.

These volumes claim our attention under two very distinct points of view. As a fair and authentic report of missionary labours, the work presents information of an important and instructive character, whilst it possesses all the interest and value that belongs to a book of adventurous travels, in which the habits and manners of some of the most singular communities on earth are faithfully described. We deem it to be convenient to keep these two subjects perfectly distinct before the reader, and after having examined the evidence which is furnished by the deputation respecting the state of the missions at the different stations which they visited, we shall proceed to the very curious and entertaining notices on character, customs, natural history, and other subjects of equally general interest, with which, happily, the work is copiously provided.

The deputation sailed on the 5th of May from Gravesend, and the vessel took the usual route for the south-western voyage. At the very outset we are struck with one of those passages which but too often obtrude themselves into the writings of pious men, and which, though they may remind us of the devotion of the writer, are calculated, we confess, but little to raise our opinion of his judgment. We allude to an anecdote related by Mr. Tyerman, in which he affects to consider that he was the object on one occasion of a special Providence. That the general superintendence of the Creator over the work of his hands is never for an instant suspended, is obviously a necessary part of the belief of every rational man. But nothing, in our opinion, is more dangerous than the presumption, which would lead any person to the conviction that an extraordinary interference of Providence was exercised in order to secure his special safety. The following is the passage we allude to:—

'Mr. Tyerman preached in the morning from Psalm cxxi. 4: "Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." At the close of his discourse he mentioned the following circumstance:—"Yesterday was the anniversary of a great and very remarkable deliverance which I experienced, in the year 1793. At that time I was intimate with several young men, as gay and trifling as myself: and we frequently spent our Sabbaths in pleasure on the Thames. Early in the week, on the occasion referred to, I and four others had planned a Sunday party down the river; to make the most of it, we agreed to embark on Saturday afternoon, and proceed

to Gravesend. On Friday night, when I lay down to rest, a transient misgiving, whether it was right so to profane the Sabbath of the Lord, gave me a little uneasiness; but I overcame the monitory feeling, and fell asleep. On Saturday morning, when I awoke, the thought again came upon me, but again I resisted, and resolved to meet my companions in the afternoon. I was about to rise, but while I mused I fell asleep again, and dreamed I thought myself in a certain place, whither divine Providence often led me at that season of my life. Here a gentleman called me to him, saying, that he had a letter for me, which I went to receive from his hand. When I reached him, he had opened the enclosure, and appeared to be reading the contents. I imagined then that I looked over his shoulder, and perceived that the letter was closely written, but a pen had been drawn through every line, and had obliterated all the words. Wondering what this could mean, I was going to take hold of the letter, when a large black seal presented itself to my sight, and so startled me, that forthwith I awoke, with this sentence upon my mind, '*You shall not go!*' Though I had never been in any way superstitious regarding dreams, this so affected me, and the words '*You shall not go!*' seemed so perpetually sounding in my ears, and haunting my imagination, that I determined to be obedient and *not go;* persuaded that some evil would befal me if I did. I spent that day and the two following in great anguish and anxiety, expecting hourly to hear something that would explain this singular presentiment. No tidings, however arrived till Tuesday morning, when I read in a newspaper the following paragraph:—'Last Sunday, in the afternoon, as a boat, with four young gentlemen, a waterman, and a boy, belonging to Mr. ———, of Wapping, was coming up the river, in Bugsby's hole, a little below Blackwall, a gust of wind upset the boat, and all on board perished.' That was the identical boat on which I was to have embarked. I could scarcely believe my eyes; I read the paragraph again and again. There it was, and there I remained, speaking the same words. I cannot express the horror and consternation of my mind. I was constrained to exclaim, 'This is the finger of God! Who am I, that God should in so wonderful a manner, interpose for my deliverance?—What a warning against Sabbath breaking! What a call to devote myself to the Lord and his service!' A warning which I took, and a call which I humbly hope I was thenceforward enabled to obey: 'For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not, when deep sleep falleth upon man, in slumberings upon his bed; then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man. He keepeth back his soul from the pit, and his life from perishing.' Job xxxiii. 14, 18.'—vol. i. 27—29.

After a long, and—it would seem in the opinion of such fresh water mariners as the members of the deputation—perilous voyage, the vessel anchored before Tahiti (sometimes called Otaheite,) the station where they were to commence their important labours. The Society Islands, of which Tahiti is the principal, has been for a long time considered as one of the most interesting subjects of discussion, connected with the history of missions. Captain Kotzebue, whose voyage round the world we some time since reviewed, and who visited this island in the course of his voyage,

has been pleased to comment with great freedom, on the effect of missionary influence in Tahiti in particular. He charges the missionaries with having deluded the authorities, as well as the simple people of these savage islands; of having by various arts held them in complete subjection, and of having established the religion of peace and charity amongst those barbarous islanders, by sanguinary and destructive wars. He tells them further, that the religion which they have thus unwarrantably forced on these people, is essentially different from the religion which genuine Christianity recognises, for it is inconsistent with the true spirit of the latter, to impose such a code of severe restriction on their conduct and habits, as the unfortunate islanders are now compelled to endure. We must, however, combine in our consideration of such statements as these, the recollection that both politically and religiously, Captain Kotzebue was opposed to the missionaries and their principles; we must remember that the captain entertained a natural jealousy against us for the influence which we enjoyed in Polynesia, and that as an orthodox member of the Greek Church, he was conscientiously impelled to entertain a cordial hatred of the Protestant worship.

Without however entering any further into the motives which actuated Captain Kotzebue on this occasion, we may be allowed to enquire if there were any foundation for his charges. A prejudiced accuser may not always be a false one, and this examination leads us directly to the scene where the deputation first opened their commission. It appears from former records, that an attempt had been made in 1797, by Protestant missionaries, to convert the inhabitants of Tahiti and some of the islands in its neighbourhood, to the Christian faith. No success however attended these efforts until the year 1814, when Christianity was introduced upon a firm basis, and it has been ever since, according to the deputation, making a rapid progress. It is not to be denied that much of this success was owing to the strenuous exertions of King Pomare, who professed the Christian faith. It is also true that in 1815, a dreadful battle had been fought, which had terminated in the complete subjugation of the idolatrous army, by the Christian warriors of Tahiti. According to the report of the deputation, the islands of Tahiti, Eimeo, Huahine, Raiatea, Taha, Borabora, Maupiti, Tetaroa, Maiaoiti, Tubuai, Raivavai, and Rurutu, have all embraced the religion of the missionaries, and they have no doubt that several of the other islands only wait the announcement of the glad tidings in order to reject their idolatrous worship. The deputation describe, as being perfectly edifying to them, the manner in which the natives go through their religious duties. They never lift their heads for a moment during prayers, but kneel in the devoutest manner, and those that can read, always produce their testaments, and turn to the proper chapter when the minister begins to read. But the deputation seems to

have been particularly pleased with the islanders, for the strict observance of the sabbath. They rejoice in a knowledge that "not a fire is lighted, neither flesh nor fish is baked, not a tree is climbed, nor a canoe seen in the water, nor a journey by land performed on God's holy day; religion, religion alone is the business and delight of these simple minded people on the sabbath."*

This description applies to the islands in general in which the Christian faith has been received. Perhaps we could not better represent the flourishing state of the mission, than by quoting a few passages descriptive of the conduct and feelings of King Pomare, who, from his zeal in the cause, his intelligence and rank, may be taken as a fair specimen of the success of the missions in the Society Islands.

We have mentioned that the interference of this king greatly contributed to the establishment of Christianity in these islands. He learned to read and write in 1802, by the aid of the missionaries, and with unwearied diligence and perseverance. He never omitted an opportunity of promoting the conversion of his subjects, and though the deputation say but little of his warlike operations, it is quite certain that he led an army to battle, to serve, as he thought, the cause of Christianity. Whilst the deputation were at Tahiti, they had several interviews with Pomare and the royal family; they speak of his extraordinary zeal for the propagation of the Gospel; they notice with gratitude and admiration his liberal presents to the Missionary Society, of cocoa-nut oil, and other articles of native produce, and he received with delight the offer which was specially made to him by the deputation, of taking the missions under his protection. Moreover it is carefully noted by the deputation, that Pomare spent his evenings, in listening to "the words of eternal life,"—portions of the Scriptures, which he himself has essentially aided to translate into his own tongue, being read to him by the chiefs and other persons in attendance; and he has had sometimes around him more than twenty of these assistants, who took the verses in turn. The king was likewise wont to engage in extemporary prayer in his own family, and occasionally called upon one of his attendants to officiate; at all events, prayer was offered up twice a day beneath his roof, and no business whatever was permitted to prevent the regular discharge of this duty. Such was Pomare, the moral Pomare, as he appeared to the charitable view of the missionaries. The reader will be perhaps curious to know something of his person and character. We give the account of the first interview which the deputation had the honour of holding with him.

'As we approached the palace, if we may call it, the royal guards formed a long line on one side of the road, with their firelocks shouldered;

* "They stay the greater part of the Sunday in their houses, laying on their bellies reading the Bible, and howling aloud."—KOTZEBUE.

some of these were dressed in English costume, and others in native cloth, without any regard to uniformity. This train of soldiers reached to the bamboo fence surrounding the dwelling; when, by aid of stepping stones on each side, we had surmounted this stockade, we were desired by an officer, in a scarlet coat, to halt; immediately he gave a signal, and a volley of musketry was fired; this we understand is the highest token of respect which the King ever confers upon his visitors.

'After waiting a few moments in this court, we were admitted into the house and introduced by Mr. Nott to Pomare. The King, after the first recognition of his visitors, pointed to some low stools, on his right hand, signifying that we should sit down upon them. He himself was seated on the ground immediately before the door, a large mat being spread over the long dry grass that covered the floor, and a calico sheet laid upon that part of the mat which the King occupied. Several pillows were placed behind him against one of the pillars that supported the roof, and on these he leaned during the audience. He was handsomely arrayed in his best robes. He wore, on the upper part of his body, a white calico shirt, over which was thrown a beautiful tibuta, of native cloth, brilliantly coloured and ornamented; the ground being yellow, and various figures stained upon it in the Tahitian style. His lower limbs, as he reclined, were enveloped with the white sheeting, on which he was placed, gathered loosely about him. On a stool, at his left hand, sat the Queen, Taaroa Vahine, a young woman, about twenty-five years of age, with her son, a fine boy, not yet a year and a half old, and her sister, Taaraomaiturai, at her side. The Queen is a short good-looking person, and comparatively of a fair complexion. She and her sister were well dressed in the English fashion, with gowns, bonnets, and, what is very rare, shoes and stockings. The little prince had nothing on but a thin muslin vest, that reached below his knees. He is not yet weaned; the Queen, his mother, suckles him, and she performed that maternal duty several times in our presence. The boy's name is Tearütaria. Near this group sat the princess Aimata, a healthy girl, about ten years of age, by Pomare's former spouse. Her skin is of a darker tincture than her half-brother's. She was neatly clad in a blue-flowered frock, and wore a straw bonnet. Next to her were seated three ladies of honour, dressed in English cottons; two of these were very corpulent. To the Queen, her son, the princess, her sister, and these three female attendants, we were formally introduced, and had the honour to shake hands with each. On one side of the door, nearly in front of the King, sat Tati, his prime minister; and farther off, ranged through the interior of the apartment, stood a great number of chiefs and servants of the household. Many other persons on the outside were permitted to look in upon the scene, through the interstices of the enclosure or walls, which were nothing more than purau-staves fixed in the ground in the usual manner. In a corner of the building stood the King's bed, screened by a curtain of native cloth, which formed a small recess, with space sufficient for a bedstead. The house was about sixty feet long by forty wide, without division of rooms; and besides the bed already mentioned, contained no furniture, except a few areoi stools, several mats, and some small articles of domestic convenience.

'When we were duly seated, we first inquired after his Majesty's health; to which he replied that it was the same as it had been for some time, and

he was still suffering pain. We then announced the purpose of our visit to his dominions, and delivered to him the most respectful remembrance and regards of the Society which we represented, assuring him of the gratitude and esteem in which his protection and encouragement of the Missionaries were held by the directors and officers. We then produced the letters which we had brought for him from the Society, and stated that the presents, according to his own desire, were left at Tahiti. He returned a very gracious answer, expressing his pleasure at beholding us on his islands, as a deputation from the Society in England. We next thanked the King for his kindness towards our brethren, who were stationed here as preachers of the gospel, and cordially congratulated him on the glorious and peaceful triumphs of that blessed gospel over the ancient cruel and abominable idolatries that prevailed before Missionaries visited these shores; triumphs in which, we were confident, he himself must heartily rejoice, since, under God, he had been eminently instrumental in promoting them.

'Pomare now enquired concerning the operations of the Society in other regions of the earth, and seemed highly gratified with the glad tidings which we were enabled to bring him, respecting the progress of the gospel in Africa and the East and West Indies, and elsewhere.'

* * * * *

'Pomare, so far as we could judge, for we only saw him sitting, has more of personal dignity than could be expected from one who had been so lately a rude and fierce barbarian. In stature, we are told, he reaches six feet two inches, with limbs and frame athletic in proportion. His countenance is far superior in comeliness, as well as in expression, to the engraved portrait which has been published in England, though that presents a general likeness. The visage is long, the features bold, the lips thick, and the nose broadset, according to the prevailing traits of the Tahitians; but his complexion is swarthier than ordinary among his countrymen. He wears his beard rather long on the upper lip, reserving also a small tuft between the lower lip and the chin. His hair is worn short round the front and sides of the head, with one long lock behind, which was rolled up and fastened at the crown; his hands are considerably tattooed, particularly round the joints of the fingers. His manner appeared courteous and affable, though grave, and he was occasionally languid from ill health; but, as we are informed, he is never loquacious. Every one speaks of him as a man of talents, judgment, and foresight, as well as possessed of far more general knowledge than could be expected, considering the few and imperfect means he has enjoyed of gaining instruction. His subjects look up to him as an oracle, and behave in his presence with profound veneration.'—vol. i. pp. 98—103.

Precisely the same report of Pomare's character and virtues is promulgated by Mr. Ellis, author of that able and valuable book, *Polynesian Researches*, who had been at the period of the visit by the deputation, a resident missionary in the Society Islands. Now what will the world think if, beneath all this plausible exterior, the ingenious barbarian carried a heart that was rotten with sensuality? He was the most notorious drunkard in the whole of the islands—he literally lost his life by drinking; for the apoplexy that caused his death was the disease of drunkards. He was worse, he lived

in habitual incest; for when the daughter of a neighbouring king was sent to Pomare to be married, a sister accompanied her, to whom the royal convert in an instant surrendered his whole affections. He married, however, the woman to whom he was betrothed; but he kept her sister in the very same residence as his mistress to the day of his death.* Messrs. Tyerman and Bennet, who paid such extraordinary court to the three savages, must have been well acquainted with the relation in which they stood; but not a syllable transpires in these volumes which would lead us even to suspect the existence of such a gross system of hypocrisy as Pomare maintained. Two or three times, indeed, the deputation, by inuendo, suggest that their royal friend did not square his actions to his professions. They admitted that he was, by nature, inordinately fond of intoxicating liquors, and that he most heroically abstained from them when the ships did not bring any. Alas! exclaimed the deputies, it is a sad spectacle to see so promising a young neophyte addicted to such a vice, although he 'often laments,' they write, 'his own infirmity with vain remorse, and impotent resolution to shun the snare in future, *but when the temptation again presents itself, again he falls.*' But the good Christian always sees something to console him even in the most lamentable depravity; and the deputies declare that they have good reason to believe 'that the sad spectacle of their monarch, thus led captive by an enemy the most insidious, has made both young and old among his subjects more watchful against sensual indulgences, and more constant in prayer to be delivered from evil!' Very well; we shall see by-and-bye what truth there is in this allegation. In the mean time we cannot help directing attention, to the sensible observations which Captain Beechey applies to the situation of Mr. Ellis, as the eulogist of Pomare. They will furnish a key by which the most ordinary mind will be able to reconcile many of the inconsistencies which appear in the various evidence that relates to missionary proceedings. The captain states that Mr. Ellis, with a commendable feeling of charity, had glossed over the failings and dwelt on the better qualities of Pomare—that he pursued the same course throughout his book, giving the reader a higher idea of the civilization and moral condition of the inhabitants of Tahiti than was just, according to his (Captain Beechey's) observation.

"There seems," continues the latter, "to be no doubt, that he has drawn the picture generally, as it was presented to him: but he has unconsciously fallen into an error almost inseparable from a person of his profession, who, when mixing with society, finds it under that restraint, which respect for his sacred office, and veneration for his character, create. As, in our intercourse with these people, they acted more from the impulse of their natural feelings, and expressed their opinions with greater freedom,

* This fact is unequivocally affirmed by Captain Beechey.

we were more likely to obtain a correct knowledge of their real disposition and habits."—*Beechey's Voyage*, p. 197.

This is exactly what we repeat of the deputies—the decorum that was due to their presence restrained the ordinary conduct of the Tahitians, and thus the missionaries really mistook for a case of permanent morality, a mere momentary suspension of profligate conduct. As to the theory so fondly broached by the good-natured deputies, that the spectacle which Pomare presented in his hours of intoxication, would, like the Spartan helot, move the spectators to a horror of the vice by which he was so degraded, we fear that they reckoned without a due consideration of all the circumstances that deserved their attention. For, let it be remembered that Pomare died just after the deputies had seen him—that a regency had been appointed, consisting of the queen and her incestuous sister, and that regency still subsisted when Captain Beechey arrived at Tahiti, full five years afterwards. The royal ladies of course interchanged civilities with the strangers—and we learn from the captain's account, that their attachment to *rum*, when he entertained them, was, for persons of the gentle sex, somewhat too cordial and importunate. In truth the two dames, by way of a parting salute, one evening while on board, finished half a bottle of neat rum between them, and the effect on the queen was such as very considerably to postpone the complete restoration of her judgment during the next day. If Captain Beechey is to be believed (and we presume that no one will think fit to question the honour of so distinguished an officer), the drunken revels of Pomare produced very little of that salutary horror which the duputies expected upon those persons who must have witnessed most of the disgraceful consequences of intoxication in the person of Pomare.

But, alas! we are not at liberty to stop here. Captain Beechey was entertained by the royal party in his turn. He states that he was treated, at the residence of the regent, with dancing, piping, and every sort of amusement, which the missionaries had supposed that they completely abolished from the land; but as the influence of the latter was at the time in its "high and palmy state," and as the regent charged herself with acting as the religious fugleman to the rest of the savages, so did it become necessary that she should carry on her orgies in secret. In fact, the music was ordered to be pitched on the most delicate scale possible; and it is curious to find, that the royal family made every provision that was in their power to keep the heretical sounds of the party from the ears of a fierce policeman, who, armed and ferocious, walked in front of the "palace," and was ready at any instant to execute the missionaries' general warrant against every man who dared to have a smile upon his countenance. Captain Beechey must take the responsibility of putting the climax to this system of hypocrisy. We quote his own words.

have I done wickedly?" The dreadful act, it seems, was perpetrated on a Sunday evening, when this unfortunate man should, according to Kotzebue, have been lying at home on his belly, howling and reading the Bible. At some other place, the deputies were required to resolve the following knotty point, by which some speculative consumer of raw meat had his conscience blocked up for a season. "Would it be right," said he, "to eat fish which had been caught in a net made by men who broke the law?" This must suffice, and we think it ought to be adequate to satisfy every man that, whatever be the plan of teaching, the plan of receiving and digesting what is taught requires a slight temporary visitation from the pervading spirit of reform that is now abroad.

The missionaries take the utmost credit to themselves for having, by the diffusion of the Christian faith, nearly altogether abolished some of the most abominable of the customs of the island savages. They appeal to the extinction of infanticide in the South Seas, of parricide, of polygamy, of all those barbarous and antisocial habits, which had been cherished amongst them from time immemorial. We are rejoiced to hear that a change so important has taken place: but we are very far from attributing it to any extensive influence, which mere religious feeling may have upon the islanders. All these atrocities are too well defined in their hideousness, not to revolt even a Tahitian, the moment that the smallest spark of intellectual light dawns upon his soul. The surprise and horror of even the few missionaries who visit them occasionally, at their unnatural practices, must have been expressed in a way to make a deep impression on the minds of the perpetrators. The moral effect of the most limited contact of civilized beings with savages, particularly if that effect be supported by the countenance of authority, would be quite sufficient to do away, in a short time, with, at least, the more outrageous excesses of which they were habitually guilty. The painful operation of tattooing, for instance, was given up with facility, for the poor creatures were but too happy in finding that so much suffering as it required, was not necessary to their well being. But where a vicious custom is not opposed to instinct—or rather when it is prompted by natural appetite, what is the case in the South Sea missions? "I do not believe that I exceed the bounds of truth," observes Captain Beechey, "in saying that, if opportunity offered, there is no favour which might not be obtained from the females of Otaheite (Tahiti) for the trifling consideration of a Jew's harp, a ring, or some other bauble."

We cannot accompany the deputies, we regret to say, to the various stations which they visited. Our commentary upon the case of Tahiti will be sufficient to exhibit, at least, the opinion which some cordial friends of the true principle of missionary diffusion, entertains on the system that is now in such extensive action. With respect to the East Indies, to which a great portion of these volumes is devoted, we have found neither a fact nor even

a suggestion that justifies us in diminishing our confidence in the universal feeling, that our missions to India have been, and will continue to be a dead failure. It is the merest waste of time to be transporting emissaries of the Gospel to a community of Hindoos, who have so many reasons rooted in their nature, to induce them to reject all innovations of the kind. We have given evidence of the most irresistible character on this head. We have recently stated Mr. Baber's strong expression on the inutility and folly of missions to India, and it so happens that, in the hour at which we write, a new report from the East India Committee presents itself, "all dewy" from the printers, in which we find another eye-witness giving his testimony to the cause of truth.

Thomas Bracken, Esq., a partner in the house of Alexander and Company, of Calcutta, and residing in that city for fifteen years, after having been examined upon miscellaneous questions connected with commercial matters, is asked—

"Is the knowledge of the English language extending among the natives?—In Calcutta it is very much, and there are day schools where the children learn it.

"Is the Christian religion extending amongst them?—*I do not think that there is much extension of that.*

"During your residence of fifteen years in India, do you know of a single instance of the real conversion of a native of India to the Christian religion?—I cannot say that I know individually any person who has been converted, but I have heard a clergyman of the name of Hill* say that he has seen one or two villages in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, in which the inhabitants *have shewn a disposition (!)* to become converts to Christianity. I conceive that the higher class of natives of Calcutta are getting rid of Hindooism—*but I do not know that they have adopted any other religion.*" Mr. Bracken had but just returned from India when he was examined, so that his may be regarded as the latest authentic intelligence on this important subject.

It is very far from our intention at this moment to enter into our own view of the causes why the missionary enterprize, so gigantic in its preparation, and so well sustained in its resources, should have been attended with such little comparative benefit. But we cannot suppress our feelings as to one part of the machinery, by which the society seeks to execute in detail its benevolent and admirable intentions. In reading the story of the persecutions which unhappily too uniformly attend the first efforts at spreading the Gospel, we have been often struck with a sense of the very important advantages which the *single* Catholic missionary enjoyed, as compared with the protestant married one. We leave out of the question altogether the abstract point of the celibacy of the clergy, and desire to have nothing to do with it. But when we speak of advantages,

* Mr. Hill is a missionary.

we mean to the missionary cause. The priest was an isolated being—he had no powerful sympathies tearing at his heart strings —his sufferings were concentrated in himself—he was a free agent, and he was not fettered by a recollection of the hazard that his conduct, whatever it might be, would bring any body else into trouble besides himself. It needs no great stretch of fancy to conceive how the various and critical requisitions of a missionary life may be much more efficiently answered by an agent, so perfectly disentangled from secular affairs as a priest of the Catholic church, than by a person who, however beneficent his intentions, already stands responsible for the discharge of the duties of a husband and a father. Let us take the few facts illustrative of our views, which we have casually gleaned from the volume before us. Mr. Crook, a resident missionary in one of the Society Islands, has a family of nine children. Mr. Mundy, a missionary in Chinsurah, north of India, we are told, when visited by the deputation, was "still very low, on account of the loss of his late most excellent wife." Mr. Ellis, the eminent missionary, who had laboured so diligently in the vineyard of the Society Islands, and who, as he was about to lay the sickle to the ripe harvest,—the fruit of his own skilful cultivation,—was compelled to leave his interesting charge and return to his native land. Why?—Mrs. Ellis's state of health required that she should be brought back to England. The poignant grief, the general disturbance of body and mind—the consequent incapacity for performing any active duties, which supervene upon domestic losses in a missionary family, are painted by this gentleman with a truth, which only he who felt them could reach.

"When death enters a family, and removes a wife and mother from the social and domestic circle, though every alleviation which society, friendship, and religion can impart are available, there is a chasm left, and a wound inflicted on the survivors which must be felt in order to be understood: when death repeatedly enters in this way a family connection, the distress is proportionably augmented: *but it is impossible to form an adequate idea of the desolateness of the mission family* (for such it might be called) at this time, and the cheerless solitude of those thus bereft of the partners of their days and the mothers of their children."

We cannot add to the effect which such evidence as this must produce on the policy that ought to govern the selection of missionaries, and we have felt it right to point out, for solemn consideration, those sources of embarrassment which tend so much to cripple the energy of the ministerial office; at the same time, we are not insensible to the advantages which the co-operation of women may produce, in the multifarious duties of the missionary life.

Having now dismissed the important subject of missions from our minds, we eagerly recur to the unalloyed pleasure which we derived from the miscellaneous portions of these volumes. They

abound with notices of curious habits and manners—they contain remarkable traits of history and character, and descriptions of native ceremonies, amusements, and occupations, and copious observations on natural history. So skilful and powerful a picture of barbarous life was never presented to the country before. The best feature in this account is, that the character of the writers at once dissipates all tendencies to incredulity, and whilst we are lost in wonder at the astonishing facts that meet our eyes, no misgiving as to the good faith of the testimony disturbs our contemplation. The route which the deputies were under the necessity of taking, and the facility of acquiring the best information at each place, from friends especially appointed to collect it—placed in the hands of the deputies a mass of information concerning many remote regions, of which we have hitherto only obtained very distant and confused glances. The style of these descriptions is in general elegant, but not ambitious, and the fervour with which many of them are penned, particularly when the charms of tropical scenery are the subject, could only be properly manifested, as it is here, by one who possessed the true relish for the enchanting combinations of nature. The whole world, animate and inanimate, of the Polynesian Archipelago, has always appeared to our eyes a fairy land, where nature would seem to have been trying, in seclusion, experimental scenes and contrivances, for the purpose of ascertaining how best, at some purer stage of his existence, she could accommodate on this earth, the most glorious of all her productions—man. There is such a contrast in that part of the world, between the performance and the agent; it is so strange that the coral structures of unfathomable depth, should be piled up by the masonry of scarcely visible animalculæ, and that the ceaseless labour of those insects should trace an unbroken series through thousands of past years,—these and the like phenomena are enough almost to generate the notion, that we are of a different order and sphere from the beings that occupy those distant regions. But we must give a few specimens of the descriptions, to which we have attempted to do justice. We make our extracts without employing any particular principle of selection:—

'On our walk to-day, we called at several houses of the natives, by all of whom we were cordially welcomed. In one we saw two women making cloth of the inner bark of certain trees. A strip of this, being carefully cleaned from the outer rind, is placed upon a piece of wood, called *tutu*, about four inches square, with two deep grooves on one side, and smooth on the other. This is beaten by women sitting on the ground, with an instrument of the wood called *Je*. This is about eighteen inches long, and two inches square, one end being rounded for a handle. The four sides of this instrument are cut longitudinally into grooves, graduating in fineness; the coarser being applied first, and the finer successively, till the cloth is finished. This bark being glutinous, the pieces are united without difficulty, either sideways, or end to end, by strokes of the *Je*; these strokes

also, reducing the thickness of the materials, both widen and lengthen the cloth, till the whole is completed, in measure and substance, as required. When thus prepared, the web is first bleached, and afterwards stained the colour intended. This is altogether women's work.

'In another house we witnessed the manner of making that sort of matting called *pini*, which is of coarse texture, woven of rushes by the fingers. The ends of the rushes where the joints occur are cut off with a muscle shell, as expertly as they might be with a pair of scissors. When the makers offer these mats for sale, they expect an equal length of white calico in exchange. They are used for flooring and bedding: the latter by the natives, the former by the missionaries. We found others of the industrious people employed in manufacturing the mats which they call *paica*, of cocoa-nut leaves, cut into necessary lengths and breadths, which are admirably plaited together, and form very strong protections to keep out the rain, when laid, as they generally are, at the doors of the dwellings.

'The process of obtaining cocoa-nut oil next caught our attention. The kernel is first scraped into thin flakes, being ingeniously scooped out of the shell, by means of a semicircular piece of flat iron, sharpened and fixed on the angular part of a sloping stool, on which the person sits, and turns the nut, open at one end over this edge, till the contents are cleared out. The sliced kernels are then put into a trough, or an old canoe, where, in a few days, the oil drains from them, is carefully collected, put into bamboos, and corked up for use. This oil is called *mori*, and has entirely superseded the candle nut for lighting. To the missionaries, however, the natives are indebted for this valuable preparation.

'An opportunity was afforded us of observing the Tahitian method of baking. A broad shallow excavation, shaped like a tea-saucer, six inches in depth, and wide in proportion, was made in the ground, by means of a pointed stick. A fire was then kindled on it with dry wood, over which a number of stones the size of a man's fist were piled, and left until they were highly heated. The wood ashes being then carefully separated, the glowing stones were spread over the bottom of this oven. A pig's head and feet were placed on one side, upon the stones, and on the other two pieces of bread-fruit from which the rind had been scraped. The whole was then covered with purau-leaves to a good depth, upon which was heaped the earth that had been scooped out of the hole, to keep in the heat and steam. In less than an hour and a half the flesh and fruit were ready: and the earth and leaves being carefully removed, the food was brought out perfectly clean and well cooked. The whole was cleverly managed by a little boy ten years of age. Large hogs are sometimes roasted whole in these earth ovens, having some of the hot stones put into the inside. Being thus prepared, the gravy is retained, and the meat is excellent.

* * * * * *

'One of our Tayos (or friends) has presented us with a hog, some cocoa-nuts, maias, and mountain plantains. When a present is thus made, it is usually placed on the outside of the house, and the chief, whose servants have brought it, himself enters, and invites his friend to come out and look at it. The latter of course complies, and orders his attendants to bring the articles within doors. No expressions of thanks are used on these occasions, and we cannot find out that the language contains any terms for such acknowledgments. We have learned, however, that those who

are favoured with such gifts from great men, are expected to make returns of something more valuable to the mercenary donors.'—vol. i. pp. 87—90.

An account of a legal process in one of the Society Islands will not be unacceptable to our readers. We should, in justice, observe, that the fair and open trials established in these islands, were entirely the work of the missionaries.

'We have just witnessed a novel scene of the court of justice here. Hard by the chapel there stands a magnificent purau-tree, round about and under the expanded shade of which, long forms for seats were fixed, enclosing a square of about twenty-five feet across. No pains have been taken to clear the ground, which happens to be strewn with loose stones. The judges took their places on the benches. Most of these were secondary chiefs, the superior ones being with Pomare at Tahiti. They were handsomely robed in purau mats and cloth tibutas, with straw hats, and made a most respectable appearance. There were nearly thirty of these; among whom, one called *Tapuni*, having been previously appointed chairman of the tribunal, was distinguished above the rest by a bunch of black feathers, gracefully surmounted with red, in his hat. Hundreds of people seated themselves on the outside of the square. Two young men were then introduced, who sat down quietly at the foot of the tree. These were the culprits: they were charged with having stolen some bread-fruit. Silence and earnest attention prevailed. Tupani now rose and called upon the accused to stand up, which they immediately did; he then stated the offence for which they were arraigned, and as their guilt was clear, having been detected in the fact, he told them that they had committed rebellion, by breaking the law, outraging the authority of the king, and disgracing the character of their country. One of the young men hereupon frankly confessed that he had perpetrated the theft, and persuaded his comrade to share with him the crime and the plunder. Witnesses are seldom called in such cases, offenders generally acknowledging their misdeeds, and casting themselves on the justice of the court to deal with them accordingly. This is a remarkable circumstance, and we are assured that it is so common as to constitute a trait of national character. A brief conversation followed among the judges, respecting the *utua*, or punishment, to be inflicted on the youths, as they were thus *faahapa*, or found guilty. The sentence was then delivered by the president; this was, that they should each build four fathoms of a wall, now erecting about a plot of taro ground belonging to the king. In such cases, the condemned are allowed their own reasonable time to execute the task required, and it generally happens that their friends, by permission, lend them assistance. We have have seen an aged father helping his son to perform hard labour of this kind, which must, nevertheless, be finished to the satisfaction of an authorized inspector. It is remarkable in the administration of justice here, that when the sentence is pronounced, the criminal is gravely asked whether he himself agrees to it, and he generally replies in the affirmative. There is something very primitive and patriarchal in this simple yet solemn form of conducting trials.

'A second cause now came on. The plaintiff had engaged certain persons to plant a quantity of land with tobacco, at a stipulated price. While these were at work, two fellows not employed by the plaintiff volunteered their assistance to the hired labourers; when the tobacco

was ripe, these two came and took away a quantity of the crop as a compensation for their officious services. The action was therefore brought against them, to recover the tobacco or damages to the value of it. When the case had been stated, much discussion arose: but as it could not be found that the law had made express provision for such an anomalous offence, the consideration of the subject was deferred till another time.'—vol. i. pp. 179—181.

The description of a public dinner given in the islands to the deputation, is curious, as exhibiting some of the customs of the natives.

'Feb. 14. We were, this day, invited to a public dinner, given by the principal chiefs of the island to the members of the Christian church here (as a token and pledge of union among all true believers), whatever were their rank or circumstances in civil society. It was truly a love-feast, to welcome the newly-baptized among the flock of Christ. The candidates for baptism also were invited to be partakers of the general joy. It was held in a spacious house, a hundred and sixty feet long by forty wide, belonging to a distinguished chief, named Tiramano. This banquetting-room was quite a native structure, in the old style—a long roof, resting upon two ranges of pillars, twenty-four on each side, and a row of nine loftier ones down the middle, to support the ridge-pole. At the upper end a table, covered with a white cloth, and furnished with knives and forks, also two convenient suttees, with benches and stools, were placed for the accommodation of the royal family, the Missionaries, and ourselves. The whole of the floor beside was occupied by the natives, sitting cross-legged, in companies, with the food before them, spread upon purau-leaves for plates. The enclosure in front of the house was occupied in a similar way, by a portion of the numerous guests. The sight was exceedingly impressive and delightful, for they were clean in their persons and apparel, pleasure beamed in every countenance, and all were one heart and one mind, to be happy and to make happy, so far as they could. The entertainment, consisting of the usual provisions, was well laid out; it was abundant, and all things were done decently and in order, though more than a thousand persons shared in it. Many of the mothers had their young children with them; yet not a cry was heard. *Te mau poti iti* (the little milk-drinkers, as infants are prettily called here,) behaved as well as their parents, and by their presence added interest and beauty to the scene. In addition to the native luxuries of baked hogs and fruits of every kind that were in season, boiled pork, boiled fowls, fruit pies, and puddings of various kinds, were served up, course after course, at our table. There was such plenty for all the guests that, after heartily enjoying the good cheer, enough remained for the guests to take home with them, and renew the feast another day, in their family circles. The residue of our own messes (which were as large as Benjamin's when Joseph entertained his brethren) our servants took care of, as their customary perquisite. It is hardly necessary to say that, in such an assembly, when all the dishes had been placed, before any were touched, the blessing of God was asked upon the bounty of his Providence. After the meal, several of the chiefs, the Missionaries, and ourselves, successively addressed the company on such topics as the occasion suggested. In conclusion, a hymn of praise was

sung, and one of the chiefs returned thanks for this day's mercies, and offered up earnest supplication that goodness and mercy might follow his country-people and their teachers, *all* the days of their lives. The people afterwards quietly dispersed, and in their peaceful dwellings presented their evening sacrifices at the family altar.'—vol. i. pp. 346—348.

To the book itself we must refer for the remainder of the very curious information which the deputies collected, on the civil state of the islanders of the South Seas. In their journey through India and to China, the same minute and persevering observation, the same copiousness of interesting facts, and the same apparent fidelity are manifested, that we noticed to have been shown in the account of the islanders. Some of the scenes of Hindoo superstition would be perfectly incredible, if we had not one or other of the deputies to authenticate the statement. A Chinese festival was celebrated during their stay at Samarang, and they accordingly attended it.

'Aug. 28. A singular Chinese festival was celebrated in the court of the great temple, where nearly two thousand persons were assembled, not only to witness the pageants and the ceremonies, but to share the spoil which was divided among the spectators at the close. A temporary shed had been raised on a platform, five feet above the ground, in front of the temple. Here sat the chief priest, cross-legged, upon a chair, with a table before him, apparently reading most devoutly from an opened volume upon it. Four inferior priests, on either hand of him, were occupied in the same manner. Others were playing upon small musical instruments; while a crowd of careless fellows, having nothing to do as far as we could discern, stood by them within the sacred erection. Two large flambeaux, and some sticks of incense, were burning on the table before the high-priest. On a smaller stage, about ten yards opposite to these, in the middle of the court, a slaughtered hog, shaved and gutted, was fixed upright upon a tressel, and by it a goat. Five yards beyond this, another platform, eight feet high, by twelve long and eight broad, had been constructed, on which were piled columns of cakes, pyramids of sweetmeats, and mounds of other dainties, four or five feet high. Among these, and in different parts of the court-yard, were placed flags of gaudy colours and gay devices, some of silk, others of paper; in the midst of which, overlooking all, stood the representation of a lion, painted green. Baskets of rice were also interspersed, in large abundance, with the more luxurious fare. When the chief priest had finished his pretended devotions, he rose up, and gave a signal, which was well understood by the multitude, for, in an instant, on all hands, a rush was made, and pig, goat, cakes, sweetmeats, baskets of rice, and all kinds of dainties, were swept away. In the scramble, every one seized what he could, and carried it off. The flags, figures, &c., in like manner, disappeared, and the court was empty in a few seconds, thronged as it had been with people and stocked with provisions enough to feast an army. The temporary walls of the stages, forming a considerable enclosure, were then suddenly set on fire, and we were in the area, surrounded by the flames, which presently consumed the slight fabrics, and with them thousands of slips of paper, curiously folded up, being (as we were informed) money, to enable the souls of departed persons to pay their

passage into another world; for we found that this magnificence of mummery had been instituted, and was from time to time repeated, for the benefit of those who had died without children, and whose spirits, for want of affectionate relatives to feed them with offerings of the kind which we had seen, were suffering all the misery of starvation. These ample supplies of provisions were, therefore, collected for them, and it was understood that, while the priests were praying, and the victuals were exposed, the spirits of these famished creatures were hovering in the air, and feasting deliciously on the quintessence of every thing eatable that had been set before them. When the priests concluded their necromantic spells of reading and praying, then, it was supposed, the invisible spirit of the meats, fruits, and delicacies had been consumed by the invisible spirits of the deceased; and after that the people were allowed to devour the gross substance. All parties seemed to be highly delighted—the priests with what they had done, and the people with what they had got; though it is said that flesh or any other kind of food thus sacrificed, when afterwards eaten, is found to have lost all its nourishing qualities, and become tasteless and insipid. Those, however, who carry off the good things on these occasions, so far as we can hear, are always well satisfied with the spirits' leavings. After this preposterous ceremony the priests retired into the temple, which they illuminated with numerous candles, and fumigated with sandal-wood within; while, on the outside, they placed two monstrous caricatures of lions, carrying on their backs two warriors more frightful than themselves. These appeared to be engaged in mortal conflict together; but what was intended by the symbols we could not learn. On many poles, that were elevated round the building, were hoisted transparent lanterns, which, by means of strings beneath, were kept in perpetual rotation. These were to light the spirits on their way back from the feast to their homes beyond the grave. Though nothing could be more puerile than the whole spectacle, yet it was affecting to see multitudes of rational beings so duped and given up to idolatry.'—vol. ii. pp. 224—227.

Near Patna in India, the deputies met with a Hindoo saint, and this is the account they give of his exhibition.

'July 12. Within a few yards of the river, on our left, stood one of those horrid figures called a *yogee*—an Indian saint—a gentleman-beggar, who had placed himself in a certain attitude, from which he had vowed never to swerve during the remainder of his life, but spend his existence in mental abstraction. He appeared on a platform of earth, raised about eighteen inches from the ground. At one end of this mound (which might be seven feet long by five broad) were erected two bamboos, seven or eight feet high, and sufficiently apart for him to stand between them. At elbow-height a broad board was placed across from the one bamboo to the other; and upon the middle of this another piece of plank, two feet long by five inches wide, was fixed, sloping upwards from him. He, therefore, standing on the platform, and resting his arms upon the cross-bar, held with his hands on each side of the upright sloping board. He seemed to press equally on either foot, leaning a little forward, with his face turned rather aside, and raised towards the sun. His personal appearance was squalid and miserable. His body was daubed all over with blue mud; his hair—long, matted, discoloured to a yellowish brown with exposure—dangled in all direc-

tions. His beard was bushy and black, and the rest of his face so disfigured with hair that it might be said to be all beard. Not the slightest motion in one of his limbs, nor in a muscle of his countenance, was perceptible. He was altogether without clothing, except a slip of brown stuff about the loins. He wore the coita, or sacred thread, indicating that he was a Brahmin. Night and day, it is understood, the wretched sufferer (if, indeed, his state can be called one of suffering) maintains, without any variation, this paralyzing position. However, at the contrary end of the platform are four upright bamboos, with a mat suspended upon them, forming such a rude canopy as the Hindoos often sleep under; and at a short distance there is another shelter of the same kind; so that it is not improbable the crafty mendicant (like many of that fraternity in all countries, who live by their miseries, but know how to relax from them at due seasons), occasionally at least, takes the liberty to slip out of his pillory, and enjoy a restorative nap, under the darkness of night.'—vol. ii. pp. 321, 322.

We shall conclude with another specimen of the extraordinary policy of the Hindoo religion.

'While here, we had an opportunity of attending a great Hindoo festival, called Gangamma Tirnal, or the great goddess Gangamma, held in the village called Cocottapetta, distant from Cuddapah about five miles. This was a most novel and affecting sight. About 50,000 people were assembled in a sort of grove, around the filthy pagoda, in which was the object of attraction and adoration. Before the door of this swamy-house the people were sacrificing sheep and goats to the idol all the day, and streams of blood flowed in all directions. Around this place is a wide road, on which multitudes of bullock-basket-carts were driven, from which grain, of various kinds, was thrown to all such as chose to receive it, in fulfilment of vows. Between twelve o'clock at noon and six in the evening, we saw thirty men and two women undergo the ceremony of swinging upon hooks put through the skin of their backs. The machine which was used for this purpose was a bullock-cart. Over the axle-tree a post was erected, over the top of which a beam, about thirty-five feet in length, passed, and moved upon a pin. The longer end of this beam extended over the bullocks; at the end of it was a square frame attached, adorned with young plantain-trees, in which two persons could stand. When the hooks were inserted into the skin, the ropes attached to the hooks were lashed firmly to the top bar of the frame, so as to allow the people to stand upon the lower bar. This being done, and we saw the operation performed in several instances, the beam was raised upon its fulcrum, and the persons on the frame were elevated about twenty-five or thirty feet above the ground. Each person was furnished with a dagger in one hand and a pocket-handkerchief in the other. The machines, to some of which were yoked six, eight, ten, or twelve bullocks, were now driven at full speed round the pagoda three times, while the deluded wretches were brandishing the dagger, and waving the handkerchief, occasionally resting their weight on the lower bar of the frame, but often suspending their entire weight on the hooks. Sometimes six or eight of these machines were driven round at the same time. On enquiring why the deluded beings submitted to this punishment, some told us it was in fulfilment of vows made to the goddess; others, that they were *hired* by persons standing by, and *received one or*

(*hoek*) took the cod-fish, (*kabblejaw*), or the cod-fish the hook—quite as rational an origin for a name, as that which gave rise to our own distinctions of Whig and Tory. The leader of the Hoeks was Ludwick Van Monfoort, who accompanied Glocester to the appointed rendezvouz, Hainault being at this period irrecoverably lost, and Holland very nearly so, in aid of which, an English expedition, under the command of Lord Fitz-Walter, was already at sea. Plans of war having been agreed upon, the contest was maintained for some time against Philip, in the course of which, Glocester having abandoned Jacqueline for a "newer lover," in his own country, she became enamoured of Vrank Borselen, a youth who was a distinguished member of the Kabbleshaws, the faction opposed to her sovereignty. The close of this strife is tragical in the extreme. A terrible catastrophe occurring to the forces of Philip, while marching in triumph with Jacqueline as his prisoner, he, thunder-struck, at once gave up his ambitious views upon her dominions, while she resolved to seek the shade of private life, in which, with the husband of her choice, she spent the remainder of her days.

This outline will sufficiently introduce one of the most effective scenes which Mr. Grattan has embodied in his work. It will be necessary only to add, that after the English auxiliaries had reached Holland, their presence gave an impulse to the cause of Jacqueline, which induced many even of the Kabbleshaws to join her standard, and that her affairs wore a most favourable aspect when the following scene occurred, which gives a striking view of the notions of the age as to the sacredness of human life. She held her court in the town of Amersfort, where her mother constantly attended, who relied more for success upon secret intrigue and assassination, than upon the results of open warfare.

'It was now night. The external rejoicings had ceased; and the strong castle of Amersfort was undisturbed and silent. The household had all retired. Her women were dismissed; and no one remained with her but her mother, the Countess Marguerite, who sat by the side of the little platform on which stood the copper brazier with burning charcoal, the means then used to warm all rooms but dining halls; and even in these the fire was generally made against a *reredosse*, the "multitude of chimneys," so marvelled at by a later English chronicler, not having become common in Europe.

'The conversation of the countess, prolonged far beyond the usual hour of retiring, turned upon the recent events. The dowager took the lead in the discourse, asking many questions of her daughter as to the progress of her arms, the particulars of the battles, and the state of matters with Glocester, to all which enquiries Jacqueline gave respectful answers, but in some instances with reserve, and in most with a lassitude bordering on apathy. Her mother went on nevertheless, and with an air almost as absorbed as her own, but shewing a mixture of restlessness with thought, as though some unformed purpose struggled in her mind. She ran on at times with a fluent string of questions, without waiting for the answers to those first put; and she sometimes started, muttered a few imperfect

words, or fixed her eyes and compressed her lips, in a manner that seemed to Jacqueline quite awful, when coupled with the memory of Giles Postel's dark accusation. She shuddered often as she caught the stern expression of her mother's face, half in shade and half lighted by the pale red blaze that rose from the brazier and tinged its outlines. Chime after chime had been told by the castle clock since the attendants had retired, but Countess Marguerite took no note of the increasing hours, and Jacqueline, certain that it was long past midnight, was yet unwilling to urge her mother's departure; for she herself felt spell-bound, wishing, yet daring not, to broach the subject she would have given worlds to speak on. She hoped her mother would give some opening which might lead to it; and while anxiously watching for such, she started with surprise, and a dread she was quite unused to, as the old countess suddenly exclaimed—

'"Van Vlyett did not then die for nought!"

'"Oh, was he then guilty?" cried Jacqueline involuntarily.

'"Guilty!" repeated the mother. "Perhaps he gave the draught, which was drugged by another hand—perhaps thy perfidious uncle was sent prematurely to his doom—all that may be; and by the law the agent of justice is called guilty in such a case. So far poor Van Vlyett paid the forfeit of this deed, which restores thee to thy rights, my child; and as they now seem secured by these late victories, I say he did not die for nought."

'Jacqueline saw she had misunderstood her mother's exclamation. She shuddered while Van Vlyett's crime was thus almost admitted and openly defended; and the acknowledgment that he had an accomplice terrified her quite. But it will be believed it was not for the reputation of Giles Postel she was alarmed. She would have uttered that name at once, and have plainly mentioned the insinuations he spread abroad, but she was restrained by dread of a bold avowal on her mother's part. She now scarcely doubted her guilt, and she dared not risk destroying its only negative disproof, by forcing a confession, perhaps a vaunt of complicity.

'"Good mother," said she with averted eyes,, "let us not rake the ashes of the dead—if Van Vlyett did the deed for which he suffered, God assoil him, and grant that it may not lead to war and mischief instead of the good you see!"

'"How now, Jacqueline! desponding in the very hour of triumph!"

'"Not so, my mother—but still uncertain of results, and doubtful if a cause resting upon crime deserve success."

'Jacqueline felt that she had said too much—that she had almost upbraided her mother. She would have qualified her words or claim pardon for them—but she felt as though that would be adding insult to accusation. The reply to her observations relieved her from that anxiety only by entailing a greater.

'"My daughter!" said Countess Marguerite, "when wilt thou learn by experience strength of mind, as thou hast by nature boldness of heart? How mayst thou contend with cares of state and thy many foes, if thou canst not see that expediency and justice mean the same? Can villainy be softened by fair words, or the wolf subdued by the bleatings of the lamb? Must not a trap be laid for the monsters of the forest, and an ambush set for pitiless men? Is it crime to rid ourselves of tyranny? Thy cause is good, my child—Heaven prospers it! But not till usurping Burgundy and

imbecile Brabant lie as quiet in their tombs as does old John of Liege, art thou indeed secure. Thou must become a widow, Jacqueline. Death, who has no rival for his sceptre, must sign thy divorce, since they cavil at Pope Benedict. Then Glocester shall have no impediment between him and thy arms. And when my one weak nephew sleeps the long sleep, who knows but Philip, the strong one, the insatiate robber of thy rights, may find his hour at hand, and leave thee wholly free! Heaven is good, my daughter, to raise up instruments for the helpless; witness Van Vlyett, if he did the deed—Glocester, whose bravery is thy right arm! And others may spring up in thy hour of need—or act in thy behalf, my child, without exposing themselves or thee to danger. So now to bed, to bed, and dream of happy days! Think that thy mother watches and prays for thee. Hark! Two o'clock! How the hours fly! I am late—to bed, my Jacqueline—rest thee well!"

'A kiss accompanied these words; and though her mother's lips had never prest hers as softly as she thought a mother's should, Jacqueline fancied that they were never so harsh as now. The kiss thrilled through her frame. She could not return it; and she made no attempt to speak in reply to the final blessing, which was murmured over her. The dowager took her ready-lighted lamp, and hastened from the room by a door opening into her daughter's private closet, and thence communicating with a passage joining her own, of which passage the two countesses alone kept the keys.

'Jacqueline gazed at her mother's figure as it passed away, as lightly as though innocence and youth impelled it. She would not trust herself to follow up in thought the contrast which the truth presented. She was thoroughly unhappy; and a sense of fear oppressed her, as though she had been in contact with something unholy; for, added to the dread of her mother's complicity in the deed that was done, was the fear that she contemplated others as atrocious. She endeavoured to sleep, but in vain—or if for a few brief minutes she sunk in slumber, scenes that would have taken hours in real action crowded upon her in frightful succession. The blackened face and writhing form of her poisoned uncle—Van Vlyett, on his jibbet—Giles Postel mixing the fatal draught, or reeking with the blood of the slaughtered prisoners, were the principal objects; and the figure of her mother gliding through every scene added a tenfold horror to each. She started at length from her unquiet bed. Her lamp was expiring. She felt as though she had been asleep for hours; and unable to support the torture of her doubts and fears, she suddenly resolved to rise to seek her mother, and at once put an end to her suspense, let conviction bring what pain it might. She wrapped her night-cloak round her, took from a table the key of the private passage, and passed into her closet without a moment's pause. She applied her key to the lock with no hesitating hand, for she rather wished to give notice of her approach. She entered the passage, and as she gained the opposite door that opened to her mother's closet, she stopped an instant and heard the clock strike three. She doubted for a moment if she were not the sport of magic,—again she thought that she still slept—for how could such an age of torture have been compressed into one little hour? Recovering this check she pursued her way, unlocked the door, entered the closet, and soon hurried through it into the adjoining bedroom. The lamp which the Countess Marguerite had carried away still

faintly glimmered on the table. Jacqueline approached the bed with a half desperate determination to waken the sleeper, and resolve the question of her innocence or guilt. As she raised the curtain her hand trembled, her heart sunk, and she again felt overpowered with the dread of having her fears confirmed. But then in a moment of convulsive haste she raised the velvet drapery; and to her mixed relief and terror she saw that the bed was untenanted.

'Starting back in alarm, a pang of personal fear was her next sensation—why or wherefore she knew not. But might not her mother, in her turn, have fallen a victim to the fate she so remorsely invoked for others? and might not some treacherous hand be near to deal the blow to *her?* As she stood transfixed with fear, a murmuring sound broke on her ear, proceeding from the little chapel, which was only separated by a small anteroom from the bed-chamber. It was her mother's voice! It sounded like accents from Heaven.

'"Thank God, thank God!" cried Jacqueline, dropping on her knees and clasping her hands, "she is safe—she is at prayer! while I suspected, and was almost ready to accuse her of crime!"'—*Jacqueline of Holland*, vol. i. pp. 267—277.

He whom Marguerite had here designated as 'old John of Liege,' was Jacqueline's uncle, the Bishop of Liege, who had, in his life time, deprived her for a season of her dominions, by main force, under some shallow pretext. There is no doubt that he died by poison, the murder having been concerted by Marguerite, with her instrument Giles Postel, and the fatal draught having been administered by Van Vlyett, a gentleman of Holland, who was subsequently tried and executed for the crime. Jacqueline now finds her mother again engaged in the concoction of a similar deed.

'Springing on her feet again, she felt irresistibly impelled to steal towards the chapel, to witness and join in the orisons which affected her so deeply. She moved quietly across the floor and into the ante-room. The door communicating directly with the chapel was open; and this temple for private worship—or perhaps for secret sin—was hung at each side with tapestry, so placed as to admit of one person gliding between it and the wall, without touching either. The deep and earnest tones of Countess Marguerite's voice came from the upper end, near the altar; and Jacqueline stole along for some yards, to where she knew some cunning oylet-holes were left in the broidered web, to allow of an observer looking through without much chance of detection. Anxious not to disturb her mother's solemn devotions, she scarcely ventured to breathe; and placing her eye to one of the interstices, she looked on with pious anxiety.

'She saw her mother indeed—but how accompanied? She sat at a table close below the altar-steps; beside her were two men leaning and listening to her hollow sounding-voice; on the table were two tall brass candlesticks, from the tapers of which a lurid gleam fell down upon the group, shewing several open rolls of parchment, two daggers and an iron collar, an old instrument of torture, while Jacqueline, gasping from suppressed agitation, recognised beyond doubt in one of the men, the odious countenance of the murderer, Giles Postel. His look was as usual, dogged and determined. It was impossible to read in it any reflection of Countess

Marguerite's discourse. Whatever that might be, his mind seemed quite made up. Not so with the other man. He was also young, but his face gleamed with an expression of uncertain fanaticism, as if his whole soul was in the affair debated, but its purpose not decided on. He leaned forward, holding the edge of the table firmly with each hand, and staring into the dowager's face as she lectured or read. Her back was to Jacqueline, who only saw by her gestures that she was in argument rather than mere conversation, and with evident reference to the parchment before her, which she held open with one hand, and occasionally pointed to or struck with the other. Jacqueline was for some minutes unable to comprehend a word of what was uttered. Confused, shocked, and alarmed, all buzzed in her ears. The chambers of her brain seemed at once to echo the sounds and render them indistinct. The first words she understood were positively from scripture! Was then her mother indeed at prayer? Was she reading from the sacred scroll passages of comforting import to the ruffian who had slandered her, and to his unknown but ingenuous-looking companion? The thought was one of those meteor gleams which hope casts across a generous mind, wishing to think well of another, and striving to shut out the less dazzling light of truth, when that other is a relative and ought to be a friend. But in the present instance reality soon dissipated the illusion. Taking advantage of a moment's pause in the Countess Marguerite's discourse, the stranger said, with a constrained energy of manner—

'"But even supposing, most gracious Madam, that I, a liege subject of our much honoured and grievously injured lady, Countess Jacqueline, have a right to slay her oppressor—and the weighty reasons you have adduced almost convince me that I have—am I authorised as well to slay this duke without hearing what he has to say in his own defence? Let me be better assured on that head, I pray you. I have considered and studied it well—but St. Austin, in his Civitas Dei, is strong on the point—'Whoever slays even a criminal,' says he, 'without lawful authority, shall be judged guilty of murder,—*velut homicida judicabitur!*' What say the pleadings on that head?"

'"Thy scruples, young man, do thee credit, and thy learning proves thee studious as well as virtuous. Great honour do I hold it to engage such a youth in our holy cause. Hearken, then! Thus saith the pleading—'It is lawful for any subject without any particular orders from any one, but from divine, moral, and natural law, to slay a tyrant; as may be proved by twelve reasons, in honour of the twelve apostles. The first three reasons are drawn from the authorities of three moral philosophers—three others from St. Augustine's dogmas of sacred theology—three from writers on the civil law—and three from examples drawn from holy scripture."'—*Jacqueline of Holland*, vol. i. pp. 278—282.

The arguments of Marguerite are derived from "the pleading of Master Jean Petit, in defence of the Duke of Burgundy's having obtained the murder of his cousin-german, the Duke of Orleans," which is given by Monstrelet at full length, and is certainly one of the most curious documents of the times. After some time spent in discussing the point, she prevails: the youth undertaking for John of Brabant, Giles Postel for Philip of Burgundy.

'"I am now then ready for your bidding," said John Chevalier, with a solemn tone.

'"Lay down the dagger, then," replied the dowager. "Thou shalt do a deed of safe and lawful death—but I leave to this gallant squire the task of a bloody sacrifice and a desperate risk. Look at this collar!" and with the words she took up the rusted engine of suffering which lay on the table. "This instrument is made to fit all necks—a clasp more or less straitens or sets it loose—the throat it circles in the grasp of a bold hand, may be made soon to rattle in death, or if the culprit merit delay he can be left to linger as long as justice deems his meed. Methinks, good champion of a righteous cause, the narrowest span will best suit Duke John of Brabant! so take it with thee; seek his privacy on some forged commission. Even if detected, and this trinket found upon thee, what does it prove? 'Tis out of use, and none may suspect it for its purpose—it is a good dissembler, and may teach thee a lesson. It was picked up by chance—a curious relic, bought for a trifle, digged from a ruin, or what not? A scholar as thou art, bold Chevalier, needs not the hints of a simple matron such as me. But read the precepts and reasonings of the divine doctor whose noble writings are in thy bosom; do as I have done, and learn the whole by heart—to thee, learned youth, an easy task—to me a work of labour and hard study. But thirst for knowledge can only be quenched at the deep fount of truth—and *there* I have found it."

'"I take this collar and this sacred scroll, as the symbols of truth and justice, on the mission of which I now enter," exclaimed Chevalier, enveloping both objects in his cloak. "No danger shall hold me back, no torture terrify me, no power absolve me from my vow. What is once consecrated can never be desecrated—such is one mighty precept of theology—and I stand here its living type!"

'"And what wilt *thou* do, in this good cause?" said the dowager, turning to Giles Postel.

'"Plunge this blade into Philip's heart!" was the brief and calmly-uttered reply.

'"Enough—enough!" exclaimed the presiding priestess of these diabolical orgies. "Now let us all break up; and with the dawn be ye both on your several routes. Replace these holy candlesticks on the altar—recommend yourselves to your saints, and speed you on your work! Good night brave friends, I thank you for my daughter as for myself."

'"I need not her thanks," muttered Postel.

'"I will work out my claim to call myself her devoted servitor!" said Chevalier aloud. Jacqueline shrunk back, half imagining that the glance of his protruding eyes was fixed on hers.

'In a minute or two after the dowager had retired, Giles Postel took up the candlesticks, and with irreverent carelessness scrambled upon the altar and placed them in their wonted stations. While this went on, Jacqueline, bent on one purpose, let the cost be what it might, slipped quietly round behind the altar, and gaining the opposite side of the chapel, stationed herself close to the door of entrance from the great corridor, still screened behind the tapestry. When Postel had finished his task, she heard him say to his companion,

'"Well then, wait here awhile—I will descend and see that all is safe below, and quickly return to conduct thee through the private passage. Meanwhile thou canst say a few paters and aves, or a short prayer for the souls we shall soon send to purgatory."

'"As the wretch passed by Jacqueline's station, he moved the tapestry with his shoulder, which shook, while he laughed at his own impiety. She shrunk back as though the very canvass had been a conductor of contamination, and looking towards the dimly-lighted altar, she saw Chevalier standing still before it. A new notion immediately flashed across her. She threw off her cloak where she stood, and gliding back, she soon gained the rear of the altar. Convinced that religious feeling worked deep in such a mind as Chevalier's, and knowing that one mysterious sentence had more power on such a mind than volumes of evidence, she resolved in the impulse of the moment to address some warning to him, to which the state of his feelings, and the scene around him might give a solemnity she could not hope to belong to her. But her own frame of mind at that instant was as near to inspiration as mortal feeling may be; and there are few men even in a less superstitious age who might not have been profoundly struck by what followed. Raising her arm, with no premeditated movement, but thus giving to her figure an air such as we attribute to supernatural visitants, her night robes of pure white hanging in loose drapery, and her features concealed by the altar's shade, Jacqueline glided out, and exclaimed, in a voice that trembled as though it came from the recess of the sacred tabernacle,

'"It is written—'Thou shalt do no murder!'"

'Terrified, as well at the sound of her own voice in such a situation, as by the almost phrenzied start of the young man, and his instant falling on his face on the altar-steps, as though her words had violated the divine precepts they uttered, Jacqueline felt for a moment as if suspended between life and death. But the youth as quickly raised himself on his knees, and with uplifted hands burst into an exclamation of prayer. Seeing this, she instantly disappeared behind the canvass, regained her former position near the door, gathered up her cloak and wrapped it round her; and then hearing the stealthy foot of Giles Postel returning up the stairs, she hurried into the corridor, resolved to put her first design into immediate execution. Jacqueline had no personal fears in confronting this man; yet she shuddered as she saw his figure ascending the stairs in the rays of a lamp that burned all night in the corridor. She stood on the upper step; and as he placed his foot on it he threw up his eyes and recognised her. He started back, and gazed at her without uttering a word.'—*Jacqueline of Holland*, vol. i, pp. 290—296.

The issue of this scene would lead us beyond our limits. Giles Postel turns the tables upon Jacqueline, who is compelled to secure her own safety from the villain, by pledging herself to secresy. He was himself, however, slain, in attempting the life of Philip: Chevalier's efforts were equally abortive. We have already alluded to the catastrophe with which the tale concludes. It is related by Mr. Grattan in his best style, and in some degree compensates for much of the heavy and unreadable matter with which the second and third volumes abound. We must suppose Philip on his march for Dordrecht, with the flower of his conquering army, with Jacqueline and her devoted champion and lover, Vrank Van Borselen, by his side, whom he had already devoted to imprisonment for life; that when the convoy, swelled with every circumstance of pomp

and pageantry, had reached within a few leagues of Dordrecht, their march began to be much impeded by a tremendous storm, that lifted the sea, in an almost overwhelming tide, against the dykes which had long withstood its fury, and that by the contrivance of a dyke-digger, friendly to the cause of Jacqueline, preparations had already been made for the scene which now ensues.

'Philip, impatient at the obstacles which crowded the road and stopped the march, had pushed on to the front to set an example of perseverance, and disembarrass himself from the throng among whom he was crushed and hustled. The prisoners kept close to him by his invitation. Jacqueline and Van Borselen were side by side behind the duke. Van Diepenholt and Ludwick came next, and some stragglers of the advanced guard followed without any order of precedence. Above an hour was thus consumed, and not a league yet traversed, when they arrived at a pass, formed by some wooded sand-banks on the one side, and on the other by a tolerably high dyke, or mound of earth, over which the spray of the waves dashed into the road, while its loosened and broken construction was visibly shaken, and threatened with utter overthrow by each successive sea-stroke which lashed it outside.

'Standing close at the base of the mound, at times shrouded by the spray, and even during the respites from its attacks dripping from head to feet, were four men, between the ages of twenty and thirty, each armed with the peculiar spade or shovel, used for dyke-digging labour, and all in a costume totally different from that of the inhabitants of the district where they were now found. Vrank Van Borselen knew the men well; and an innate conviction, founded on this knowledge, told him they were there to do him service. He was satisfied they had not for nothing found their way from Eversdyke, where he had certain intelligence they had been four days previously; and the place of this unexpected meeting, the air of resolution which frowned in the four faces, and, more than all, the non-appearance of *him*, who, something irresistibly whispered Vrank, was yet not far off, convinced him that some deep-laid scheme, some desperate effort for his rescue, was now on the point of execution.

'With this conviction he turned to Jacqueline, who had all along contrived to keep her beautiful and spirited palfry close by the side of his, and he said to her, his face glowing the while with courageous hope,

'"My own beloved one, my matchless Jacqueline, all is well; there is freedom and safety at hand."

'"Count Ostervent, what mean those words?" asked Philip, sternly, and suddenly wheeling round his horse, as though the impulse which prompted his question was not altogether unaided by a disinclination to press too much forward into the strange company so close before him.

'"Their meaning, Duke, must be found in their fulfilment—Heaven works for the innocent—our deliverance is at hand!" answered Van Borselen, closely pressing Jacqueline's waist within his arm.

'"Who are yonder men? free Frisons, methinks?" said Philip, still urging his horse, as if to pass back to the straggling soldiers of the advanced guard.

'"The sons of Oost, the dyke-digger," replied Vrank, still in a respectful tone, but without making way for the retreating duke.

'"And where is their fierce father?" said Philip, looking round with an anxious stare.

'"*Here* he is, Philip!" cried Oost, in his loudest and harshest key, and in the low German jargon, the only language he spoke, (though he had picked up a smattering of others,) springing at the same time from the shrubs which skirted the wood and came close to the road.

'"Ah! treason! treachery!" exclaimed Philip, at the apparition of this horrible figure; and with these words he dashed forward endeavouring to burst through the impediments to his flight. But while Oost seized his bridle with a powerful grasp, and held his horse fast with as much ease as a common man might master the struggles of a child, Van Monfoort and Van Diepenholt, promptly seeing the state of things, closed upon the unhappy duke, who thus saw himself completely caught in his own net, and threatened with destruction by the instruments he had wrought with, as if for his own ruin.

'What followed was acted with more rapidity than may be traced by pen, told by tongue, or imagined by thought. Sculpture and painting can alone embody the vivid variety of such events, and show forth at once a group of incidents and passions, forming a living combination of all that may interest or agitate the mind.

'"Away, away! There, there! the wide world is now your own," hallowed Oost, in the peculiar idiom of Friesland, which Van Borselen alone understood, and stretching forth one muscular arm towards the sea.

'"Away, Jacqueline, away, my beloved!" echoed Vrank, heading his horse in the direction pointed out by Oost's rapid gesture. She needed no more than his example or his command to rush with him into the open arms of death; and little less seemed their joint movement now, to the astonished eyes of Philip, Ludwick, and Rudolph, as they breasted the sloping dyke, and appeared to court the watery grave beyond.

'"Now, now, my sons!" cried Oost to the four men—and simultaneously with his signal they struck their weapons deep into the already loosened summit of the dyke, and with every stroke a gash was made, through which the water hissed and oozed in frightful rapidity.

'"Well done, bold dyke-diggers!" said he again, and at each renewed stroke which let in destruction upon both him and them, he cried—but never loosening hold of Philip and his horse's rein—"Well done, Tabbo! Bravely struck, Ubbo! Ha, ha, for Igo of the strong arm! Good, good, young Gosso, my last-born boy! Free Frisons all, for life and death!"

'Philip struggled for escape as if in the last agony, and his frightened followers all fell back in total derout, not one coming to his aid, Van Borselen and Jacqueline had gained the top of the mound which crumbled under their horses' hoofs, and they were a moment visible, struggling to urge the animals down the opposite side; but every effort was repelled by the fierce storm-gusts which continually forced them back, and threatened to blow them prostrate on the road. The waves now rushed freely in, and the fierce workmen, self-sacrificed, and in their dreadful task, were mid-deep in the water, mud, and sand, which poured down the dyke.

'Van Monfoort seeing Jacqueline's perilous situation, thought only of her, but had neither means of succour nor a notion how to aid her. Van Diepenholt, with a clearer head, and a mind less absorbed by others' danger, resolved on an effort to escape from his own. He felt that Van Bor-

selen must have had Oost's authority for the seeming madness of his course. He therefore pressed forward for the place where he and Jacqueline still struggled—Van Monfoort followed instinctively—they forced their horses to scramble up the mound—and just as they reached the top, Van Borselen and Jacqueline having a moment before disappeared beyond, the whole mass came down, swept inwards by the booming sea, which rushed after in one wide, earth-swallowing deluge.

'Billow after billow poured surging on, chasing each other with loud roar, like barbarian hordes shouting over the conquest of some fair and fertile land. In less time than fancy can suppose possible for such destruction, a whole district was overflowed. No hill existed to oppose, no rock to mark the depth or measure the speed of the inundation; but the thirsty soil drank the waves, till, replete and saturated, it flung them up again, thickened, discoloured and loathsome. Men and cattle were drowned; houses dashed down; trees up torn, their roots wrenched from their grasp in the deep soil; and huge masses of earth scooped out by the sharp waves, and whirled up to the surface of the seething flood. The horrible rapidity of such a catastrophe in such a country left no time for flight, no place for refuge. Fate struck quick and strong. Within an hour an extent of many square miles was under water, seventy-two villages were submerged, and full one hundred thousand human beings had perished. A new sea was formed, a whole district blotted from the world's face, and many a voyager now steers his course through the broad waves of the *Bisbosh*, without even knowing that he sails over a space once fertile and flourishing, a second Atlantis, or casting a glance into the waves, or a thought into time, for the monuments covered by the one, or the thousand associations of history and romance deep buried in the other.

'In the very earliest burst of the deluge through the torn-down dyke, Oost and his four sons were suffocated by the mingled ruins. Self-immolated in the cause which he had vowed his existence, and swore to sacrifice his life, the noble savage and his congenial children quitted the world without a pang, save those of the physical agony, which they despised. Deep in the plot which was to have burst out so soon, and in which he embarked with his usual ferocious fidelity, Oost heard soon, like Vrouwe Bona and the rest of the confederates, of Van Borselen's detention in Russelmonde. To rescue the Lord of Eversdyke, or perish in the attempt, was his firm resolve. His sons had no thought beyond his will. Patriarchal and feudal authority were combined in the person of every Frison father; and to bid his children follow his footsteps and to share his fate, was to have it done. Oost's quickness and sagacity were not surpassed by any wood-rousing Indian, who traverses whole wastes of forest to relieve a friend or kill a foe. He scarcely entered on the confines of Holland, when he learned of Philip's triumphal march towards Dordrecht; and he was not long in fixing on the place in which, with the assistance of his sons, he saw a fair chance of effecting the rescue of Vrank and Jacqueline, and the destruction of Philip, and such of his host for whose safety Heaven might not interpose a miracle; but neither calculating nor caring for the immensity of ruin which followed. Such was not interposed. Of all the brilliant train that followed their sovereign's steps on that wild march, not one was left to tell the tale.

'But Philip's good fortune saved him from the general fate, and pro-

cured him a protector in one whom he expected to find a relentless witness of his destruction.

'The unerring sagacity of Oost had made him remark and single out a sand-formed elevation, the only one near the head of that arm of sea, which was dammed out by the dyke he subsequently destroyed. It lay a few score yards northwards of the mound, and was sufficiently large and firm to act as a break-water for its preservation, turning off the surge furiously to windward, and forming a shallow and comparatively smooth channel between it and the shore.

'It needs not to be told that it was to this haven of safety that poor Oost pointed, in that last exertion of devoted service that shewed Vrank the way to freedom. And there did he and Jacqueline safely stand, just joined in time by Van Monfoort and Van Diepenholt; and all looked awe-struck back on the sublime desolation from which they had miraculously escaped.

'As they gazed and marked the billows, frightfully populous with hideous forms of death, one living being caught their eye, clinging with convulsive grasp to the branch of an old oak, the only tree that had withstood the shock, and even that was bent and bowed down to the water and every instant threatening to sink, like its fellows of the forest. In the drenched and agonized man, who thus grappled with fate and buffeted the waves that washed over and threatened to choak him, the group of Providence's chosen ones recognized the person of the magnificent Duke of Burgundy.

'Vrank Van Borselen knew no impulse then but generous humanity. Wrongs passed or intended were expunged from his memory, while the long account of princely kindnesses and late honours received from Philip rose swelling in his mind, more buoyant and more palpable from the warm gushing pity which now seemed to overflow his breast. "What!" cried he, as if a moment's internal struggle had held him back, "shall I be outdone by those half-civilized men, who have lost themselves to save such a one as I am! Shall I let the pride of chivalry and Europe's master-piece perish like a drowned dog!"

'He waited no answer to these questions even from himself, to whom they were put; but driving his horse headlong into the flood, and holding him well up, he was quickly borne close to the spot on the watery waste where Philip clung, almost senseless from exhaustation and fright. Vrank staid his own course by seizing another branch, and shouted to Philip to loose his hold, and drop behind him on the horse's croup. A wild stare was Philip's only notice of the summons. The flood was rushing on, and had just swept round the animal into a less favourable direction, when the duke recovering a full sense of the only chance for escape, sprang actively away, gained the safe seat, and grasped Vrank's waist with one hand, still holding in the other a portion of the branch which had so long kept him up, with that tenacious clutch of giant-nerved despair. The eddying currant favoured Vrank's return. He urged on his horse by hand and heel. The animal's instinct forced it to utmost exertion. Philip was not idle in efforts to increase the speed with which it swam—and a few minutes brought it and its double cargo of mortality to the safety-mound.

'There Jacqueline sat on her trembling palfry, benumbed with wet and cold, pale, shivering, and awe-stricken—yet offering up warm thanksgiving for the safety of the hero to whom her heart and soul were pledged.

'Philip instantly flung himself from the horse, sank on his knees, and fell prostrate, in the deep sincerity of pious acknowledgments to Heaven. A low-murmured prayer first passed his lips, fresh glowing from his heart. He next bethought him of the man who had saved him; and his varied emotions of admiration, remorse, and gratitude for awhile kept him dumb.

'A movement of princely munificence promptly spoke to the identity of Philip's character, and stamped it as unaltered, though at once subdued and elevated, by this awful trial.

'"Here, Count Ostervent," cried he, at the same time taking the splendid collar and medal of the golden fleece from his neck and placing it on Vrank's—"Here is the proudest distinction my gratitude may bestow. I make thee one of the noblest order which Christendom may boast. Thou art now in brotherhood and fellowship with kings! I name thee, too, Lord of East and West Voorne, of Mastersdyke and Brille—I confirm thee Stadtholder and Governor of Holland, Zealand, and Friesland—I endow thee with ——"

'"Hold, hold, my Sovereign!" said Vrank, "shame not an act of sheer humanity, by loading it with praise and payment due but to deeds of most heroic stamp."

'"And is not this heroism? Is not the forgiveness of evil done, the snatching from perdition of a deadly foe, a deed for sovereigns to reward, and Heaven to bless? Thus then, I make my poor atonement to thee and her whose heart enshrines thee in its core. Yes, Jacqueline, this hour of awe and dread shall witness my repentance. Thou shalt be his—he thine—both evermore each other's! I give not mere consent—but I command, implore ye, for my happiness as for your own bliss, to be this day but one—joined in eternal bonds of marriage as of love. Look yonder at the fleet sweeping towards us with swelling sails, to rescue what is left of this sad pageant of destruction. It will soon bear us hence to shore."'—*Jacqueline of Holland*, vol. iii. pp. 336—351.

'The Dutchman's Fireside,' is no tale of Holland, as the reader might fancy from the title, but an attempt at a picture of early American manners, after the fashion of "The Memoirs of an American Lady," which were written by Mrs. Grant, of Laggan. If we were to say that the copy is worthy of the model from which it is drawn, we should much exaggerate its merits. At the same time, it would seem occasionally to represent, with sufficient exactness, the habits and tastes of those days, such as they prevailed amongst the emigrants, and descendants of emigrants from Holland, who dwelt on the borders of the Hudson. If the author have not converted a pebbble into a gem, the fault is not so much to be imputed to his workmanship, as to the nature of the material upon which his labour has been bestowed. He is, indeed, open to the remark of having chosen a subject for his theme, which could hardly be expected to be much in unison with English ideas; and this is, perhaps, the only reason why his work appears to have very little chance of popularity amongst us. But we must allow him, to a certain extent, to plead his own cause.

After describing the comfortable establishments which three brothers of the name of Vancour—Egbert, Dennis, and Ariel—had derived by equal divisions of their father's estate, according to the law of the place and time, upon 'the rich border that skirts the Hudson, not a hundred miles from the good city of Albany,' the author commences the action of the story with the arrival of Madame Vancour, the wife of the elder brother, with her daughter, Catalina, from New York, where the latter had been for her education. A few slight circumstances already indicate, that she is destined to be the object of devoted attention to a youth named Sybrandt Westbrook, the only son of a distant female kinswoman, of the Vancour family, whom Dennis had adopted as his own, and for whose instruction he employed a learned Dutchman, yclep'd Dominie Stettinius. Sybrandt is in fact the hero of the tale. We find him at first an extremely shy, awkward youth; but by degrees this fault wears away, and he grows up a polished gentleman, as a hero should always be. The ice of his manners is a little broken, by an incident that occurred on a water excursion, which might have terminated the career of Catalina, had not the resolution of Sybrandt saved her from the danger. As a matter of course, they from that day forward perfectly well understood each other, but nevertheless Sybrandt was still, in every sense of the word, a bashful man. Some little mortifications which he endures determine him to make a trading voyage among the Mohawk Indians of the borders, whom the author thus makes for himself an opportunity of describing at considerable length. But Sybrandt does not visit these sons of the woods in vain: for he was taught, by the activity of their habits, that he had been much employed hitherto in the invention of ideal miseries. Nevertheless, though much improved, he was still far from being cured of his bashful, and, at the same time, suspicious temper, when upon returning home he again was instrumental in saving the life of Catalina from a vindictive Indian, who sought, through her, to inflict an irremediable wound upon her whole family. The following short chapter will fully disclose the state of feeling that prevails on both sides towards the close of the first volume, where, as usual, the story begins to be *rather* interesting.

'And now it became necessary to settle the question whether the visit to New York should be paid or not paid. All things were prepared, the vessel ready, and the lady-cousin in the capital apprized of her invitation having been accepted. The colonel thought they had better send an apology, and get off as well as they could. Catalina—I confess it with the candour becoming my profession—Catalina fluttered between her love and her desire of novelty. What woman could ever resist the temptations of travelling and seeing the world? She, however, dutifully left it to her parents to decide. Madam Vancour was a woman, a very excellent woman, yet she was a woman. She did not exactly oppose the union of the two cousins, but still her heart was not in it. Ambition was too strong for gratitude. Like almost all the American women of that and indeed

every succeeding age, she had imbibed, from her earliest years, a silly admiration of every thing foreign; foreign horses, foreign dogs, foreign men, and, most especially, foreign officers. Every thing provincial, as it was called, she considered as bearing the brand of inferiority in its forehead. She had, moreover, long cherished a latent ambition to see Catalina wedded to one of his Majesty's little officials, who assumed vast consequence at that time—who tacked honourable to his name, and bore the arms of some one of the illustrious houses who figured in the court calendar, in the midst of griffins, sphinxes, lions, unicorns, vultures, and naked savages with clubs, fit emblems of the rude plunderers who first adopted these apt distinctions. The good lady, perhaps half-unconscious of her motives, almost hoped that Catalina would forget her rustic Corydon in the gay scenes and various sights of the metropolis, and conquer, and be conquered by, some brilliant aid-de-camp, perhaps a baronet with bloody hand for his crest. Accordingly it was settled the visit should take place the next day, as was originally contemplated.

'Sybrandt yielded with an aching heart and a bad grace to what he could not prevent. The busy fiends and phantoms that beset his earlier days, rose up to his imagination, and flapped their wings and whispered gloomy anticipations. She would have gay admirers, for she was an heiress and a beauty. She would be distant from her parents, her home, her fireside, and from all those early associations with objects of nature, which serve as anchors by which the heart rides steadily in all the vicissitudes of wind and tide, calm and tempest. "And then the cursed red coats," whispered one diabolical demon, with a malignant grin, "if she resists them, and the fashion, and the example of every female, young and old, married and single, she must be more than woman." Such gloomy, irritating, peevish thoughts crowded on his heart the next day, as he accompanied Catalina to the vessel which was to bear her away; but his pride buried them with its own hands deep in his bosom.

'"I shall return with the birds in the spring," said she, observing his dead silence. "You must be happy, but you must not forget me;" and she placed her snowy hand in his. Sybrandt could scarcely feel it, 'twas so soft.

'"Those who are behind at home never forget," said the youth. "All that I see and all that I hear, is the same to day, to-morrow, and the next, and the next day. How then can I change?"

'"You think, then, that there is more danger that *I* should change," said Catalina, with a tender smile.

'"Such miracles *have* come to pass," replied he, answering her smile with one of melancholy.

'"Sybrandt," said she, with solemn emphasis, "see, the river out of which you dragged me when I was drowning is the same that rolls by the city whither I am now going. I shall see it every day from my window. The sun that shines there by day is the same that yesterday saw you rescue me from murder; and the same stars that witnessed your nightly watchings for my safety, stand in the firmament there as well as here. The same air, the same light, the same nature, and the same God, the same memory, the same heart, will be with me wherever I go. Be just to me, dear Sybrandt; I cannot, if I would, forget thee!"

'The jealous demons fled before this bright emanation of truth and

virtue, and Sybrandt became reassured. A silent pressure of hands conveyed their last farewell greetings, and in a few minutes Sybrandt was standing alone on a green projecting point of the river, watching the vessel as it glided swiftly out of sight. When it was no longer visible, he turned himself towards home, and the world seemed to him suddenly changed into emptiness and nothing.'—*The Dutchman's Fireside,* vol. i. pp. 330—335.

The sequel may be easily conjectured. After the usual ups and downs, they become, at the end of volume two, a "happy pair." Of the author's power in the execution of portraits, the following chapter may be selected as a specimen. The ideas of Mrs. Aubineau still flourish in many of our colonies, and, notwithstanding the separation, are not as yet quite defunct, even in the independent states of the union.

'Catalina was received with a welcome kindness by Mrs. Aubineau, the lady with whom she had been invited to spend the winter, and who appeared struck with the improvement of her person since she left boarding-school two or three years before. Our heroine was glad to see Mrs. Aubineau again, having a vivid recollection of her pleasing manners and matronly kindness.

'The husband of this lady was a son of one of the Hugenots driven by the bigotry or policy of Louis the Fourteenth to this land of liberty—liberty of action, liberty of speech, and liberty of conscience. These emigrants constituted a portion of the best educated, most enlightened, polite, and wealthy of the early inhabitants of New York. They laid the foundation of families which still exist in good reputation, and from some of them have descended men who are for ever associated with the history of our country. The father of Mr. Aubineau had occupied a dignified situation under the Dutch government, while it held possession of New York; but lost it when the province was assigned to the Duke of York, whose hungry retainers were portioned off in the new world, there not being loaves and fishes enough in the old to satisfy them all. Both father and son cherished some little resentment on this occasion; and when a legislative body was established, one or other being generally a member, they never failed to be found voting and acting with the popular side, in opposition to the governor. They joined the old Dutch party in all their measures, which were generally favourable to the rights of the colony, and attained to great consideration and respect among them.

'Notwithstanding his politics, Mr. Aubineau the younger married a handsome English woman; not a descendant merely of English parents, but a real native, born and educated in London. Her father came over with an appointment, being a younger brother, with a younger brother's portion, which generally consists in the family influence employed on all occasions in quartering the young branches upon the public. The great use of colonies is to provide for younger brothers. What this appointment was I do not recollect; but, whatever it was, it enabled Mr. Majoribanks to live in style, and carry his head high above the unlucky beings who furnished the means, and whose destiny it had been to be born on the wrong side of the Atlantic Ocean, where it is well known every thing, from men down to dandies, degenerates. To be born at *home*, as the phrase then was, operated

as a sort of patent of nobility, and desperate was the ambition of the rich young citizens, and still more desperate that of the city heiresses and their mothers, to unite their fate and fortunes with a real genuine exotic. Many a soldier of fortune, "who spent half-a-crown out of sixpence a-day," was thus provided for; and not a few female adventurers gained excellent establishments, over which they were noted for exercising absolute dominion. For a provincial husband to contradict a wife from the mother country, was held equivalent to the enormity of a provincial legislature refusing its assent to a rescript of his Majesty's puissant governor. It smacked of flat rebellion.

'Mr. Aubineau was, however, tolerably fortunate in his choice. His wife always contradicted him aside when in public, and issued her commands in a whisper. She never got angry with him, and only laughed and took her own way whenever he found fault; or, what was still more discreet, took no notice of his ill-humour, and did just as she pleased. She was fond of gaiety, dress, and equipage, and particularly fond of flirting with the officers attached to the governor's family and establishment. These gentlemen, having nothing to do, and no inclination to marry, except they were well paid for it, naturally selected the married ladies as objects for their devoirs; very properly concluding, that whatever might be the case with the ladies, there could be no breach of promise of marriage on their part, and, consequently, no dishonour in being as particular as the lady pleased. As to the provincial husbands, they were out of the question.

'Among the most prominent of the foibles of Mrs. Aubineau, was an idea at that time very prevalent among both English and American women. This was an undisguised and confirmed conviction that the whole universe was a nest of barbarians, compared with Old England, and that there was as much moral and physical difference between being born there and here, as there was space between the two countries. Though not much of the blue-stocking, that sisterhood not having made its appearance as a distinct class in those days, like all good English folks she could ring the changes on Shakspeare and Milton, and Bacon and Locke; those four great names on which English poetry, philosophy, and metaphysics seem entirely to depend for their renown; and which form a standard to which every blockhead more or less assimilates his mind; as if the reflected rays of their glory had illuminated in some degree the midnight darkness of his own intellect. This truly John Bull notion she considered so settled and established beyond all reasonable question, that she always spoke of it with an amusing simplicity, arising from a perfect confidence in an undisputed point, upon which all mankind, except her husband, agreed with as much unanimity as that the sun shone in a clear day. In regard to the solitary exception aforesaid, Mrs. Aubineau settled that in her mind, by referring it to that indefinable matrimonial sympathy which impels so many men to agree with every other woman when she is wrong, and oppose their wives whenever they are right. The connection between this lady and our heroine, originated in a marriage between the elder Aubineau and a sister of Colonel Vancour. Into the hands of Mrs. Aubineau the colonel consigned his daughter for the winter, at the same time communicating her engagement with Sybrandt Westbrook, at which she laughed not a little in her sleeve. She had already a plan in her head for establishing her rich and beautiful guest in a far more splendid sphere, as she was pleased to

imagine. At the end of eight or ten days, Colonel Vancour took his departure for home in the good sloop, Watervleit, which had made vast dispatch in unlading and lading, on account of the lateness of the season.

'Catalina was connected in different ways with almost all the really respectable and wealthy inhabitants of New York and its vicinity; such as, the Philipses, the Stuyvesants, the Van Courtlandts, the Beckmans, Bayards, Delanceys, Gouverneurs, Van Hornes, Rapalyes, Rutgers, Waltons, and a score of others too tedious to enumerate. Of course she could be in no want of visitors or invitations, and there was every prospect of a gay winter. But all these good folks were only secondary in the estimation of Mrs. Aubineau, when compared with—not his Majesty's governor and his family, for they were out of the sphere of mortal comparison—but with the families of his Majesty's chief justice, his Majesty's attorney and solicitor-generals, his Majesty's collector of the customs, and, indeed, with the families of any of his Majesty's petty officers, however insignificant. These formed the focus of high life in the ancient city of New York, and nothing upon the face of the earth was more ridiculous in the eyes of a discreet observer, than the pretensions of this little knot of dependants, over the truly dignified independence of the great body of the wealthy inhabitants, except, perhaps, the docility with which these latter submitted to the petty usurpation.'—*The Dutchman's Fireside*, vol. ii. pp. 23—31.

To this portrait we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of adding that of Colonel Gilfillan, one of a numerous family that may still be met with in every part of the globe.

'No wonder Sir Thicknesse was proud of his family. But great as his progenitors were, they could not hold a candle to those of Colonel Barry Fitzgerald Macartney Gilfillan, a genuine Milesian, whose ancestors had been kings of Connaught, princes of Breffny, and lords of Ballyshannon, Ballynamora, Ballynahinch, Ballygruddrey, Ballyknockamora, and several lordships besides. Gilfillan was an Irish Bull. He was all life, love, gallantry, whim, wit, humour, and hyperbole. His animal spirits were to him as the wings of a bird, on which he mounted into the regions of imagination and folly. They flew away with him ten times an hour. He learned every thing so fast that he knew nothing perfectly; and such was the impetuosity of his conceptions, that one-half the time they came forth wrong end foremost. His ignorance of a subject never for a moment prevented him dashing right into it, or stopped the torrent of his ideas, which resembled a stream swelled by the rains, being excessively noisy and not very clear. His ideas, in truth, seemed always turning somersets over the heads of each other, and for the most part presented that precise rhetorical arrangement which is indicated by the phrase of "putting the cart before the horse." He never pleaded guilty to ignorance of any thing, nor was ever known to stop a moment to get hold of the right end of an idea—maintaining with a humorous obstinacy, that as he always came to the right end at last, it was of no consequence where he began.

'Nature had given to Colonel Gilfillan a more than usual share of the truly Irish propensity to falling in love extempore. His heart was quite as hot as his head, and between the two there was a perfect volcano. He was always under high steam pressure. He once acknowledged, or rather boasted—for he never confessed any thing—that he had fallen in love at

the Curragh of Kildare, with six ladies in one day, and was refused by them all in less than twenty-four hours afterward. "But, faith!" added he, "I killed two horses riding about the country after them; and that was some comfort." "Comfort!" said a friend, "how do you make that out, Gilfillan?" "Why, wasn't it a proof I didn't stand shilly-shally, waiting my own consent any more than that of the ladies, my dear!" It is scarcely necessary to add, that he was generous, uncalculating, brave, and a man of his word, except in love affairs, and sometimes in affairs of business, when he occasionally lost at play the money he had promised to a tradesman. His person exhibited a rich redundancy of manly beauty, luscious with youth, health, and vigour; he sang charmingly; played the fiddle so as to bring tears into your eyes; danced, laughed, chatted, blundered, gallanted, flattered, and made love with a graceful confidence and fearless audacity, that caused him to be a great favourite, and rather a dangerous companion for women of warm imaginations and mere ordinary refinement of manners and feelings. Like most men of his profession, his ideas on certain subjects were of the latitudinarian order. Gilfillan swore he was a man of as much honour as ever wore a uniform. He would not pick a pocket; but as for picking a lady's white bosom of a sweet little heart, let him alone for that. A fair exchange was no robbery all the world over; and he always left his own with them, if there were twenty. When his brother officers laughed at him for having so many hearts, "Och my dears," would he reply," what, do you talk about having but one heart? A man with only one heart in his bosom, is like a poor divil with only a shilling in his pocket—he is afraid to part with it, and so starves himself for fear of starving!" '—*The Dutchman's Fireside*, vol. ii. pp. 38—41.

'The Staff Officer,' we regret to say, is a work upon which we must pronounce our decided reprobation. It has no one quality to please the judgment, or to excite the attention; it has no story, no style, no groups of interesting characters, no descriptions of scenery, nothing whatever to entitle it to a place even in the meanest circulating library in the country. On the contrary, there is much in it that deserves to be stigmatized as a pander to the most atrocious vices,—hospitality outraged, female innocence seduced, parental wickedness unveiled, and all this related with a degree of cool effrontery which has not been surpassed by Harriet Wilson herself. If this be, as it is given out, a story of real life, it is a picture as revolting as perhaps any human being, that prostitute excepted, has told of himself. From his earliest youth the author informs us, with a degree of triumph which is truly despicable, that he was practically initiated in the most wretched debauchery, which he pursued in the lowest haunts of corruption. Many like him have indeed fallen into the same courses at various periods of their lives, but few, very few at least that we have any knowledge of, have thought fit to publish their iniquity in three octavo volumes, and we feel assured that the respectable publishers of this work were not at all aware of its contents, when they ushered it into the world with their names in the title page. If they have any regard for their character they will not hesitate to disclaim any further con-

nexion with a production which, under the pretext of being merely a tale of military life, is, in fact, a tale of the brothels.

In 'The Club Book' we have a collection of original tales, from the pens of various authors, most of whom are favourably known to the public,—Messrs. Galt, James, Power, Jerdan, Cunningham, Moir, Ritchie, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Lord F. L. Gower. We should suspect that these compositions had been originally destined to appear in a different kind of publication, perhaps an annual or a magazine. Let that be as it may, the idea of presenting them to the world in their present shape is not a bad one, as we know by our critical experience, that the task of writing three volumes, generally speaking, is more than any one individual can accomplish to the satisfaction of the reader. We much wish that the novelists of the day would more frequently act upon the club-system than they do. It would not be at all difficult for each of them to compress, within the limits of half or the quarter of a volume, the essence of those stories which they usually expand over the surface of some nine hundred pages. Let them then put their productions together, and we may venture to predict that, although they would thereby materially diminish the waste of paper, they would greatly increase the number of their admirers.

The first tale in the collection celebrates the Siege of Rhodes by the Turks, at the period when that island was in the possession of the Knights of St. John. It is a story of chivalry and love, by Mr. James, but it has not sufficient character to deserve particular notice. It is followed by 'Haddad-Ben-Ahab,' which we suppose Mr. Galt intended as a burlesque upon some modern travellers, who, limiting their excursions to short distances from home, deem it necessary to relate, with laborious minuteness, every thing that befals them on the way. The subject is one that might have been worked up into a laughable satire, but that style of composition is certainly not Mr. Galt's forte. The 'Gipsey of the Abruzzo,' by Power, is a feeble affair; and we should have said as much of Mr. Picken's 'Eisenbach; or the Adventures of a Stranger,' if there were not something like boldness in the conception of his plan, however marred by the want of energy and of the appearance of probability in the execution. Eisenbach is a personage who by chance lighted on many persons and incidents of an extraordinary kind. He could not pass through a street in Dover, upon his first landing in this country, without meeting there with something mysterious; indeed, he tells us that he never could be idle for any length of time in a strange place, but something fell in his way that more or less fastened on his mind, and 'became a nucleus for future observation.' On arriving in London, such were the lengths to which his curiosity urged him, that he entered a house at night in pursuit of a *nucleus* of this description, and exposed himself, without we suppose being at all aware of his danger, to the imminent hazard of being apprehended for burglary. The editor would

appear, contrary to the ancient principle, to have set before his guests at first the inferior wine, and to improve it as the feast goes on. Thus the second volume is as much superior to the first, as the third is to the second. 'The Fatal Whisper,' from Mr. Galt's pen, exhibits in a formidable point of view the penalty which a man may inflict upon himself, by listening too easily to the suggestions of a jealous disposition. An officer serving abroad, who left his wife and family in England, chances to hear an English profligate boasting of his triumphs over the virtue of a married female, which obliged him for a season to abandon his native country. A few coincidences, added to still fewer hasty conclusions, assure the military husband that his own wife was the victim on this occasion; he returns home, finds or invents evidence of her guilt, and persecutes his faithful consort to her death, which takes place at the moment when her innocence is proved beyond the possibility of mistake, by the confession of the real culprit. The story has no novelty in its outline, but it is written with great power. By way, we suppose, of balancing between the sexes, this piece is followed by one from Mr. Jerdan, calculated to display the effects of a jealous temper on the part of the lady—his 'Sleepless Woman,' being, in fact, a wife whose eyes are always kept open by that unhappy passion, which he very truly represents as capable of driving a man out of his mind. We must, in passing, observe, that this trifle of Mr. Jerdan's is gracefully written; it has a French air of pretty nothingness about it, which would induce us to suspect its originality, if the title-page did not afford us a sufficient guarantee upon that point. We regret that we cannot commend the scenes founded on Victor Hugo's Tragedy of Hernani, which have been contributed by Lord F. L. Gower. They are in rhymed verse, but neither the incidents, nor the sentiment, nor the diction, can we consider as in any degree worthy of the well-known taste of that noble, and already deservedly distinguished, writer. 'Gowden Gibbie,' by Allan Cunningham, is a striking lesson of great practical utility, to those day-dreamers, who, neglecting the ordinary means within their reach for the improvement of their fortune, place all their dependence upon visionary hopes of golden gains, which can never be realized, and only lead them from delusion to delusion, until their ruin become irretrievable. The reading world has been rather sickened of Highland legends. It will not be relieved, we fear, by those which Mr. Picken and the Ettrick Shepherd have supplied to this collection. It would require but the invention of a few more scenes to render Mr. Moir's 'Bridal of Borthwick' capable of being converted into a drama. Even as it stands, the story is dramatic in an eminent degree, though spun out of the common materials of *kidnappery*, if we may be allowed the expression. But amongst all the pieces in the series there is not one, we apprehend, that will stand a comparison with that entitled 'The Book of Life,' by Mr. Galt, for the greater portion of which we must find room.

'The day was showery and stormy, by which I was detained at the inn until late in the afternoon, so that it was dark before I reached the ferry-house, and the tide did not serve for safe crossing until midnight. I was therefore obliged to sit by the fire and wait the time, a circumstance which gave me some uneasiness, for the ferryman was old and infirm, and Dick, his son, who usually attended the boat during the night, happened to be then absent, the day having been such, that it was not expected any travellers would seek to pass over that night.

'The presence of Dick was not, however, absolutely necessary, for the boat swung from side to side by a rope anchored in the middle of the stream, and, on account of the strong current, another rope had been stretched across, by which passengers could draw themselves over, without assistance: an easy task to those who had the sleight of it, but it was not so to me, who still wore my arm in a sling.

'While sitting at the fire-side conversing with the ferryman and his wife, a smart, good-looking country lad, with a recruit's cockade in his hat, came in, accompanied by a young woman who was far advanced in pregnancy. They were told the state of the ferry, and that, unless the recruit undertook to conduct the boat himself, they must wait the return of Dick.

'They had been only that day married, and were on their way to join a detachment of the regiment in which Ralph Nocton, as the recruit was called, had that evening enlisted, the parish officers having obliged him to marry the girl. Whatever might have been their former love and intimacy, they were not many minutes in the house when he became sullen and morose towards her; nor was she more amiable towards him. He said little, but he often looked at her with an indignant eye, as she reproached him for having so rashly enlisted, to abandon her and his unborn baby, assuring him that she would never part from him while life and power lasted.

'Though it could not be denied that she possessed both beauty and an attractive person, there was yet a silly vixen humour about her, ill-calculated to conciliate. I did not, therefore, wonder to hear that Nocton had married her with reluctance; I only regretted that the parish officers were so inaccessible to commiseration, and so void of conscience, as to be guilty of rendering the poor fellow miserable for life, to avert the hazard of the child becoming a burden on the parish.

'The ferryman and his wife endeavoured to reconcile them to their lots; and the recruit, who happened to be naturally reckless and generous, seemed willing to be appeased; but his weak companion was capricious and pettish. On one occasion, when a sudden shower beat hard against the window, she cried out with little regard to decorum, that she would go no further that night.

'"You may do as you please, Mary Blake," said Nocton, "but go I must, for the detachment marches to-morrow morning. It was only to give you time to prepare to come with me, that the captain consented to let me remain so late in town."

'She, however, only remonstrated bitterly at his cruelty, in forcing her to travel in her condition, and in such weather. Nocton refused to listen to her, but told her somewhat doggedly, more so than was consistent with the habitual cheerful cast of his physiognomy, that "although he had been already ruined by her, he trusted she had not the power to make him a

deserter." He then went out and remained some time alone. When he returned, his appearance was surprisingly changed; his face was of an ashy paleness; his eyes bright, febrile, and eager, and his lip quivered as he said,

'"Come, Mary, I can wait no longer; the boat is ready, the river is not so wild, and the rain is over."

'In vain she protested; he was firm; and she had no option, but either to go or to be left behind. The old ferryman accompanied them to the boat, saw them embark, and gave the recruit some instructions how to manage the ropes, as it was still rather early in the tide. On returning into the house, he remarked facetiously to his wife,

'"I can never see why young men should be always blamed, and all pity reserved for the damsels."

'At this moment a rattling shower of rain and hail burst like a platoon of small shot on the window, and a flash of vivid lightning was followed by one of the most tremendous peals of thunder I have ever heard.

'"Hark!" cried the old woman startling, "was not that a shriek?"

'We listened, but the cry was not repeated; we rushed to the door, but no other sound was heard but the raging of the river, and the roar of the sea-waves breaking on the bar.'—*The Club Book*, vol. iii. pp. 266—270.

The shriek, it need hardly be added, was that of the young woman struggling against her destroyer. The scene produced an irresistible effect upon the mind of the narrator, who, for several years after, had strange dreams on the anniversaries of this dreadful night. Some of these he related to a German gentleman with whom he became acquainted, and who convinced him that there was some inconceivable sympathy which had linked him to the fate of these unhappy persons.

'When the anniversary again returned, I was seized with the same heaviness and objectless horror of mind; it hung upon me with bodings and auguries until I went to bed, and then, after my first sleep, I was a third time aroused by another fit of the same inscrutable panic On this occasion, however, the vision was different. I beheld only Nocton, pale and wounded, stretched on a bed, and on the coverlet lay a pair of new epaulettes, as if just unfolded from a paper.

'For seven years I was thus annually afflicted. The vision in each was different, but I saw no more of Mary Blake. On the fourth occasion, I beheld Nocton sitting in the uniform of an aid-de-camp at a table, with the customary tokens of conviviality before him; it was only part of a scene, such as one beholds in a mirror.

'On the fifth occasion, he appeared to be ascending, sword in hand, the rampart of a battery; the sun was setting behind him, and the shadows and forms of a strange land, with the domes and pagodas of an oriental country, lay in wide extent around; it was as a picture, but far more vivid than painting can exhibit.

'On the sixth time, he appeared again stretched upon a couch; his complexion was sullen, not from wounds, but disease, and there appeared at his bed-side the figure of a general officer, with a star at his breast, with whose conversation he appeared pleased, though languid.

'But on the seventh and last occasion, on which the horrors of the

visions were repeated, I saw him on horseback in a field of battle; and while I looked at him, he was struck on the face by a sabre, and the blood flowed down upon his regimentals.'—*The Club Book*, vol. iii. pp. 274—276.

All these dreams the author related to his German friend, who set them down in what he called his "Book of Life." This gentleman he describes as an 'astrologer of the true kind,' who had 'a beautiful conception of the reciprocal dependencies of nature,' who 'affected not to penetrate to causes, but spoke of effects with a luminous and religious eloquence.'

'We had spent the day in the fields, where he illustrated his astrological opinions by appeals to plants, and leaves, and flowers, and other attributes of the season, with such delightful perspicuity, that no time can efface from the registers of my memory the substance of his discourses. In the evening he delighted me with his miraculous music; and as the night advanced, I was almost persuaded that he was one of those extraordinary men who are said sometimes to acquire communion with spirits, and dominion over demons.

'Just as we were about to sit down to our frugal supper, literally or philosophically so, as if it had been served for Zeno himself, Dick, the son of the old ferry-man, who by this time was some years dead, came to the door, and requested to speak with me in private. Of course I obeyed; when he informed me that he had brought across the ferry that night a gentleman officer, from a far country, who was in bad health, and whom he could not accommodate properly in the ferry-house.

'"The inn," said Dick, "is too far off, for he is lame, and has an open wound in the thigh. I have therefore ventured to bring him here, sure that you will be glad to give him a bed for the night. His servant tells me that he was esteemed the bravest officer in all the service of the Mysore of India."

'It was impossible to resist this appeal. I went to the door where the gentleman was waiting, and with true-heartedness expressed how great my satisfaction would be if my house could afford him any comfort.

'I took him in with me to the room where my German friend was sitting. I was much pleased with the gentleness and unaffected simplicity of his manners.

'He was a handsome middle-aged man; his person was robust and well formed; his features had been originally handsome, but they were disfigured by a scar, which had materially changed their symmetry. His conversation was not distinguished by any remarkable intelligence; but, after the high intellectual excitement which I had enjoyed all day with my philosophical companion, it was agreeable and gentlemanly.

'Several times during supper something came across my mind as if I had seen him before, but I could neither recollect when nor where; and I observed that more than once he looked at me, as if under the influence of some research in his memory. At last I observed that his eyes were dimmed with tears, which assured me that he then recollected me. But I considered it a duty of hospitality not to enquire aught concerning him more than he was pleased to tell himself.

'In the mean time my German friend, I perceived, was watching us both, but suddenly he ceased to be interested, and appeared absorbed in

thought; while good manners required me to make some effort to entertain my guest. This led to some enquiry concerning the scene of his services, and he told us that he had been many years in India.

'"On this day, eight years ago," said he, "I was in the battle of Borupknow, where I received the wound which has so disfigured me in the face."

'At that moment I accidentally threw my eyes upon my German friend:—the look which he gave me in answer caused me to shudder from head to foot; and I began to ruminate of Nocton and Mary Blake, while my friend continued the conversation in a light desultory manner, as it would have seemed to any stranger; but to me it was awful and oracular. He spoke to the stranger on all manner of topics, but ever and anon he brought him back, as if without design, to speak of the accidents of fortune which had befallen him on the anniversary of that day, giving it as a reason for his curious remarks, that most men observed anniversaries, time and experience having taught them to notice that there were curious coincidences with respect to times, and places, and individuals,—things, which of themselves form part of the great demonstration of the wisdom and skill displayed in the construction, not only of the mechanical but the moral world, shewing that each was a portion of one and the same thing.

'"I have been," said he to the stranger, "an observer and recorder of such things. I have my book of registration here in this house; I will fetch it from my bed-chamber, and we shall see in what other things, as far as your fortunes have been concerned, how it corresponds with the accidents of your life on this anniversary."

'I observed that the stranger paled a little at this proposal, and said, with an affectation of carelessness, while he was evidently disturbed, that he would see it in the morning. But the philosopher was too intent upon his purpose to forbear. I know not what came upon me, but I urged him to bring the book. This visibly disconcerted the stranger still more; and his emotion became, as it were, a motive which induced me, in a peremptory manner, to require the production of the book; for I felt that strange horror, so often experienced, returning upon me, and was constrained, by an irresistible impulse, to seek an explanation of the circumstances by which I had for so many years suffered such an eclipse of mind. The stranger seeing how intent both of us were, desisted from his wish to procrastinate the curious disclosure which my friend said he could make; but it was evident he was not at ease. Indeed, he was so much the reverse, that when the German went for his book, he again proposed to retire; and only consented to abide, at my jocular entreaty, until he should learn what his future fortunes were to be, by the truth of what would be told him of the past.

'My friend soon returned with the book. It was a remarkable volume, c vered with vellum, shut with three brazen clasps, secured by a lock of c rious construction. Altogether it was a strange, antique, and necro- r ntic-looking volume. The corner was studded with knobs of brass, v h a small mirror in the centre, round which were inscribed, in Teutonic c aracters, words to the effect, "I WILL SHEW THEE THYSELF." Before r locking the clasp, my friend gave the book to the stranger, explained

some of the emblematic devices which adorned the cover, and particularly the words of the motto that surrounded the mirror.

'Whether it was from design, or that the symbols required it, the explanations of my friend were mystical and abstruse; and I could see that they produced an effect on the stranger, so strong that it was evident he could with difficulty maintain his self-possession. The colour entirely faded from his countenance; he became wan and cadaverous, and his hand shook violently as he returned the volume to the philosopher, who, on receiving it back, said,—

'"There are things in this volume which may not be revealed to every eye, yet to those who may not discover to what they relate, they will seem trivial notations."

'He then applied the key to the lock and unclosed the volume. My stranger guest began to breathe hard and audibly. The German turned over the vellum leaves, searchingly and carefully. At last he found his record and description of my last vision, which he read aloud. It was not only minute in the main circumstances in which I had seen Nocton, but it contained an account of many things, the still life, as it is called, of the picture, which I had forgotten, and, among other particulars, a picturesque account of the old General whom I saw standing at the bed-side.

'"By all that's holy," cried the stranger, it is old Cripplington himself!—the queue of his hair was, as you say, always crooked, owing to a habit he had of pulling it when vexed—where could you find the description of all this?"

'I was petrified; I sat motionless as a statue, but a fearful vibration thrilled through my whole frame.

'My friend looked back in his book, and found the description of my sixth vision. It contained the particulars of the crises of battle, in which, as the stranger described, he had received the wound in his face. It affected him less than the other, but still the effect upon him was impressive.

'The record of the fifth vision produced a more visible alarm. The description was vivid to an extreme degree,—the appearance of Nocton, sword in hand, on the rampart—the animation of the assault, and the gorgeous landscape of domes and pagodas, was limned with words as vividly as a painter could have made the scene. The stranger seemed to forget his anxiety, and was delighted with the reminiscences which the description recalled.

'But when the record of the fourth vision was read, wherein Nocton was described as sitting in the regimentals of an aide-de-camp, at a convivial table, he exclaimed, as if unconscious of his words,—

'"It was on that night I had first the honour of dining with the general."

'The inexorable philosopher proceeded, and read what I had told him of Nocton, stretched pale and wounded on a bed, with new epaulettes spread on a coverlet, as if just unfolded from a paper. The stranger started from his seat, and cried, with a hollow and fearful voice,—

'"This is the book of life."

'The German turned over to the second vision, which he read slowly and mournfully, especially the description of my own feelings, when I beheld the charnel visage of Mary Blake. The stranger, who had risen from his

seat, and was panting with horror, cried out with a shrill halloo, as it were,

'"On that night I was sitting in my tent; methought her spirit came and reproached me."

'I could not speak, but my German friend rose from his seat, and holding the volume in his left hand, touched it with his right, and looking sternly at the stranger, said,—

'"In this volume, and in your own conscience, are the evidences which prove that you are Ralph Nocton, and that on this night, twice seven years ago, you murdered Mary Blake."

'The miserable stranger lost all self-command, and, staggering from the spot, fell.'—*The Club Book*, vol. iii. pp. 280—289.

This is all capitally managed. There is originality of invention in the story; its parts are neatly fitted together; the incidents are tragically interesting; and the sketch given of those glimpses of a supernatural philosophy, which, "like the summer cloud comes o'er us," forms by no means the least affecting passage in this masterly fragment.

Without particularly characterizing the remaining tales, we may observe generally that they evince considerable talent, and that, taken altogether, 'The Club Book' is a very good parlour window miscellany, worthy of all praise in a moral point of view; and, as a source of rational amusement, peculiarly acceptable in the long nights of winter, now so rapidly approaching.

There are some unaccountable mistakes in the paging of the contents of the second volume, which should be corrected if the work reach a second edition.

ART. VIII.—*Letters on the Physical History of the Earth, addressed to Professor Blumenbach: containing Geological and Historical proofs of the Divine Mission of Moses. By the late J. A. De Luc, F.R.S. Professor of Philosophy and Geology at Gottingen. To which are prefixed Introductory Remarks and Illustrations: together with a Vindication of the author's claims to Original Views respecting fundamental points in Geology.* By the Rev. Henry De La Fitte, A. M. of Trinity College Oxford: and member of the Royal Society of Literature. 8vo, pp. 284. London: Rivingtons. 1831.

THE substance of the work which, under the above title, is now presented to the public, has been for some years embodied in our scientific literature. The subject, however, with which it is occupied, and the veneration which every learned and well directed mind must entertain for the memory of the author, together with the great accession of valuable matter which the reverend editor has supplied, give to this brief work all the characters of a new and interesting commentary on some of the fundamental principles of Geology.

Upwards of thirty years ago, De Luc published a series of letters in this country, the practical object of which was to esta-

blish, by reference to facts and inductions connected with the physical history of the earth, that the Mosaical account of it was a correct one. Geology was not then sufficiently studied in England to enable many persons to take an interest in these disquisitions, which at present are calculated, for the opposite reason, to excite so much attention. In two or three years afterwards, a volume was published in Paris, by the same author, which was an enlargement, and a great improvement, of the former collection of letters. This volume forms the ground-work of the publication before us. It has undergone, we are told by the learned editor, a complete revision. It is further enriched by various communications from M. De Luc junior, nephew of the original writer, and which consist of geological observations conducted by himself and other distinguished geologists. Some of these contributions serve the purpose of either illustrating the positions, or correcting the errors of the first De Luc. Such observations from a quarter where so much knowledge of the subject has been acquired, accompanied by quotations from numerous writers on geology, English and foreign, place the great arguments of De Luc, which were advanced more than thirty years ago, before the world at this moment, with all the sanction that they can derive from being conformable to the latest discoveries in geology.

As we have already observed, it was the great object of De Luc, to show that revelation and nature were not inconsistent, but that they were in close connection with each other. He proposed, therefore, to show—not by an appeal to the imagination of man, nor yet to his inductive powers exclusively, but to facts which every one might estimate for himself—that the narrative of the deluge in the sacred writings, is completely borne out by the most irresistible geological evidence. De Luc has even gone farther, in demonstrating that the progress of the formation of the globe is recorded with a remarkable accuracy, as to the succession of the process, in the chronology of Moses. It would seem that De Luc was led to the investigation of this important question in geology, by finding that the authors of the early systems promulgated in that science, had always built them on anti-Christian principles. They held that natural history had nothing to do with religion; and that they who believed in Christianity, might do so consistently with rejecting the first chapters of Genesis. It was plain to any man of common sense, that this courteous profession on the part of the system-mongers, was only a delusion by which they entrapped, and finally alienated from the Christian creed, many an unenquiring mind; and we grieve to think that there should be any truth in the following representation, which we are not allowed to question, since it comes from the pen of De Luc himself.

'The consequence has been, that men of letters, without being naturalists themselves, but putting implicit faith in what was so positively asserted to be the evidence of nature, have more openly and more successfully revived

some historical and moral arguments, to which both Jews and Christians have long ago replied, and which would never have had any influence on the bulk of mankind, if there had not been an appearance of an appeal to nature. Neither will I reject her evidence; I will only show it, such as it is, to those who have suffered themselves to be carried away by misrepresentations of it.—Letter ii. p. 47.

Such were the admirable motives which led the illustrious De Luc to devote a genius of no ordinary penetration, and a life of patient industry, to the investigation of the truth respecting this intricate question. The success which he merited was attained by him, and the achievement which crowned his labours was but the consummation of a series of discoveries in the natural world, which have chiefly contributed to render geology the noble and interesting science that we now find it.

The first obstacle which De Luc had to combat, was the apparently settled conviction of the scientific world, that our continents were of very great antiquity. We are now speaking, not of centuries, but of colossal periods of time, if we may be allowed to use the expression; and therefore antiquity, in the language of geology, refers to a period far behind six thousand years. He saw that this principle once admitted, there was an end of the authority of Genesis, and he accordingly imposed on himself the task of enquiring into the truth of a proposition that was, up to his day, so implicitly received, and its consequences left to make whatever impression they might on the public mind.

It was to overturn this position, and to prove that not many ages have passed since the continental parts of our globe were abandoned by the sea, that De Luc undertook a series of curious and difficult researches, and ultimately constructed a theory for ascertaining the age of those continents, which is at once ingenious and highly reasonable. De Luc commences by the general statement that the whole mass of our existing continents is composed of various strata, the order of the superposition of them being pretty much the same on all parts of the earth. The lowest of the strata are found to be free from every vestige of organized bodies, but when we examine the superior series of strata, we discover those bodies, or relics of them. Each stratum, however, has a peculiar species of organized bodies to itself. Again, in the upper strata, we likewise detect the remains of animals and vegetables, which bear the most undoubted marks of having subsisted on the earth. In the great majority of the strata, however, and even in the loose strata at the surface of our soil, the most considerable portion of these remains consists of sea bodies. These facts warrant, in De Luc's opinion, the inference, that the strata, as we now see them, horizontally imposed upon each other, assumed this relation when held in suspense, as it were, in the sea, and that this mutual position, which they still retain, resulted from the sudden retreat of the

waters. But the strata are found broken, overthrown, and sunk in great masses, so that the continents exhibit on their surfaces the most ruinous appearances. What can have produced this great disturbance but some mighty revolution, which forced back the sea, and exposed the continents to those influences which have ever since their denudation been operating upon them? We shall stop here in our analysis of the theory, to dwell for a few minutes on the probability of what De Luc asserts, viz. that the land which we are now inhabiting, was an ancient bed of the sea. This author thinks that after any scientific enquirer has studied the continents with attention in all their parts, 'from their centres to their borders, from their greatest elevations to their lowest depths; when they have seen the regularity of the strata composing the whole of their observable mass, and the quantity of the marine bodies contained in these strata, it is impossible not to acknowledge that we are inhabiting an ancient bed of the sea.' With respect to that great revolution by which the strata were disturbed, as we have already seen, De Luc gives us the following account.

'We have seen that the entire mass of our continents is composed of strata, produced by the sea while it occupied this portion of the globe. These strata, which we may every where unequivocally trace, notwithstanding the various accidents they have undergone, extend every where down to the present sea, of which, after this revolution, they constituted the new boundaries. On this account I shall call them continental soil.

'As soon as the sea had changed its bed, the rivers were formed upon the new continents and, arriving at the sea, began to deposit at their mouths the mud they brought down with them: the sea also, agitating the sand in the more shallow parts, drove it back towards its shores by the action of the currents and tides. From these two causes, new lands began to be formed, which, contiguously to certain parts of the original coast, occupied successively the place of the water. These new lands are every where as distinct from the continental soil, as a layer of sand or gravel in front of a house, is from the house itself; their existence evidently proves that the level of the sea has had no tendency to rise since it has occupied its present bed; for, in this case, it would have successively overflowed either every where, or near certain coasts, the sediments that were deposited on its shores; whereas there are new lands upon every coast, or in its vicinity. If, on the contrary, the sea had had a tendency to sink, the new lands would necessarily have a regular slope towards it, by which we might be able to measure the quantity of its depression since it occupied its present bed: but all the new lands, on every coast, of whatever extent they may be, are sensibly horizontal. This phenomenon, then, amounts to an absolute demonstration, that the sea has undergone no change in its level since it has occupied its present bed.

'But before the sea occupied this bed, it covered our continents, and thus existed at a much higher level. What barriers could then retain it? It was impossible they could be other than lands more elevated than itself, which consequently occupied the place where the sea now is, and we know certainly, from the quantity of the remains of vegetables and terrestrial

animals, which have been buried in our strata while yet under the sea, that there did at that time exist such lands. Thus, in order that the sea should have retired from the surface of our present continents, other continents, which before served it for a barrier, must necessarily have sunk so as to form the basin which it at present occupies.

'This is a necessary consequence of the above facts, and its evidence does not depend on our determining how this revolution happened; but we shall soon discover it, by continuing to pursue the train of causes established in my former Letters, of which I shall, in a few words, recall to your recollection such parts as the subject requires.

'The state of disorder in which we find all our strata, could have been produced only by considerable and repeated subsidences of the greater part of their mass, at eras marked by their monuments. These subsidences of the bottom of the ancient sea could proceed only from the successive formation of caverns within, into which the increasing crust of strata, from time to time, fell down. By this is to be explained that great phenomenon which has given birth to geology, namely, the disappearance, at the exterior, of a great part of the liquid which formerly covered the whole globe, at a level exceeding our highest mountains. We have also found, in this disruption of the caverns, from whence issued, each time, new expansible fluids, the chymical cause of the successive changes in the precipitations that took place in the liquid, as well as of the simultaneous changes undergone by the atmosphere, so visible from the history of vegetables and animals. Lastly, when tracing the course of these operations, I pointed out an epoch at which, whilst the liquid covered the whole globe, a more rapid enlargement of the caverns under one portion of the crust of strata occasioned its sudden depression; by which, added to the infiltration that followed of a great part of the liquid in the interior of the globe, it ceased to cover more than the part which had subsided, which at once formed the first sea, and gave birth to the first continents.'—pp. 183—185.

De Luc, it will be seen, has observed that in the retirement of the sea, the continents which became naked and dry, were, from the moment of their exposure, acted on by various influences. Now not only can we observe and define the effects of those influences, but we can also determine the length of time which they took in every instance to work the changes observable in the exposed lands. Thus then we are furnished at once with a series of natural *chronometers*, whose evidence cannot be mistrusted. The ingenious theory of De Luc therefore comes to this; that all those parts of our continent which were capable of change, began to be changed on the retirement of the sea: from our own observations and experience, we can determine the time it has taken to effect the modifications which we observe in our continents; on these data we may properly proceed to ascertain the ancient or more recent origin of our globe.

Nothing can be more elaborate and ingenious than the manner in which De Luc has ascertained the effects of those operations to which we have alluded; and after conducting us through a series of most learned and beautiful illustrations, derived from natural

history, he concludes by almost demonstrating, that they all show the impossibility of carrying back the origin of our continents to a period more remote than that, which the Mosaic chronology has assigned to them. Amongst the phenonomena which De Luc enlists in his catalogue of natural chronometers, are to be found those of the collection of vegetable earth produced by the decomposition of plants on uncultivated soils; the natural history of peat mosses; the extension of snow and ice on high mountains; the accumulations of fallen materials; alluvial lands formed by rivers along their course; maritime new lands, &c. The descriptions of a few of these phenomena we shall transcribe from the author.

'The seeds of mosses, grasses, heath, and a thousand other plants, which we find growing in uncultivated lands, were transported from the loftier spots, and carried over all the hills and plains; and the vast extent of sandy grounds became thus almost every where what we now call heaths. It is of this kind of uncultivated land I shall first treat. The annual remains of plants accumulating on the sands, and other soils immediately favourable to vegetation, began to cover them with that blackish earth (humus), in which we find the present plants rooted. There are immense tracts of these lands which have yet received no cultivation, and on which, therefore, the stratum of blackish soil is the entire residue of all the vegetables which have grown and perished there since the birth of our continents. In places too far from every habitation, for even the shepherds to lead their flocks to, and where the heath alone vegetates, at whatever elevation such spots are above the level of the sea, this blackish stratum is found (always mixed with a fine sand brought from other places by strong winds) about a foot and a half in thickness. Now the progress of this stratum is accompanied in many places with chronological monuments, and I shall describe one of those I have mentioned, in treating this subject much at large, in my "Lettres sur l'Histoire de la Terre," &c.

'The first inhabitants of the north of Germany were shepherds, who, as yet, had no fixed habitations; so that the only monuments remaining of them are their tombs: they deposited the ashes of their dead in urns, which they buried in open places, principally on the heights, and covered them with earth. We find a number of these tombs on hills still uncultivated: they are well known under the name of tumuli, which, I suppose, they received from the Romans, as they are nothing more than heaps of earth. Here, then, the anterior product of vegetation was removed; what has formed there since, is the product of the subsequent vegetation; and this epoch is marked by the history of the ancient Germans, who, after the invasion of Germanicus, began to collect together, and build. I have dug through the blackish stratum on a number of these tumuli, for the purpose of comparing its thickness with that of the general stratum of the rest of the ground; and considering the small difference found between them, we could not find by any means a sufficient time to correspond with the literal Hebrew chronology from the deluge, which certain commentators have seen reason to lengthen. But here we are to consider, that before a layer of blackish mould could be formed, it was necessary that vegetation should be fully established on those lands; and the por-

tion of time that elapsed till then, and which should be added to the result of immediate observation, is not easily ascertainable. The same uncertainty prevails in the commencement of all the phenomena that prove the great truth which I here propose to establish; but from the nature of the specific causes which produce such uncertainty in each particular phenomenon, it will be found, that though there hence results a certain latitude in the determination of the time total, it is confined within such limits, that this natural basis of chronology effectually opposes, not only all the fables or systems of chronology which are not founded on the book of Genesis, but even the conjectures of some chronologists who have arbitrarily lengthened the period of time between Noah and Abraham.

'The same result is supplied by the progress of cultivation. Every where, as we ascend in the history of any settled nation, we find agriculture established, and we can follow uninterrupted traces of new cultivation; while at the same time it is to be inferred from the relations of travellers, that one-half of our continents still remains uncultivated. Certain spots of ground, which had something attractive in them, either on account of the facility of tillage, or as offering an easy communication with other places already cultivated, became the cradles of great nations; and in such the traces of the progress of cultivation are not distinctly observable: but from thence have issued vast bodies of men, wanderers at first, afterwards cultivators; whence have resulted a number of centres of cultivation scattered here and there in the first deserts, and which from that time have not ceased, both to increase in extent, and to send out fresh colonies. This process is continued round places adjoining to lands still uncultivated, nor does it appear as if it would speedily terminate. Here, then, is a new succession of operations, which have sprung from the birth of our continents; and in comparing my own observations on this head with those of other travellers, I have had occasion to remark, that the progress of cultivation has left such evident traces in spots similar to those just described, that when we attentively consider this subject, the aspect of the country, the names of places, the traces of their aggrandizement, their relations to each other in language, opinions, customs, the beginnings of public works by the increase of wealth, the national progress of the arts, commerce and luxury: in a word, every thing, in a retrospective research, leads us, from every point, to some chief places, the history or traditions relating to which carry us back to the first eras of the cultivation of our lands. This is a most interesting subject.'—Letter ii. pp. 196—199.

The natural history of the peat mosses next claims our attention.

'Peat, as well as the blackish earth I have spoken of above, is a product of vegetation; but the remains of the vegetables that form it, lose much less of their bulk, and they retain their combustible property. These vegetables, at first simply withered, form a spongy mass, always saturated with water, and on which new plants, some of them aquatic, grow in great abundance, and with much rapidity. It is, perhaps, owing to an antiseptic quality in some of these plants, that there happens such an accumulation of their remains, constantly penetrated with water, without their undergoing putrefaction; a circumstance that essentially distinguishes our peat-lands from marshes, inasmuch as the air is always salubrious in the former.

'The formation of peat could commence only with all the other phenomena to which the birth of our continents gave rise: it at first began to form in spots of ground that were watered by springs; and in these places, very favourable to all sorts of vegetation, there grew at first trees of a resinous nature, principally pines and yews, the leaves and smaller branches of which, though falling on a humid ground, resisted putrefaction; herbaceous plants at the same time grew on these soils, and began to form peat there. In proportion as this peat became thicker, the new trees took root in its mass, and attained such size, that at length the winds had the power to tear them up, and the peat continuing to increase, buried them. Here is a first period marked in all our large peat lands; for when they come to cut peat to a certain depth, they find the trunks, branches, and roots of these trees; and from that time trees no longer grew at the surface of most of those soils.

'The peat continuing to increase, frequently extended itself beyond the places where it originally began to be formed; if it was on hills, it descended down their sides; if in the low grounds, it gradually spread beyond its first limits, and sometimes even ascended the slopes of the hills. Every where, in a word, where this spongy substance, in whatever direction it spreads, meets with small springs to moisten it, it continues to increase both in thickness and extent, and where it is not too much softened by the water, trees continue to grow on it. This increase of the peat still continues wherever the circumstances are favourable to it, and where no means are employed to arrest it: we know its progress by tradition; and when we compare it with the mass produced, we discover various proofs of the small antiquity of that phenomenon, as will now appear.

'In a number of places, where the population has so far increased, that colonies have reached the confines of large peat lands, they have laboured to stop their progress, and to render their surfaces fit for cultivation; a double end, which is to be gained by first draining the peat, that is to say, by cutting trenches in a direction towards some lower ground where the water may run off, and deepening them as the peat sinks down. Now, in the course of these observations, monuments have in various places been discovered which connect themselves with the history of nations, and of the arts, or with some local traditions, of which I shall give some instances.

'In draining the great peat lands of the country of Groningen, some Roman medals have been found at the bottom of a trench, buried in the natural soil, since covered with a considerable bed of peat. Here then is a fixed period in the increase of these peat lands, namely, the invasion of the Romans; and this monument is connected with another, on the same coasts, furnished also by a progressive operation, but totally of another kind. Roman medals have been found near the ancient mouth of a branch of the Rhine, which formerly passed through Holland. The Romans had built near this mouth—at this day entirely obstructed by the sands—a custom-house, the ruins of which we discover buried in those sands; and together with the Roman medals, coins of the ancient nations of those coasts have also been discovered.

'In my travels along these maritime districts, where I particularly observed several great tracts of peat land, I arrived at the country of Bremen,

at a time when the inhabitants were carrying on with great vigour the operations of draining, and bringing into cultivation a considerable extent of peat-land, which is called the Devil's Moor, on account of the accidents that frequently happened to the cattle which ventured on it, as well as to men, who were sometimes swallowed up in it, without the least traces remaining outwardly. The undertaking to drain such a peat-land as this, was too great for the neighbouring peasants; it was therefore carried on at the expense of the Sovereign, who interests himself with paternal attention, in every thing relating to their prosperity. During this operation, they discovered at the bottom of a deep trench, an ancient aqueduct, formed in the sand with planks, near which they also found an auger to bore wood with, which they showed me, and which is very similar to ours. Now, the depth at which were found those monuments of art, belonging to a time the moderate distance of which we shall see, bore a very considerable proportion to the total depth of the peat on its original base, which is sand, by which also all the surrounding hills are covered.

'At a period not very far distant, for they already spoke the German language in the country of Bremen, the Devil's Moor was still here and there studded with small sand hills, which had all their several names, with the termination *berg*, which signifies an eminence. From that time, though the peat, in continuing to rise, has covered these eminences, the places where they had been noticed by preceding generations, have retained the same names, with the termination *berg*. This circumstance has been attended with most fortunate effects; for, without the tradition connected with it, these solid places in the peat-bed would have been unknown; and wherever they are not too far from the borders, they are very useful spots for building new villages. When the peat is drained to a considerable depth, it sinks down; it is then cut for fuel on those solid spots where it remains higher than in the neighbouring places; and while those spots afford a firmer foundation for the settlements of the colonists, the latter have still further the advantage of finding there sand at a small depth, which is of great use to them for repairing their roads, and for mixing with the peat at the surface, which adapts it for every agricultural purpose, and even for plantation. The greatest depth of the peat-bed, through its whole extent, is about 35 feet; it was still sprinkled with islands, or small eminences of sand, at a time when the German language was the language of the country, and when the inhabitants determined the direction of the waters in the sand by the same means, and with the same instruments as our own; and in growing to its present thickness, the peat has entirely covered these eminences. This then is a phenomenon not very slow in its progress, and its origin is to be dated from the birth of our continents. Thus the history of peat-lands traced, in their formation, by causes that could exist only with our continents, and, in their progress, by historical monuments of different kinds, would be alone sufficient to confirm the chronology of the sacred history since the deluge.'—Letter v. pp. 200—204.

To these descriptions we shall add the account of two other phenomena, serving the same purpose of illustration. These are mentioned by De Luc, but they are detailed in the graceful and forcible language of our author.

'Gravity, and the action of the rains, and other atmospherical causes,

have a continual tendency to crumble down and reduce the abrupt sections of mountains, as well in valleys, as towards the plains. The detached fragments are accumulated at their feet, and "rise against them with that kind of slope, which, in fortification, is called a *talus*, being formed by materials rolling down over each other from a certain point;" and preventing the farther demolition of the parts which they thus have covered. The gradual progress of this general operation is clearly discernible by the progress of vegetation. Now, if an antiquity without any assignable limits is to be ascribed to our continents, such operations must long since have been every where terminated, and the surface of the slopes would be found entirely overspread with plants and verdure. But, remarks De Luc, the operation continues, and we observe its different stages, which depend on the original state of each individual part, and on the nature of its strata. Further: It has been rendered evident by De Luc, that the action of the sea has a tendency to efface the original indentations of coasts, by diminishing the promontories, filling up creeks and bays, and reducing cliffs to gentle declivities. These simultaneous operations on the same coasts must have commenced as soon as the ocean retired into its present bed; they continue, and by the effects produced, compared with their measurable progress, necessarily constitute a direct chronometer. Accordingly all the lands formed by the sea upon its shores are every where distinct in their composition from those to which they are joined; they are horizontal from the point of junction to their actual extremity, and continue to increase. Now, from the known progress of these lands, compared with their total extent, it is manifest that the sea cannot have occupied its present bed during a very great number of centuries. Again, at the entrance of lakes, the progress of the accumulation of the sediments of rivers affords another striking chronometer of the same kind; and in every such place, the dates at which possession was taken of new grounds, and embankments were opposed to the swells of the streams, are ascertained.'—*Introductory Remarks*, pp. 13—17.

The whole of the arguments of De Luc, for proving that the Deluge took place at the era stated in the sacred writings, are sustained with the most extensive learning, and are characterized by the most penetrating acuteness. They are worthy of the deepest meditation by every man who has yet to form his opinion on the most serious of all subjects.

Having disposed of this fundamental question, De Luc proceeded to trace, in the subsequent geological phenomena which developed themselves, a remarkable conformity with the Mosaic narrative of the deluge. Here De Luc shines unrivalled as a collector of facts, and as a powerful master of inductive reasoning. In the letters before us, he points out the causes of the differences which prevail in those substances that are found in the successive strata, and he traces those substances to their origin. After illustrating, as far, we believe, as human ingenuity could succeed in doing so, the knotty points presented by the blending of marine animals with those of terrestrial origin in certain of the strata, he goes on to explain the disordered and broken state of those strata, and shows,

in a satisfactory manner, the reasons why their ruinous fragments are found above the level of the sea.

In determining the epoch at which the physical changes of our globe commenced, De Luc considers that that era was pointed out by the first accession of *light*, which, being united to the elements already existing, occasioned those physical changes. Being added to another peculiar element, *light* produced *fire:* fire was the cause of *liquidity;* and, lastly, liquidity was essential to the formation of the mineral strata. The result then of the combination of light with the elements of the globe, and the liquid with which it was surrounded, was to produce various chemical precipitations, which, being of different genera and species, arranged themselves in horizontal layers. In the intervals of their formation, these strata were subjected to frequent disturbance, so that they were divided into masses or mountains, the intervening strata having sunk around them. We are not prepared to follow the sagacious author through the plan which he has adopted, of considering the successive changes which took place in the precipitations of the ancient sea, and his manner of connecting them with other natural phenomena. His explanations have been adopted by the greatest philosophers of his time, and by no one more deliberately than by Cuvier, the most scrutinizing perhaps of them all.

A few reflections on the importance of geology, in a moral point of view, from such as De Luc, who had perhaps the best right to estimate its extent, will not prove uninteresting to any reader.

"The history of our globe, like every other which relates to past time, can be traced back only by monuments. It is thus that the histories of nations have been compiled; but of those the most ancient monuments have been successively effaced or disfigured by a thousand various events and interests; and, for the most part, nothing remains in that respect but traditions, obscure, imperfect, and often fabulous: hence have arisen so many contradictions in the early annals of the same nations; and from these has originated historic doubt. The case is not the same with the history of the earth; the monuments of this are of too great magnitude to have been essentially changed by mankind, and the surface of the globe is covered with them: they remain, and may still lead to truth..... The question to be decided is no less than this: whether geological monuments authorize us to discard, as so many authors have done, either explicitly or implicitly, the only written history of the earth, and of mankind, which now exists; a history more ancient than any other authentic writing, the origin of all religions, and the first, the positive, the only foundation of our own. When the study of the earth shall have become more general, there will be much greater difficulty than at present, in circulating errors respecting the only basis of the repose and happiness of mankind."*—*Introductory Remarks*, pp. 134, 135.

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* The following observations of an eminent geologist of the continent, M. de Férussac, will be perused with satisfaction:—"If every thing around

We cannot avoid giving the following suggestions from the same quarter, respecting the means of facilitating the study of geology, particularly since they involve some personal allusions to the venerable author himself. He says

' " When geological researches were first undertaken, which was not till a very late period, it appeared to be necessary, for the purpose of rightly understanding the events which had taken place on the earth, to seek for monuments of those events in very distant regions; on the chains of the highest mountains, in the courses of the largest rivers, and in the celebrated deltas formed at the mouths of the latter. Such great features of our continents ought undoubtedly to be studied, as belonging to one of the classes of monuments of the history of the earth; but when attention is wholly confined to these, as if all the knowledge necessary to geology could hence be acquired, the consequence is, not only that the number of those who can engage in this study by immediate observation must be very limited, but that those who do enter into it, being thus restricted to so small a portion of the facts, and of the connections subsisting between the different classes of phenomena, are inevitably divided among themselves with respect to the systems formed on the succession of effects, and on their causes: and that consequently, although, since the time these studies have begun to produce systems on the *History of the Earth*, they have become of great importance to all mankind, yet the generality of men, who consider the subject as above their capacity, feel little interest in it; and if they take any part in such controversies, it is only by chance that they are guided.

' " Such is the state of things which I have witnessed ever since I have myself been occupied with geological opinions; and I have also seen the effect produced in the world by these opinions; but, in studying the phenomena by which they ought to be determined, and which I have followed in all their various branches, from the highest mountains, down to countries of hills and plains; from the courses of large rivers, to those of brooks and rivulets; from the new lands added to the continents near the mouths of rivers, to those which have filled up bays, gulphs, and even the smallest creeks; lastly, from the highest cliffs, to the coasts which slope down insensibly to the sea; I have clearly found the *History of the Earth* to be traced in the same manner, only with characters differing in magnitude, in all parts of the surface and of the coasts of the continents; and thus to be really within the reach of every person who will attentively pursue the study of its monuments.

' " On this account, I was induced, in the latest of my travels in countries of the most common character, to extend my notes to a greater number of objects, with all the details belonging to them, in order to give

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us did not testify that knowledge is at all times man's safest guide, geology—which after having in its infancy supplied arms against the sacred writings, serves at this day to uphold the Mosaic cosmogony—would furnish a memorable instance of that great truth ..... Where, in our days, shall we find the geologist, who, while admiring the great genius of Voltaire, could forbear smiling with pity at his elaborate attacks on the Book of Genesis."

examples of the multiplicity of important phenomena which every man may observe around his own habitation, or in his accidental journeys; and these I have published the first, with a hope that they may excite a taste for such studies, in themselves very amusing, and may thus every where increase the number of observers.

' " It is almost indifferent what places of observation are chosen, for the purpose of at least forming a clear idea of studies of this kind; for in all countries interspersed with eminences and low spaces, the phenomena are the same as among mountains, only on a smaller scale; and with regard to the coasts, if attention be paid to the actions of natural causes on them, there are few of any extent, where examples of the real operations of the waters of the sea and land may not be found."—" Respecting geological observations, I can truly say from long experience, that no study can be more agreeable; for they beguile the weariness of journeys, and even of common walks, affording inexhaustible objects of attention and reflection." *Introductory Remarks*, pp. 136—138.

We fear that the time has not yet arrived for De Luc to receive that ample measure of fame to which his labours, his ingenuity, and his admirable motives entitle him. By some of our modern writers on geology his name is all but omitted, whilst some of the profound in their own opinion, think proper to reproach the great philosopher with being too much of a saint. But the sneers of the men who are either too shallow to understand his philosophy, or too unprincipled to represent it with fidelity, are only of the nature of those characteristic tributes which exalted genius is always sure to extort from the ignoble herd of the dull. A consistent life, spent in the entire dedication of his great faculties to the most important questions that can possibly engage the thoughts of man, will, sooner or later, after the bad passions have been silenced, be rewarded by the justice of De Luc's fellow creatures. His case is now amply before the world. His researches and his opinions are placed before it: and now that he is dead, we do not know that we could compose a better epitaph for his tomb, than the eulogy which the *Monthly Review* once pronounced upon him when living—that he was a moralist, a citizen, and a friend of man, who spoke the language of wisdom to the peasant, the artist, the legislator, and the sovereign, and who appreciated with sensibility, truth, and precision, the genuine sources of human felicity.

ART. IX.—*The Prospect of Reform in Europe.* 8vo. pp. 55. London: Rich. 1831.

OF all the political pamphlets to which the late revolutions upon the continent, or the discussions connected with the great question still pending in England, have given rise, there is not one, we venture to assert, that can for a moment be compared with the publication now on our table, for the masterly comprehensivenessand solidity of its views; the sustained vigour and dispassionate dignity

of language in which those views are unfolded, and the almost prophetic tone in which they grasp at the consequences of events that are now thickening every where around us. We had already perused the matter of these remarkable pages in the last number of the North American Review, and had intended, before it appeared in its present shape, to make our readers acquainted with it, feeling that a trans-Atlantic contemplatist alone could catch the magnificent and cheering prospect that is here disclosed. We Europeans are placed too near the point whence the rays of light emanate, and are ourselves too much mixed up with them, to collect them within a focus; whereas the American, taking his position at the distance of some four thousand miles, may, without much difficulty, gather them within the field of vision, and behold in regular and harmonious shapes, objects which, to us, are still uncombined and without form. Remoteness of locality serves also for many of the purposes of remoteness of time; it disarms the passions; it leaves the reason unclouded; it mitigates the force of prejudice, and neutralizes the suggestions of self interest. Whilst we are fretting our busy hour upon the stage, and occupying all our thoughts with the parts that are assigned to us in the grand drama now in course of representation, the American people become, as it were, the audience before whom we act; they alone can feel a merely scenic interest in the plot; can criticise it with the requisite calmness, and award, with any degree of impartiality, the censure or the applause which is due to the performance.

Let us fearlessly look at ourselves, and at the nations that surround us, as we are pictured in this ample mirror; reminding us, as it does, from the closeness with which it brings distant forms to our view, of that phenomenon which sometimes occurs at sea, and which, in consequence of a peculiarly refractive power in the atmosphere, raises up within our horizon the tops of mountains, and exhibits even the most minute shades of their natural scenery, long before the eye, without such an extraordinary lens, could otherwise have seen them. The time has gone by for offering apologies on such occasions as that which is now presented to us. The subjects which are here discussed, are of too much importance to the well being of society, to be any longer concealed under those mantles of venerable dust, within those shrines of sacred delicacy, in which our fathers allowed them to sleep in undisturbed repose. It is not a time, when the temple is shaken to its foundations, and the earthquake is raging beneath us, to remain upon our knees worshipping those idols which a false respect, a superstitious attachment to usage, have multiplied upon our altars. We must up and be stirring, look abroad and watch the progress of the storm, lest when it come it may find us unprepared, and thus spread a wider ruin amongst our habitations.

M. Talleyrand, the reputed oracle of diplomacy, was supposed to have concentrated in one phrase the wisdom of a century, when

he pronounced the restoration of the Bourbons the "commencement of the end" of the French Revolution. He has lived to acknowledge his mistake: for he must now be convinced that we are hardly as yet arrived at the middle of the grand movement of which he witnessed the revival, rather than the beginning—for its origin may be traced, without any difficulty, to the period of the reformation. We may perceive it in the spirit of liberty which then, for the first time, threw off the restraints of authority; we may trace it through the events which marked the reign of our last Henry and our first Charles, which planted the American colonies, led to their independence, overthrew the monarchy in France, gave it a republic and an empire, and again repulsed the Bourbons, and again found its way to England. There is a unity of impulse in all this, of which it requires the intellect of a supernatural being to comprehend the ultimate object: we can do no more than take in a small segment of the circle through which this electric impulse is still destined to run. The Americans trace all the great changes that have occurred since 1775 to their revolution; the French to theirs; the English to theirs; all the great changes that are to occur, the French will ascribe to their "three days," the Belgians to their little month.

> "Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
> In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
> At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where."

We are but too apt to consider all great events as the consequences of those, with which we are ourselves best acquainted; it is not given to us to look much behind or before these, and we fabricate our little theories with reference rather to the narrowness of our intellect, than to the system of which we form a part, forgetting the maxims so well expressed by Pope, and so replete with truth in the political as well as in the natural world:—

> "All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
> All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
> All discord, harmony not understood;
> All partial evil, universal good."

No one comprehends more clearly than the writer of the pamphlet before us, the very small portion of certainty which attends such speculations as these. 'It is,' he admits, 'like gazing on the western sky at sun-set. We are amazed at the stupendous masses towering up from the horizon, and blazing in the light of the departed sun. We turn away for a moment, to call the attention of a friend to the spectacle; and when we look again, the unutterable splendors have faded, the cloudy battlements have toppled down, and nothing is to be seen but a sombre tract of deepening shadows.' Nevertheless one cannot revert to Mr. Canning's speech on the occasion of sending troops to Portugal in 1826, without feeling that one is listening to a superior intelligence, shadowing

out, though dimly, the coming events. "It will be recollected," said that gifted statesman, in a speech which the present author truly designates as one of the boldest that ever dropped from the lips of man; "that when, some years ago, I took the liberty of adverting to a topic of this nature, when it was referred to in this house, with respect to the position of this country at the present time, I then stated that our position was not merely one of neutrality between contending nations, but between contending principles and opinions; that it was a position of neutrality which alone preserved the balance of power, the maintenance of which I believed necessary to the safety and welfare of Europe. Nearly four years, or rather three years and a half of experience, have confirmed and not altered the opinions then declared; and I still fear that the next war in Europe, if it should spread beyond the narrow compass of Portugal and Spain, will be a war of the most tremendous nature, because it will be a war of conflicting opinions; and I know that if the interests and honour of this country should oblige us to enter into it,—as I trust we shall always do with a firm desire to mitigate rather than exasperate, to contend with arms and not with opinions,—yet I know that this country could not avoid seeing ranked under her banners all the restless, and all the dissatisfied, whether with cause or without cause, of every nation with which she might be placed at variance." In the first part of this bold denunciation, we behold the prophet; in the latter the erring intellect of the man, for he evidently spoke with reference to the disaffection which prevailed towards the throne in France; but which disaffection he conceived that throne sufficiently powerful to curb. It was a threat thrown out against the Bourbons, whose second, or rather whose third expulsion from France, he, with all his power of prognostication, could not then foresee. But with how much more of certainty might he not now, if his spirit still dwelt amongst us, expatiate upon the dangers of that coming war of opinion, when those who were then the disaffected, have become the predominant party in France, have collected its thunderbolts in their hands, and are ready to hurl them upon that part of Europe which shall be the first to provoke their anger!

But what do we say? has not this war of opinion already begun? Did it not, in point of fact, begin on the very day that Charles X. signed the ordonnances? What was the resistance to those ordonnances, but a successful war of men who conceived that they ought to be free, against a despot who wished that they should be enslaved? Has not the progress of this conflict between the two principles, already dissolved the union between Belgium and Holland, and raised the Poles in insurrection against the 'great military Juggernaut' of the North? Do we not see and hear this war in our own country, carried on, indeed, as yet, by means of that ample latitude of discussion which our legislative constitution and habits sanction, but ready to be converted into a war of

arms, if the dire necessity for such an alternative should ever occur; that is to say, if the party already conquered by public opinion, do not submit to go under the yoke?

We should be blind to the most obvious consequences of the events which have already taken place, if we were to suppose that the triumphs which liberal opinions have already attained in France, Belgium, and England, are likely to stop there. Russia, Austria, and Prussia, clearly do not think so, for they are armed and still arming, for the purpose of defending the contrary class of opinions, which they entertain, and upon the continuance of which their thrones essentially depend. From an extraordinary complication of motives, those three anti-liberal Powers have joined the two liberal ones in giving an apparent sanction, in Belgium, to rebellion, and to the progress of those very ideas against which their fortresses at home are manned, and their artillery charged to the very muzzle. They have moreover declared Belgium to be a neutral territory, as if such a neutrality were possible to be realized after all that has occurred! The French diplomatists engaged in this arrangement well know that they have been all along enacting a mere farce, and that upon the first signal of war with the northern league, Belgium will become an integral and important province of France. Leopold has become, in truth, what he was really intended to be, a mere shadow of a king; at the first battle in which he was engaged, his troops all abandoned him, for what was he to them? England is too much engaged at home to attend to the deep game which the Northern league is playing against France, and France against it; for all the conferences which have been going on these twelve months, had for their object on both sides, not the independence of Belgium, but preparation for war—for the grand war of opinion which is about to break out with awful fury. There is little doubt that this war would have commenced before now, if the Polish insurrection had not disconcerted the calculations of Russia. The suppression of that revolt will liberate her legions, and the vans of the armies destined for the European conflict will then be in the presence of each other, and with the speed of lightning committed in the field.

For one of two things must occur. Either the continental Powers must voluntarily disarm, or be disarmed, by superior force; it is not in the nature of things that they shall go on for ever threatening each other, and that too at an expense which is itself almost as ruinous as war, without its chances of amelioration. Continental Europe is at this moment a universal camp, and it is impossible to suppose that men shall be mustered, provisions collected, ammunitions heaped up, and artillery mounted, and so kept on together for years, in perfect inactivity. There is, indeed, another alternative, which is not beyond the range of possibility, should the present armaments much longer continue unengaged in active service. The soldiers, by being much together in masses,

and having nothing better to do, may possibly become mutinous, turn against their masters, and, taking up the tale of liberty where Poland may have left it, decide the contest by acclamation. This is a result at which we should not be at all surprized. The Prussians cannot forget that a constitution was promised to them in 1814, and that the promise has not been yet fulfilled; the events which occurred upon the accession of Nicholas, demonstrated that there was "something rotten in the state of Denmark." As to Austria, her deliverance might perhaps come from Hungary, if circumstances were favourable. But happen what may, either by civil war, or by international war, the opinion of Europe must, sooner or later, be settled for or against a free system of government. The days of mere feudalism have long since been numbered, and the question must soon be put to rest, whether, under any circumstances, hereditary monarchy and hereditary aristocracy, can possibly maintain their ground much longer in Europe.

We may here observe, that one part of this question may be said to have been already disposed of, so far as France is concerned, for it seems to be agreed, at least by that branch of the legislature which exercises the real power, that there is no longer to be a hereditary peerage in France. A peerage, it seems, there is to be for life, in other words a senatorial body, with which it is impossible that a hereditary monarchy and a democratic chamber can co-exist. Should it be deemed necessary to renew the principle of election at the accession of the Duke of Orleans to the throne, upon which that principle has seated his father, it will be no more than the natural course of things, and then it will be but a step to a republic and a president. The senate and congress are already provided. In this view of the matter we are fortified by the writer of the pamphlet before us. After remarking that in his opinion the mixture, of which the constitution of England is said to be composed, is rather 'a state of transition from the pure absolutism of the Stuarts to a pure representative government, toward which, since 1688, the constitution has been struggling,' he adds, (we quote from the North-American Review,)—

'France has already gone through many stages of this great change. Either the extremity of the old abuses, or the ardent temper of the French people, or some unexplained fatality, pushed the first movements of reform into the wildest excesses of revolution; and from this the state swung back to a military despotism. The surface of the waters has since been broken and tost; and the men and things moving on it have been strangely driven about, and, seemingly, without a course. But the under-current, we are inclined to think, sets deep and strong towards a republic. The present state of things is evidently provisional. The people, who through their deputies have chosen Louis Philip, will, no doubt, choose his successor, and will probably choose him for a limited period. Is it likely that that prince will be permitted to transmit his crown to his son, who has been compelled to obliterate the emblems of his family from the seal of

the state? Is the chief magistracy of the country so much more of a trifle than the *fleur de lys*, that the king, who is obliged to abandon the one, can keep the other?—In a word, are not an hereditary crown and nobility absurdities in theory too great to stand the test of popular opinion in France? Nothing is too absurd to pass current while it passes unquestioned; the greater the paradox the heartier the assent. King Log, reposing majestically on the oozy bank in unapproached dignity, is a very efficient potentate, and a world of strength and terror may be fancied within his periphery; but when his subjects leap upon him, they find he is but a log; and when they find he is a log, they will neither respect nor obey him as a king. Is it possible to put the hereditary right to the crown into a form of words in which it will command the assent of a people like the French?'—pp. 167, 168.

Nor does the author think that in England the state of things is very different.

'The temperament of the English is less mercurial than that of the French, but the popular feeling is not less intense. Were the division of property in England more equal at the present day, so that a larger number could be interested in preserving the public peace, the monarchy might pass into an elective government without a convulsion. The change might be effected by a strenuous parliamentary contest. Like catholic emancipation, it would be debated a few years and become a law. The crown, which at no remote period has been vacated, settled, and limited by law, would by law be dispensed with. But the extreme inequality of fortunes gives an ominous character to the contest. There are too many who have nothing to lose. One party contends for the preservation of privileges, too vast to be resigned; the other contends for life; it is the unyielding resolution of those who have all, against the utter recklessness of those who have nothing, at stake. The aristocracy is too rich, the mass of the people too destitute. The same paper, which recently gave an account of the Marquis of Londonderry's establishment, and of his *fête* to the king and queen,—an establishment and festival of more than oriental splendor,—made mention of the starvation of hundreds of the Marquis's fellow citizens in Ireland; and this contrast of condition is believed by the mass of the people,—no matter whether truly or falsely,—to be connected with the political abuses of the government.

'Here was Mr. Canning's great mistake. In his strange menace to the continental alliance, that in the impending war of opinion, England would have it in her power to rally under her standard, against the sovereigns of Europe, the disaffected of all countries, he forgot the disaffected at home. He forgot that the British government was actually compelled to exert its whole energy to keep down insurrection; suppress the burning of barns and dwelling-houses, and an indiscriminate spoliation of property. Does any one suppose that the catholic question was yielded to any thing but the fear of a revolt in Ireland? Did not Sir Robert Peel put the justification of his own course on that question, after a parliamentary life of opposition to it, on the ground that the government could not be carried on without concession? And does any one suppose that the present plan of parliamentary reform will prevail,—if it do prevail,—on any other principle than that of a fear of the physical power of the

people? Taught by these concessions how powerful they are, will the people be more or less loyal to the antiquated parts of the constitution?' —pp. 168, 169.

The author then goes on to examine the merits of the plan of reform now under discussion in parliament, and he does not at all disguise his opinion that it is, in substance, what its most violent enemies have styled it—a Revolution; 'a great change, carrying within itself a pledge of further change.' He contends that inasmuch as prescription has been altogether dispensed with, in the total disfranchisement of a certain number of boroughs, and the semi-disfranchisement of others, not on the ground of any delinquency with which they are charged, but upon an arbitrary principle of population, the *further change* in this case will be that representation in England must become, as it is in America, ultimately based throughout the country upon the population principle, and no other. 'Cannot,' he asks, 'all the unrepresented towns in the kingdom, whose population exceeds two thousand, say that if you discard tradition and go upon reasonableness and fitness, our right is as good as that of the represented boroughs? Surely they can and will. So, too, as to the counties. It will appear on the reformed plan, that counties, differing widely in population, possess the same share of power in constituting the House of Commons. Will this be endured in a system which disfranchises sixty boroughs for no other reason than that their population is smaller than that of the others?' We must, in candour, confess that the author's reasoning upon this part of the subject is difficult to be answered, because, in fact, in Lord John Russell's plan, the lines between partial and total disfranchisement were determined, for the sake of effecting the required reform, by the amount of population; but the amount of the population was not, further than this, intended to guide the measure, a distinction which, though intelligible enough to the people when, by its agency, they are relieved from an enormous abuse, may not be equally comprehensible to them whenever it shall stand in the way of their further demands. The old abuses will then have been forgotten, and their eyes will be so steadily fixed upon the inconsistency of adopting the principle for disfranchisement and not for enfranchisement, that they may very possibly hereafter adopt the views inculcated by this writer.

'The necessity of a farther reform will also be made more apparent, as soon as the application of the new and uniform system of suffrage shall take place. At present, the right of suffrage is very variously exercised in the different boroughs. When it becomes uniform, and the election is made to depend on the number of inhabitants in the several boroughs, possessing the requisite qualifications, and when great questions come to be decided by small majorities in the House of Commons, will the unrepresented, or inadequately represented population, submit to the abuse? Will Leeds, and Manchester, and Liverpool submit to be represented by the same number of members as the old boroughs, whose population is

ever so little over four thousand? Surely not. Those, who suffer by the imperfect application of the rule of three system,—that is, the majority of the people,—will clamour to have it carried through; and they will have reason and common sense on their side. Mr. Canning and the anti-reformists could answer them; but Lord John Russell cannot. The vice of the present system is, that it *is* the rule of three plan, with a blunder in working the question. The question is, if the borough A has 4,000 inhabitants, and sends two members, how many members shall the borough B send, which has 10,000. Lord John Russell works the question thus; as 4,000 is to 2, so is 10,000 to 2. But it is not. As 4,000 is to 2, so is 10,000 to 5. Then if Lord John Russell should say, that, after all, he does not follow the rule of three principle, the next question will be, what principle do you follow, in disfranchising wholly the boroughs under two thousand, and half disfranchising those under four thousand?

'It is to be considered further, that the population of England is exceedingly homogeneous. The people, on an average, are as enlightened and well informed in one borough and in one county as another; and if they were not, the reformed plan does not attempt to give any preference to the more enlightened few, over the less enlightened many. To the manifest injustice of such a state of things as already existing, the anti-reformer has his answer ready; and it is an answer in the spirit of the British monarchical system. We take the representation as we find it, among the traditions of the monarchy. Specific abuses of bribery and corruption, we are willing to correct by disfranchisement in the individual case; but we will disfranchise no corporation on the rule of three system. The moderate reformer can give no answer; he can neither plead tradition nor the rule of three. He sins at once against the genius of the British Constitution and the four rules of arithmetic. He can stand neither upon Lord Coke nor Cocker; the *jus parliamentarium* nor the multiplication table.'—pp. 171—172.

Nor will the reform stop here, in the opinion of this able politician. It must also, he conceives, affect the House of Lords, the established church, and the hereditary crown, since all these rest upon no better foundation than did the right of Old Sarum to send two members to the House of Commons. Be it true that Old Sarum, at the present day, reduced as it is to a wheat field enclosed by a mound, is a very different thing from what Old Sarum was, when it was first directed by writ to return two burgesses to parliament; but is it more changed than the House of Lords is changed from its original character and composition?

'What resemblance is there between the gentleman who, with titles of nobility wholly destitute of their original meaning, fill the House of Peers, and are distinguished in nothing but their titles from the rest of society, performing neither in peace nor war any functions peculiar to themselves, and the bold barons of an earlier age; the retainers of the crown, wielding the military strength, and engrossing the landed property,—that is, at that period, all the property,—of the realm? If the modern peerage retain any of the qualifications of the old peerage of feudal barons, it is their wealth. But considering that the peerage has no share in the commer-

cial and manufacturing wealth of the country, we are inclined to think, that a number of commoners equal to the number of peers might be selected, whose aggregate fortunes should equal those of the peers. But whether this be so or not, the contrast of the present with the ancient condition of Old Sarum is surely not greater, than the contrast of the present with the ancient character of the English peerage. While then you disfranchise Old Sarum, because it is a theoretical absurdity that an individual nobleman should, as its proprietor, return two members to Parliament, how can you defend the still more stupendous absurdity, that some three or four hundred noble individuals, neither richer, nor more enlightened than as many thousands in the community around them, should actually compose one entire house of legislation, independent of the people and the crown, and transmit this great franchise to their posterity? We again wish the precise point we are labouring to be understood. We are not now arguing against a House of Lords; to moot that question, in this country, would be like reviving the Ptolemaic system; but we are maintaining that the reasons alleged for disfranchising Old Sarum, go the whole length of disfranchising the House of Lords.

'It may be said, that there is no clamour against the House of Lords, and that there is a vehement clamour against rotten boroughs. This is a reason of a different kind; and the fact, we believe, is partly so. The whig aristocracy do not yet clamour against "their own order;" on the contrary, they manfully sustain it; and the moderate reformers go along with them in this respect. But is a majority of the people of England, numerically taken, friendly to an hereditary house of legislation; is the peerage popular with the Radicals? Read the extracts from the Penny Papers in the Quarterly Review for last October. Recollect the manner in which the axe was laid at the root of the House of Lords in the time of Cromwell. We know the statesmen, who bring forward the present measure, do not propose to destroy the peerage; but will the like forbearance be observed by the agitators, whom that measure will bring into parliament, and by the people, whom that measure will instruct in their strength, and animate in their zeal?

'And if such be the prospects of the peerage, how will it fare with the crown and the church? Let us dwell for a moment upon the principle of these establishments; was it all mere arrogant assumption; all gratuitous fraud upon a credulous age, which taught that the establishment of crown and church was *jure divino?* Far from it. It was a calculation of the deepest worldly wisdom, a provision of the most consummate selfish sagacity. Starting from the simple and undoubted principles that civil government is approved by Providence, and that Christianity is a revelation of Divine truth, men were trained on to the toleration, and at last to the reverence of an established church and an hereditary crown, subsisting by the grace of God. The subtle spirits who reared this fabric knew well that it could rest on no other foundation. The great master principle of human weakness, man's dread of the mysterious unknown, his self prostration before the Infinite, was resorted to, by the authors of these institutions. They looked round for shoulders broad enough to bear this yoke. Chivalry rattled her sword at the very suggestion of it. The great barons looked over their battlements, and laughed at their fellow baron, the king, who, claiming to be greater than the greatest, was some-

times weaker than the weakest; but Superstition offered his sturdy back to the burden, and bore it, like the strong ass in the bible, for centuries. But those centuries are passed. The divine right of the crown and an established church are exploded, and on what foundation do they now rest? If they rest on any other foundation than that on which the franchise of Old Sarum rests, we do not know what it is.'—pp. 173—176.

Thus, according to the notions of this author,—and be it recollected that they are *his* notions, which we are analyzing,—one reform necessarily leads on to another, and no man can say where it is to stop. He thinks that when once tradition and prescription are got rid of, there will be no principle to guide us, save that which is in itself reasonable; that we shall follow the example of France in abolishing our hereditary peerage, and our established church, and that in other matters we shall not disdain to take a lesson even from the United States.

'The prosperity of this country, under its popular representation, will prove an argument for radical reform in England, which nothing can refute. It will come with the greater force, because it comes from a kindred source. When we proclaim the superiority of our system over the English, we do not say that our Abana and Pharphar are better than all the waters of Israel. No; the pure stream of our popular system flows out of the living rock of English liberty. Our fathers brought the principle from their native land, and established it here. Of British origin, it is congenial with British feeling; it is natural to the Saxon race. Till it had been so beautifully developed here, it was competent for the champions of ancient prescriptions to say that an equal representation was an Utopian dream. But we have exhibited it to the world, a noon-day reality; a living, healthy and powerful agent. We learned from the fathers of English liberty, that taxation and representation should go hand in hand. We saw, in the land of our forefathers, that this glorious maxim was thought to be satisfied, when supplies were voted to the ministry by a parliament in which four hundred and eighty-seven out of six hundred and fifty-eight* held their seats, either on the mere nomination or under the controlling influence of the government and two hundred and seventeen individuals. Not thus did we understand and apply the maxim. We believed that all, who share the burthen of the taxes, should possess a share in the representation; and on this, as on the corner stone, our system rests. Is it just? Is it equitable? Is any other system either just or equitable. And when you cut adrift the vessel of state from the ancient moorings of tradition, will she not infallibly be borne down the popular current, as far as it flows? Will the people of England, once engaged in the business of Reform, compare their unequal, imperfect, and complex system with one as simple, equal, and just as ours, and submit to the continuance of the abuse? It cannot be. We shall more than return the inheritance, which our fathers brought over with them; and, like the Roman daughter, we shall give back the tide of life to the frame of our political parent.

* The author has evidently by mistake supposed this to be the number before the Union with Ireland.

'What period may elapse, before the political system of England will be thus regenerated, we affect not to conjecture. No observant person can deny, on the one hand, that elements are there in motion, competent to the production of any change, however stupendous; nor, on the other, that the existing institutions are deeply enough rooted, for a duration indefinitely prolonged. What we call accident, exercises the most potent influence over human affairs, in peace as well as in war. We believe it may be safely said, that no great political movement ever resulted precisely as it was intended to. We should not be surprised, if a very few years witnessed an organized republican government in France and in England. It would not imply greater changes than those which took place in this country between 1775 and 1789. Those changes here, it has been said a thousand times, grew out of the prevalence of a few elementary principles of civil liberty; and those principles at the present day, are just as current in Europe, as they were and are in America. The object of government is the good of the people; the rights of the people are equal; the well ascertained will of the people is the rule of government; these maxims are just as well understood in England as in America; and they are, if possible, more inconsistent with moderate reform, than with the continuance of the old system.—pp. 176—177.

The writer next proceeds to argue, that the rising war of opinion, whether it be at present successful or not on the side of popular rights, will of necessity carry with it the seeds of freedom, through every other part of Europe. He combats with irresistible force the often repeated objection, that the institutions of America are not congenial to the states of our continent, and maintains that they are in reality as well adapted to the political societies at this side of the Atlantic, as they are to those on the other; because those societies are all descended from the same original stock, and it cannot be that 'families of nations of kindred origin, and reared in the same school of civilization, should require, the one an arbitrary, the other a liberal system; that despotism should suit men on one side of the water, and liberty on the other.'

'But,' he adds, 'not only are the nations of Europe and America of the same stock, and brought up in the same school of civilization, but their present social condition, man for man, family for family, neighbourhood for neighbourhood, is so nearly the same, in all things not connected with their political condition and civil privileges, that it is scarcely conceivable that they should be supposed, by any intelligent person, to require a radically different constitution of government. Compare Americans and Englishmen together. Do not the same principles of natural justice, the same notions of equity prevail between man and man? Is the duty a man owes his neighbour very differently understood in the two countries? Are not the domestic relations on a footing substantially the same? Are not reputation, pleasure, fortune, ease, and other great ends of life derived and pursued in the same way there and here? Most certainly. With what plausibility then can it be affirmed, that England is unfit for republicanism; that while in America the people insist on choosing those who make and administer their laws, it is absolutely necessary that in England

they should not choose them? We believe that no such necessity exists; nay, that the pretence of it was abandoned, when the doctrine of *divine right* was abandoned. There is no medium between that doctrine and popular will. How can there be? If the king holds neither of God nor man, of what or whom does he hold?'—pp. 179—180.

The objections, that the mass of the people in Europe are not sufficiently enlightened for republican institutions; that for such institutions there is here too great an inequality of fortunes; that the people are too much habituated to hereditary systems, and are, in fact, too ignorant for the machinery of a republic to work well amongst them, are combatted by the author with a masculine power of argument, which we have never seen excelled on any subject whatever, and which he winds up with the following pointed conclusion.

'But were the difficulties, few or many, small or great, which oppose the introduction of liberal institutions in Europe, they are not of a nature which will satisfy the mass of the people. You cannot satisfy them, that any thing is too good for their enjoyment. Seeing the American people choosing their chief magistrate every four years, they will not trust to the chance of birth the designation of a chief magistrate for life. When they see us calling from the mass of the community the citizen, whom we may deem most worthy and best qualified to administer the State, they will not allow this momentous trust to pass by inheritance. When they see us, at the end of four years, quietly displacing the chief magistrate, who has disappointed public expectation, they will not submit to the alternative of a life of misgovernment or a bloody revolution. They will have an elective system; or, at any rate, they will try for it.'—pp. 183, 184.

Finally, he contends that the very means which the governments of Europe have adopted for upholding their existing system, namely the employment of a large military force, will of itself administer the most efficient remedy to the disease by which those states are afflicted. 'Were we called upon,' he observes in his masterly style, 'to single out and identify the most peculiar characteristic of the age, we should say that it is the extension of public opinion to the ranks of the army; the integration into the state of the military array, which had been set apart to watch, to overawe, and to govern the state; the transfusion into the breast of the soldier, of the feelings and sympathies of the citizen. Henceforth it is a most grave question, how far the army may be trusted by the government, and in this doubt, the support, which the government derived from the army, crumbles into dust.' This is a change obviously to be traced to the rising of Europe against Napoleon, when its armies may be said to have been infected with a noble contagion, which still prevails amongst them. We have seen the effects of its influence in the army that proclaimed the constitution in Spain, and in that which has once more raised the tricoloured flag in France; we have also seen it in the armies of Belgium and Poland. 'When addressed as citizens by Cæsar, the

soldiers were ashamed of their mutiny, and begged to be restored to their character as soldiers; [but] when addressed as citizens by their neighbours, by their fellow citizens, by their country, they are ashamed of their employment as the instruments of oppression, and beg to be restored to the character of patriots and men.' It may be doubtful to what extent this feeling has leavened the armies of Russia and Austria, but that it pervades the Prussian troops, is evident from the kind of *cordon sanitaire* by which the king endeavours to guard against the example of the Poles. Should a contest ever take place in England between the reformers and the anti-reformers, does any man doubt for a moment the course which, with perhaps one or two exceptions, the troops would in general adopt?

'In this state of things,' concludes the author, 'what is to prevent the people of England' (should it be rendered necessary by the obstinacy of the house of peers) 'from meeting by their delegates in convention, to devise a general reform of the Constitution? The right to do so, has been, on the most solemn occasions, recognized as the birthright of Englishmen. Such a measure is familiar to them from our example; and the history of their own liberties dates from a similar convention of all those who, at that day, were allowed to have any rights,—the Barons at Runnymede. There is no doubt, that such a measure is in accordance with the spirit of the age, and with the temper of a large majority of the people of England; and if the troops could not be depended on to suppress the preliminary movements, required for such a convention, we see nothing to prevent its taking place. And that some such course will be adopted, we have little doubt; we might almost say, that it is the general belief in England, that a radical change is impending in the Constitution of the country. It is conceded that the proposed measure of reform is forced upon the ministry, by the fears of popular convulsion. Of this measure, the Duke of Wellington, as the head of the last administration, has lately declared in the House of Lords, from the lights of an experience of forty-five years in the public service, that it will be fatal to the Constitution of the country; while Lord Grey, the responsible author of the proposed plan, offers it as the least that would satisfy the public demand, and as a measure which would content the people for a long time. It seems to us, that these are but two forms of expressing one and the same prevailing, undefined, and alarming idea, that the present Constitution of England cannot last.

'We have already remarked, that we see no intrinsic difficulty in the adoption by England and the other countries in Europe, of a Constitution like ours; and we believe it will take place; with what ease and tranquillity on the one hand, or violence on the other, must depend upon the resistance the party opposed to change. If the liberal party, as a class, are to undertake the business of reform, with halters round their necks, they will of course go desperately to work; and if they triumph, the blood of their adversaries will flow. But if, as appears to to be the intention of the privileged orders at present, they allow the measures of amelioration proposed, to take a parliamentary course, although we are far from believing the plan now in agitation will content the people of England for a long

time, yet we see no reason why it should be productive of any convulsions, either while it lasts, or in the transition to still more popular institutions. One thing is certain, the feudal system is worn out, and with it all the institutions that rested on it; so that the form cannot much longer be kept up. The state of the world requires a simpler action of Government; and despotism or liberty is the alternative. Hume has paradoxically said, that the English monarchy would find its Euthanasia in despotism. Hume certainly was never claimed for the liberal party; but it is not easy to imagine what ideas he could have had of the objects of any Government, that enabled him to view the degeneracy of the English system into a despotism as an Euthanasy. But if despotism is to be its Euthanasia, we believe republicanism will be its resurrection. If it must die an absolute Government, it will revive a popular one.

'The period and the progress of this change will be greatly dependent on the result of the present movements in Europe, of which, as we have ventured to express the hope, we have no doubt the final result will be favorable to the cause of liberty, although the most terrific fluctuations and vicissitudes of fortune may prolong the struggle for generations. But what are thirty, what are a hundred years in the history of a movement, destined in all probability to create a new era in the world? It was just two generations from the commencement of the social war in Italy, which sealed the fate of the Roman republic, to the battle of Actium, which established the empire.'—pp. 188, 189.

We do not deem it necessary to express an opinion of our own upon all the points enforced by the author of this pamphlet: at the same time we conceive that no harm, but much good, may arise from familiarizing our countrymen with the ideas which are entertained by our American brethren, with respect to the important changes now going on in Europe. There is really so much of simplicity and of sterling sense in their mode of treating political questions generally; it is so free from cant, from balances, and prejudices and ridiculous delicacies of every kind, that we do not scruple to recommend it as a model, worthy not only of being admired, but of being imitated.

NOTICES.

ART. X.—*Love: a Poem.* By the Author of Corn-law Rhymes. *Third Edition.* 8vo. pp. 131. London: Steill. Sheffield: Blackwell and Pearce. 1831.

The good people of the excessively smoky town of Sheffield, appear to have experienced not a little relief from the obscurity of atmosphere to which they are condemned, by basking in the sunshine of this poem, since they have already called for a third edition of it. We must say that in this respect they have shown much taste, for we have not seen any thing half so good; not to say half so sweet, as 'Love'—the poem we mean, not the passion,—during the whole of the now expiring season in London. The principal objection to it is that it treats the subject rather too technically, if we may be allowed the phrase: we have part the first and part the

second, and then each part is subdivided into books, a process which preoccupies the reader with the notion, that he has taken up a regular treatise in verse upon the Platonic phases of the passion, rather than a poem fraught with the passion itself, and breathing its raptures fresh from the source of feeling. The delights of hope and of the imagination, and of memory, were susceptible of a calm and yet poetical display, as all those persons must know, who have read Campbell, Akenside, and Rogers; but it is at once evident that before Love as a theme can be lengthened out and shaped into a regular poem upon a similar plan, it must be tempered down to the requisite degree of coldness, and of all things cold love is the most contemptible. This is too much the case in the work before us. The affections are twisted and turned in every possible way, in order to afford a variety of topics :—maternal love,—brotherly and sisterly, and filial, and friendly, and religious love, virtuous love and vicious love, successful and unfortunate love, declared and concealed love, and, in short, love of every kind and degree are put into requisition for the meditated number of books. We were not surprised to find the author soon oppressed by the task he had undertaken :—

'Scarce have I reach'd the middle of my song:
My languid lines drag mournfully along
Their gloomy length,'

he declares in Book the first, Part the second: and the declaration is literally true, to a certain extent, for we must not allow the reader to suppose that all the lines are here meant. We can assure him that he will find in many of them neither languor nor gloom, although they are given rather to the melting mood, and terminate in a regular sermon, wherein the text as well as the discourse itself are duly versified and rhymed. There are many pleasing passages in the work, which indicate high poetical talent; the diction is terse, the imagery chaste and natural, and the tendency of the whole deserves our unqualified commendation.

ART. XI.—*Tales of the late Revolution, with a few others.* By F. W. N. Bayley. 12mo. pp. 359. London: Dalton. 1831.

WHO can resist the entreaty with which Mr. Bayley (we wish these Bayleys would in some way or other *distinguish* themselves: there are so many of them, old and young, that we hardly know which is which) author of "Four Years in the West Indies," &c. &c., concludes his present volume :—

'Alas! my fame is yet but small,
I hope this book will raise it;
Do thou, good reader, con it all,
And ye reviewers praise it?'

He does not ask us reviewers, it will be observed, to read one word of his tales; the only task which he imposes upon us is to praise them, conceiving most probably that were he to request us to do both, his fame might still remain in that depressed and diminutive state in which, notwithstanding his West Indian compilation, his "Love's Offering;" his "Cadeau;" and his 'hundred other nameless trifles,' these tales have found it. But we shall be just, and acknowledge that his present work contains at all events a sufficient variety of subjects, for so small a book. We have a touch of the Polish insurrection in a sketch on the Vistula, something of the Belgian revolution in the Maniac of Brussels, two stories of the French "three days,"

a passing glance at the affairs of Italy, in a poem on the execution of Menotti, and at the burnings in Kent, and the deeds of Swing in The Incendiary. The accession of their gracious majesties and other topics follow in diversified array, amongst which is a tale to shew the impolicy of emancipating the negroes in the West Indies, and the collection very properly concludes, as such a medley of ingredients would naturally lead one to expect, with an explosion, and—a marriage! We regret to say that we cannot bestow much praise upon Mr. Bayley's rhymes. His prose is sometimes dull too, though occasionally frisky, rather than lively. He has not been a witness of any one of the revolutionary scenes, with which he has connected his tales; and thus has told us nothing of them in which he has not been long since anticipated by the newspapers.

ART. XII.—*The Soldier Boy; or, the last of the Lyals.* By Rosalia St. Clair. 12mo. London: Newman and Co. 1831.

WAR, love, desertion, seduction, duels, form the basis of this tale, which, however common the topics, is really executed in a manner that does credit to the imaginative powers of the fair author. The action of the story is chiefly laid in America, during the war of independence, and we have many striking scenes and episodes connected with that important contest. The soldier boy, after fleshing his sword against the Bostonians, and wandering for some time among the Indians, lived long enough to share in the glories of the Peninsula, where he fell in the early part of the war, valiantly fighting under the banner of the gallant Wellesley.

ART. XIII.—*The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, with a Biographical Account of Defoe.* 8vo. pp. 442. London. Baldwin & Co. 1831.

A NEW and by far the handsomest edition of this celebrated tale, which we have seen for some years. It is illustrated by nearly fifty wood engravings from drawings by Harvey, which are much above the ordinary run of these things, in the distinctness and neatness of their execution. A biographical sketch of the author, Daniel Defoe, is prefixed to the ever-enduring story, comprising the essence of the three volumes of his life, published some time ago. The volume is prettily covered with glazed linen, which looks quite as well as watered silk.

ART. XIV.—*An Essay on the Influence of Temperament in modifying Dyspepsia, or Indigestion.* By Thomas Mayo, M.D. 8vo. pp. 144. London: B. Fellowes. 1831.

DR. Mayo's system is, that no system at all can be applied to cases of feeble digestion. In this, speaking from the dictates of common sense, we think that he is perfectly right. We have had within the last half dozen years, some fifty treatises upon this subject, all of which laid down different rules of diet. Some restricted us to a small portion of animal food, but gave bread and vegetables at discretion. Some declared vegetables to be so much poison to weak stomachs. Some prescribed milk and eggs. Some declared that milk and eggs would ruin the stomach of a dyspeptic. Some forbade tea, others coffee, others beer, wine, and even water, so that the result of the whole of their doctrines compounded toge-

ther would be, if they were followed, that we should take nothing, but lie down and die, and trouble ourselves no farther about the matter. Dr. Mayo, much more rationally in our opinion, insists that every case of dyspepsia should be considered as a separate one, and in relation to the particular constitution of the individual patient.

ART. XV. — *Tales from Shakspeare. Designed for the Use of Young Persons.* By Charles Lamb. 8vo. pp. 376. London. Baldwin & Co. 1831.

THIS volume may be considered as a companion to Robinson Crusoe, emanating from the same press (the Chiswick,) printed in rather a larger type, illustrated by elegant wood-cuts, from designs by the same artist, and altogether got up with equal economy and taste. Mr. Lamb's fame is not now to be made; these tales have already established it upon a basis, not quite so high, but perhaps as lasting, as that of the bard from whose inspirations they are taken.

ART. XVI. — *Waldensian Researches during a second visit to the Vaudois of Piemont.* By W. S. Gilly, M.A. 8vo. pp. 560. London: Rivingtons. 1831.

IT is high time for Mr. Gilly to have done with the subject of the Vaudois. It has already obtained for him a comfortable, not to call it, a splendid berth in the Cathedral of Durham, and as it can no longer be applied as an instrument for resisting the Catholic claims, he may now despair of its raising him to a mitre. The public are sick of the Vaudois and of all their tribes, though it is natural that they should be very dear to an author, who has turned them to so much profit.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Waverley Novels.—It is with much regret that we have heard of the sale by auction lately of the original manuscripts of the Waverley Novels, all in the handwriting of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. The sale commenced with the autograph manuscript of the Monastry, 3 vols. in one, warranted perfect, and bound in green morocco; the few erasures, alterations, or additions which occur from the first conceptions of the illustrious author, to their final transmission to the press, are very remarkable in this curious manuscript. After a spirited competition, it was knocked down to Mr. Thorpe, at 18*l.* The second lot was the manuscript of Guy Mannering, three vols., wanting a folio at the end of the second volume, bound in green morocco. The alterations in this manuscript were more numerous; it was purchased by Mr. Thorpe, at 27*l.* 10*s.* The third lot was Old Mortality, 3 vols., perfect, and bound in green morocco; it was knocked down to Capt. Basil Hall for 33*l.* The Antiquary, 3 vols., warranted perfect, was also bought by Capt. Basil Hall for 42*l.* Lot 5, was the manuscript the most popular of the whole,—namely, Rob Roy. This was in 3 vols. 4to, complete, though the second volume was wrong paged. After great competition, it was knocked down to Mr. Wilks, M. P. for 50*l.* the

highest price brought by any of the other manuscripts. The sixth lot was the manuscript of Peveril of the Peak, 4 vols. bound up in two, in green morocco, and was sold at 42*l.* The seventh lot was Waverley, 3 vols. very imperfect, purchased by Mr. Wilks, M. P. for 18*l.* The manuscript of The Abbott, 3 vols., imperfect, sold for 14*l.* Ivanhoe for 12*l.*, bought by Mr. Rumbold, M. P. The tenth lot was the manuscript of the Pirate, imperfect, and sold for 12*l.* to Mr. Molteno. The eleventh lot was the manuscript of the Fortunes of Nigel, and sold for 16*l.* The next lot was the manuscript of Kenilworth, which was imperfect, and was sold for 17*l.* to Mr. Wilks, M. P. The last lot was the manuscript of the Bride of Lammermoor, and was knocked down at 14*l.* 14*s.* to Capt. Basil Hall. The total sum realized by the sale, was 316*l.* 4*s.* It is much to be lamented that for so small a sum total, these manuscripts should ever have left the family of the distinguished author.

New South Wales.—The New Emigration Commission, appointed for the purpose of giving information and advice to emigrants, have sent forth a statement, from which it appears that the price of a passage to New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, for an adult mechanic or labourer is not to exceed 16*l.*, —and 8*l.* is the amount for children, including in both cases, maintenance during the voyage. They state that there is a great demand for labour in the Australian colonies, and that common labourers receive from 25*l.* to 30*l.* a year, besides board and lodging; whilst artizans may easily obtain 50*l.* a year, besides board and lodging.

African Discovery.—We regret to have to record the death of another victim to the enthusiasm in favour of African Discovery. Lander, (the account of whose late researches is now in the press) the well known successor of his friend and master, Capt. Clapperton, in the enterprize to Africa, has brought home an account of the murder of Dr. Dickson, a native of Scotland, who was induced at the suggestion of Clapperton, to become a fellow labourer in the cause of discovery. Dickson was imprudent enough to boast before a Portuguese resident of the name of De Sousa, who happened to be a great slave proprietor, that one of the main objects of the expedition to Africa, was to put an end to the slave trade. In a very short time afterwards, whilst pursuing his journey in the interior, Dr. Dickson was peremptorily commanded by one of the native chiefs, whom he met, to put his mouth to a poisoned spear. The doctor drew upon the chief and plunged his sword into his heart. His followers instantly fell upon the assailant, and literally cut him to pieces. We sincerely hope that this tragic anecdote will be a warning to all our travellers, in what quarter soever they may direct their route, to observe a little more of discretion in their intercourse with strangers, than they too generally are in the habit of doing.

New London Bridge—This magnificent structure was opened on the 1st of August by the King. The act of parliament authorizing the construction of the bridge, was passed on the 4th July, 1823. The first pile was driven down on the 15th March, 1824; and on June 15th, 1825, the first stone was laid. This and Waterloo bridge are the only instances we have of the coffer-dam foundation for bridges in London. The coffer-dam is a space in the river which is isolated by piles driven into the bottom, when the

water is removed and a firm foundation is contrived. The coffer-dams for the new bridge were of an elliptical form, and consisted of three rows of piles dressed in the joints, but without grooving. Some of them measured between 80 and 90 feet, and they were all puddled with clay and shod with iron.

Pantechnicon.—A splendid edifice is now nearly finished in the neighbourhood of Belgrave Square, for the storage, exhibition, and sale of works of every description of art. It is completely fire-proof, being supported by iron work from the ground to the roof. All the chimney flues are lined with cast iron, upon Mr. Seth Smith's plan.

The Solar System.—Some idea of the vastness of the universe around us, may be collected from the operations of a German astronomer, who has calculated that, assuming the velocity of a cannon ball to be rated at one and a half German mile per minute, with this velocity, a cannon ball fired from the Sun would reach the planet Mercury in nine years and six months; Venus in eighteen years; the Earth in twenty-five years; Mars in thirty-eight; Jupiter in 130; Saturn, in 238; and Uranus, (Herschel) in 479 years. With the same velocity a shot would reach the Moon from the Earth in twenty-three days.

British Cultivators of Science.—Such is the title under which those persons who are to take a part in the approaching scientific meeting at York are to be designated. They are to deliberate with open doors, and regulations have been drawn up for forming them into a society, which is to invite the co-operation of all foreign institutions. The building in which they are to assemble in York is situated near the beautiful ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, and is one of the handsomest and most commodious structures devoted to the purposes of science in the United Kingdom.

Literary Generosity.—When Chateaubriand was a minister, his works had such a prodigious sale in France, that the booksellers of Paris united to purchase the copy-right of them for half a million of francs, about 21,000*l.*, and proceeded to republish the whole series; but Chateaubriand went out of office, and his works were no longer saleable, except at an enormous loss to the booksellers; in consequence of which with that generosity which belongs to his character, and is well worthy of literature, he returned to the booksellers so much of their bills as then remained unpaid, to the amount of 700,000 francs.

Lotteries.—It may not be generally known that a lottery, which, under the circumstances, deserves the name of State Lottery, for it was directly sanctioned by the government, has been in existence in Calcutta up to the present year. The profits were dedicated to charity; but, in our opinion, that circumstance does not sanctify gambling.

Mushroom Test.—To ascertain whether what appear to be mushrooms are so or not, a little salt should be sprinkled on the inner or spungy part. If in a short time afterwards they turn yellow, they are a very poisonous kind of fungus, but if black, they are to be looked upon as genuine mushrooms. They should never be eaten without this test, since the best judges may be occasionally deceived.

Cholera Morbus.—Those physicians who have had the largest experience of cases of cholera on the continent, state as the result of their attention to the natural history of the disease, that whatever be the contagious properties of cholera,

the effect depends very much on the predisposition of those who are exposed to it. Hence intemperance, and want of cleanliness, will almost always be sure to exist in the cases of those who take it, whilst healthy habits generally characterize those who, being exposed to the infection, do not yet contract it.

Paganini.—The wonderful skill of this performer on the violin is attributed, by a modern French physiologist, first, to the peculiar conformation which enables him to bring his elbows close together, and place them one over the other; secondly, to the elevation of his left shoulder, which is an inch higher than his right one; and, thirdly, to the slack state of the ligaments which join the bones of his fingers, and by reason of which he is able to move his fingers laterally to a very unusual degree. The phrenologists have discovered a remarkably prominent cerebellum in his cranium, a circumstance which is undoubtedly connected with an exquisite sensibility of the organ of hearing.

New Gas.—The Birmingham papers have just announced the discovery of a new gas in that fruitful depôt of inventions. It is for brilliancy superior to any now in use, for illuminating streets or for domestic purposes, and it is entirely the produce of water.

Burns the Poet.—The monument to the immortal Burns, which has been for so many years the subject of newspaper paragraphs and tavern speeches, is really about to be practically begun. The spot selected is exactly to the west of the entry to the new burying ground, Calton Hill. What can there be so peculiar in the erection of a monument to departed worth, that it should be so uniformly preceded, as we find it to be, by talking and postponement?

England, Ireland, and Scotland.—A French publication, generally of much accuracy, gives the comparative state of education, crime, and lunacy, as follows, in the three countries above-mentioned. The proportion of educated persons is, in England, 1 in 20, in Scotland 1 in 17, in Ireland 1 in 35; of criminals in England 1 in 900, in Scotland 1 in 5093, in Ireland 1 in 468; of lunatics in England 1 in 783, in Scotland 1 in 652, in Ireland 1 in 911.

Mr. Allan Cunningham.—We were gratified by the perusal, in a recent number of the Dumfries paper, of an account of the proceedings at a dinner which was given by some of the principal inhabitants of that town to Mr. Cunningham, upon his return to his native place, after a protracted absence. What gave unusual interest to the scene, was the presence of the master mason, whom Mr. Cunningham had actually served as a working stonemason, before he ventured upon that ambitious flight which he has proved that he possesses strength enough to sustain.

Goethe.—On the 28th ult. (the anniversary of his birth-day), a beautiful gold seal was to have been presented to Goethe, on the part of those literary men of England, who are admirers of his genius. The gold work is exquisitely chased and enamelled, with the blended roses of England surmounted by the oak and ivy, with blank mask introduced. The engraving on the stone is a star emblematic of the poet; it is surrounded by a serpent, representing eternity, with his own words, "Ohne has, aber ohne rast" (without haste but without rest). There is also this inscription on the present, "To the German Master, from Friends in England, August 28, 1831."

Hackney Coach Office.—We re-

gret to say that a Bill is now before parliament, for the purpose, it would seem, of suppressing the Hackney Coach Office, and to transfer their jurisdiction to the Commissioners of Stamps. There was no public office in the country where the grievance which it was instituted to redress was more speedily, more courteously, more effectually remedied than at this office, and we trust that the Bill will be effectually resisted. If the commissioners be too numerous, let them be reduced, but the office should be retained.

Dramatic Persecution. — It is with a feeling of shame that we record in this enlightened age, that a Mr. Nevill, late proprietor of a minor theatre at Manchester, is now in prison, and actually undergoing the torture of the Treadmill, in consequence of being unable to pay the sum of 50*l.* imposed on him for allowing an Italian Opera to be performed at his theatre, there being no other place to be found in the town suited to the exhibition.

Newspapers.—There are now published in the United States of America 364 newspapers, of which eight are in German, five in English, and two in Spanish, the rest being all English. Of the total, 157 are in favour of federal principles; and 158 in the republican interest. The annual issue from the newspaper press of the States amounts to no less than 25,000,000 of numbers.

A New Metal.—We mentioned some numbers ago, that a new metal has been discovered in Sweden, to which the name of Vanadium has been given. We now learn that undoubted specimens of this very same metal have been found for the first time, and exactly about the period of its being met with in the north, in two other countries, viz. Mexico and Scotland. In the latter place, Mr. James F. W. Johnston, was the fortunate discoverer.

Meteorology in China.—It has been lately discovered that a law exists in China, to punish with sixty blows, and one year's banishment, the person who falsely asserts that he has discovered prognostics in the heavens; but whenever there are really any omens of calamity, if the officers of the astronomical board fail to give a true and faithful notice thereof, they shall suffer a punishment two degrees more severe than that last mentioned.

Animal Magnetism.—A committee of the Academy of Medicine of Paris, has just sent in its report on animal magnetism. They say that magnetism should be admitted to be a therapeutic agent, and acted on as such; that it should however be employed by professional men only, and that its utility should be left to experience to determine. As to whether a magnetic fluid exists or not, the committee do not take it upon them to decide. They recommend the encouragement of researches into magnetism, as a very curious branch of psychology and natural history.

Boring Machine.—M. Jobard, of Brussels, has discovered a new machine for boring the earth with the greatest facility, to any depth, and in any soil.

Gold a Medicine.—The attention of the scientific bodies of France has been recently directed to a proposition made by an eminent medical practitioner, for using preparations of gold, in that particular complaint for which mercury has been so long deemed a specific. The author of the proposal has ascertained, by experiment, that gold, modified by certain processes, acts favourably on the digestive organs, that it does not weaken the patient, but exhilarates his spirits.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1831.

ART. I.—*The Private Correspondence of David Garrick with the most Celebrated Men of his time: now first published from the Originals, and Illustrated with Notes, and a new Biographical Memoir of Garrick.* In Two Volumes, 4to. Vol. the First. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1831.

IT has seldom been our lot to perform a pilgrimage over such an extensive waste as the large quarto before us, and meet so little that is capable of relieving the fatigues of the tedious way. This huge book is really enough to remind us of one of those awful and infinite deserts of the east, where, as far as his eye can pierce, nought but the sterile sand fills up the traveller's prospect, save when, here and there, he descries, in some isolated spot, the wrecked, and almost overwhelmed traces of a mighty power, which had fled to other and distant scenes for the display of its noblest energies. We have indeed here monuments that recall the names of Edmund Burke, of Earl Camden, of Warburton, the winning apostle of paradox, and others of immortal fame: but had the authors' names been concealed, no human being would have suspected the real lineage of such productions.

Let us not be understood to scatter ambiguous words amongst the multitude. We blame neither the editor nor the publisher of this work. Here was a collection of letters, written by, or written to, a man whose name is conspicuously enrolled in our national calendar; whose history his countrymen feel it almost a religion to commemorate. These relics were preserved by Garrick himself: they were the selected gift of which he appears to have intended the public to be the legatee. The editor necessarily felt that he had no discretion in the case; they constituted all that survived perhaps of the correspondence of Garrick, and, however intrinsically destitute of all interest and value, (and they are sadly obnoxious to such a charge,) they were still the general property, and surrounded with all the inviolability which attaches to a trust.

As some of the remains of David Garrick, we are disposed to

regard the present volume and its destined successor, with the veneration which we would yield to any other valueless trifle which may descend to us from such a man. But if we ask to what department of literature, of science, of morals, philosophy or religion, any portion of the work which we have just perused is likely to be serviceable,—nobody, we make bold to assert, will have the temerity to pretend to satisfy our inquiry. Perhaps a little bitterness is infused into our disappointment, by recollecting what mighty things we expected from the cabinet of such a man as Garrick. He was courted by the high—he had a great deal to do with the many. Life and character in their broad and practical development were his professional studies, and his wonderful success as an actor was but the sign of his profound and accurate acquaintance with the human heart. Private letters from such a man—communications unrestrained, and written to confidential friends from such a man—how interesting! thought we, how instructive! how fruitful of information on questions of the greatest and most pressing importance! Such, at least, would be the meditations of him, who had considered the opportunities and the qualifications of Garrick. But all such anticipations are destined to be wofully disappointed. Mere commonplace themes, the indifferent conversation of the hour, stories of jaunts to the country and visits to town, with flattering criticisms from anonymous friends on the acting of Garrick, and some very harsh commentaries from open enemies on the stage management of the same gentleman,—form pretty nearly the whole substance of the correspondence of the first volume.

Most of the early letters belong to the class of anonymous criticisms which we have mentioned. They are in general sufficiently dull: they are, however, now and then, in some respect relieved, as for instance, by the following lively communication, which was addressed to Garrick in Dublin, upon his first visit to that metropolis. The letter deserves attention, as displaying to us some of the strange pantomime which was used on the stage even so late as the time of Garrick.

'" Sir, '" *Dublin, Saturday, Aug.* 14, 1742.

'" As I am entirely unknown to you, I take the liberty to give you my opinion upon some few things that I have taken notice of in your public performances, most of which I have attended, and do really think that you will in time, and with a little more experience, be the best and most extraordinary player that ever these kingdoms saw. I cannot therefore but mention with regret some things that not only displease me, but, I am pretty sure, offend the most judicious and discerning part of your audience.

'" The first thing that I shall mention (and which I insist upon that you reform) is your false pronunciation of several words, which can be owing to nothing but custom and prejudice in a man of sense, as I am sure you are. In your last performance I took notice of several false pronunciations, many of which I have forgotten. The words that I chiefly remember are these:

matron Iserel, villain, appal, Horatio, wind: which you pronounced *metron, Iserel, villin, appeal, Horetio;* and the word *wind* you pronounced short. I cannot imagine what your objection can be to the letter *a* that you should change it into *e*, both in the English language and the Latin; or what fault can you find with the English word *matron* that you should be obliged to make it Greek. Does not Horatio sound much better than the little word *Horetio?* It is said that Horatius Cocles, when he could no longer withstand the fury of his enemies, leaped into the Tiber. But what did he this for? Was it not for a name? Yes, surely: but never for the name of *Horetius*. Should we in the Latin tongue generally change the letter *a* into *e*, the language would certainly lose much of its force and grandeur.

'"But above all things what I can least excuse is the absurd manner that some people have got of pronouncing the word *wind*. What reason can you allege for pronouncing the *i* short? Look into the poetry of the best English authors, and if you find any one example of it I shall readily acknowledge myself in the wrong: as well may you pronounce short the words *mind, kind, blind*, and many others that chime to them. I myself when a schoolboy, was a hero in a tragedy, and I remember at a rehearsal, when I repeated these words in my part, 'That they pass by me as the idle wind, which I regard not,' notwithstanding my master had frequently told me of it, yet I pronounced the word *wind* short, upon which he, who understood polite learning as well as any person, and could not bear to hear the word abused, took up his rod and made my poor hand smart for it.

'"In these lines of Mr. Addison's—

'Pleas'd the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.'

I appeal to yourself, Sir, if the word *whirlwind*, when pronounced short, is half so expressive or carries that beauty in it that the verse deserves. I would beg that you would reform this entirely. I cannot believe, Sir, that it is allowed upon the English stage, so that you must certainly have learned it from the sailors in your passage from England hither.

'"I went the other night to see you perform the part of Hamlet, and do indeed think that you got a great deal of deserved applause. I doubt whether the famous Betterton did the part half so well the first time he attempted it. The character of Hamlet is no small test of a man's genius, where the action is inconsiderable, and the sentiment so prevailing and remarkable through the whole. I own that upon your first encounter with the Ghost, I observed with some astonishment that it was a considerable time before you spoke. I beg of you, Sir, to consider that these words

'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!'

follow upon the first surprize, and are the immediate effects of it. I grant you that a little pause after that is highly proper: but to repeat them at the same time and in the same tone of voice with the speech

'Be thou a spirit of health,' &c.

is very improper, because they are by no means a part of that speech. You certainly kept the audience in a strange suspense, many of whom, I suppose, were afraid, as well as I, that you wanted the assistance of the prompter. There is one thing that I must mention, which I think has but

a very ridiculous appearance, although it has been practised by every one that I have seen in that character; and it is this: when the ghost beckons Hamlet to follow him, he, enraged at Horatio for detaining him, draws his sword, and in that manner follows the ghost; presently he returns, Hamlet still following him, sword in hand, till the ghost says,

'I am thy father's spirit!'

at which words, Hamlet, with a very respectful bow, sheathes his sword: which is as much as to say, that if he had not been a ghost upon whom he could depend, he dare not have ventured to put up his sword. The absurdity of this custom is plain from the nature of spirits, and from what Marcellus a little before says, that 'it is as the air invulnerable.' I think it would be much better if Hamlet should at these words

'By heaven! I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!'

only put his hand to his sword, and make an attempt to draw it.

* * * * *

'"I do not understand your leaving aside that beautiful part, his directions to the players: and unless it was an unskilful person that was conscious to himself that he could not keep up to the nicety of his own rules, I know no reason for it; but that I am sure you need not fear."'

Several very sprightly, but by no means interesting, letters from Mrs. Cibber to Garrick are given: and in a little time we light upon the following correspondence, which appears to have commenced the acquaintance, or rather the friendship, that afterwards subsisted between Garrick and Foote.

'"Mr. S. Foote to Mr. Garrick.

'"Sir, In 1749.

'"It is impossible for me to conceal a piece of intelligence I have received this minute, from either a friend or an enemy.

'"I am told, that on the revival of a comedy called 'Friendship in Fashion,' a very contemptible friend of yours is to appear in the character of Malagehe, habited like your humble servant. Now I think it is pretty evident, that I have as few apprehensions from the passive wit of Mr. Garrick, as the active humour and imitation of Mr. Woodward; but as we are to be in a state of nature, I do conceive that I have a plan for a short farce, that will be wormwood to some, entertaining to many, and very beneficial to, Sir, yours,

'"Samuel Foote.

'"If your box-keeper for the future returns my name, he will cheat you of a sum not very contemptible to you, viz. five shillings.

'"To Mr. Garrick."

'"Mr. Garrick to Mr. Foote.

'"Sir, In 1749.

'"I am very much surprised to find you so uneasy and hurt at the intelligence given to you last night, but as you were doubtful whether you received it from a friend or an enemy, I think, in prudence, you should have considered twice before you had put pen to paper. The sudden *feeling* you had at the news (whether true or false) has hurried you a little into the unintelligible—for what you can mean by *Woodward's active humour*

and *my passive wit*, unless, like Bayes, for the sake of the antithesis, I cannot possibly comprehend. I assure you I neither *have*, nor *will* set my wit to yours, either in your active or passive sense, for I confess myself incapable of engaging with you at your usual weapons. I cannot but think you are very imprudent in saying Woodward is *contemptible*, for it is certainly lowering yourself to call *him* contemptible, who has made no contemptible figure as your antagonist. What he intends in the character of Malagene I am a stranger to; he has desired to be *free* with *me*, as other folks have been, and so little sensible am I of the consequence, that he has unlimited power to use me as he pleases;—but pray, Sir, would you have me, supposing he has a design to be pleasant with *you*, interfere in the affair, while there is a mimical war betwixt you, and first declared on your side? If I did, would not he justly complain of unfair treatment, and say, that I am holding his hands, while you are beating him? But should he dress at you in the play, how can you be alarmed at it, or take it ill? The character of Malagene, exclusive of some little immoralities, which can never be applied to you, is that of a very smart, pleasant, conceited fellow, and a good mimic. If you really imagine, as you politely insinuate, that I have a great regard for five shillings, sure then my giving you the liberty of the house was still a greater favour, and therefore I wonder, or rather I do not wonder, that you should make me such a return for it; however, to convince you that you are a little mistaken in that particular, I promise you if the *wormwood farce* you mention *in terrorem*, should not prove so *entertaining*, or *beneficial* as you imagine, that I will pay to you or to your order, the aforesaid sum of five shillings, whenever you shall call or send for it. I am, &c. &c.

Garrick's reply is remarkably well conceived; it is calm, sensible, and poignant, and was exactly the epistle that answered the justice of the critical case. We shall turn to a later period of the acquaintance of these two distinguished men, and present them to the reader in a far more amiable state of relation than that in which we have just left them.

'"Mr. Garrick to Mr. Foote.

'"My dear Sir, *Feb.* 13, 1766.

'"I had resolved, before I spoke to Mr. Bromfield, to send you my sincere condolement in a letter upon your late accident;* but I was afraid lest you should put yourself to the trouble of answering me. It gives me infinite pleasure to hear by Mr. Bromfield, that you have passed all danger, are in the best way, and in the highest spirits.

'"Notwithstanding the severity of your misfortune, yet it must be the greatest consolation to you, to hear how many have most cordially felt and lamented it. Among which number, my friend Colman has particularly shown his regard to you: and if I could convince you of mine by any other proof than that of mere words, I should be proud and happy to show it on this occasion. All I shall say at present is, that should you be prevented from pursuing any plans for the theatre, I am wholly at your service, and

* 'He was at Lord Mexborough's, with the Duke of York, when this accident happened. Foote fell from his horse, and fractured his leg in so dreadful a way, that the amputation of the limb could alone save the sufferer.'—p. 221.

will labour at your vineyard for you, in any capacity, till you are able to do it so much better for yourself. I am, my dear Sir, with my best thanks for your kind wishes, and my warmest wishes for your recovery,

'"Your most sincere friend and humble servant,

'"DAVID GARRICK.

'"P. S.—I have sent a paragraph to the papers to contradict the false reports about you.

'"Mrs. Garrick presents her compliments and best wishes to you."

'"Mr. Foote to Mr. Garrick.

'"*Cannon Park, Feb.* 26, 1766.

'I should have answered, my dear Sir, your kind and friendly letter, long before this, but Mr. Broomfield's substitutes, supposing that I had rather made too free a use of my pen, deprived me of it entirely. Nothing can be more generous and obliging, nor I am sure, at the same time, would be more beneficial for me, than your offers of assistance for my hovel in the Haymarket; but the stage to me at present is a very distant object, for, notwithstanding all the flattery of appearances, I look upon my hold in life to depend upon a very slender tenure; and besides, admitting the best that can happen, is a mutilated man, a miserable instance of the weakness and frailty of human nature, a proper object to excite those emotions which can only be produced from vacant minds, discharged of every melancholy or pensive taint.

"'I am greatly obliged to Mr. Colman for his friendly feelings on my late melancholy accident. I am no stranger to his philanthropy, nor how eagerly he has adopted one of the finest sentiments in his favourite author, *Homo sum, et humani nihil à me alienum puto.* I rejoice with him and the public on the success of his 'Clandestine Marriage;' Lady Stanhope came here last night, gave me a very good account of it, and is vastly pleased. It has been my misfortune not to know Mrs. Garrick much; but from what I have seen, and all that I have heard, you will have more to regret when either she or you die, than any man in the kingdom. I beg my most grateful compliments may be made her for the share she has generously taken in my calamity. I do not know whether the expression be clear in the last period but one; but I mean your separation, whichever occasions it. As to my present condition, for which I am sure your friendship will make you anxious, I wish I could meet you with a more favourable account; but I am in truth very weak, in pain, and can procure no sleep but by the aid of opiates. Oh! Sir, it is incredible all that I have suffered! and you will believe me when I assure you, that the amputation was the least painful part of the whole. They flatter me with the thoughts of being able to get to town in three weeks: change of place to a man in my way is but of little importance, but for one reason I wish it, as it will give me an opportunity in person of expressing some part of my gratitude to dear Mr. Garrick, for all his attention and goodness to me, and of assuring him that no man can be more sincerely

"'His most obliged and devoted servant,

'"SAMUEL FOOTE.'"—pp. 221, 222.

The following letter from Garrick to the celebrated Hogarth, blends good feeling with practical sagacity to an extent that we too seldom observe in ordinary life.

'"Dear Hogarth,—Our friend Wilson hinted to me, the last time I saw him, that I had of late been remiss in my visits to you—it may be so, though upon my word I am not conscious of it; for such ceremonies I look upon as mere counters, where there is no remission of regard and good wishes. As Wilson is not an accurate observer of things, not even of those which concern him most, I must imagine that the hint came from you, and therefore, I shall say a word or two to you upon it.

'"Montague, who was a good judge of human nature, takes notice that when friends grow exact and ceremonious, it is a certain sign of coolness, for that the spirit of friendship keeps no account of trifles. We are, I hope a strong exception to this rule. Poor Draper, whom I loved better than any man breathing, once asked me smiling—'how long is it, think you, since you were at my house?' 'How long?—why a month or six weeks'—'A year and five days,' replied he, 'but don't imagine that I have kept an account; my wife told me so this morning, and bid *me scold you for it.*' If Mrs. Hogarth has observed my neglect, I am flattered by it; but if it is your observation, woe betide you! Could I follow my own wishes I would see you every day in the week, and not care whether it was in Leicester Fields or in Southampton Street; but what with an indifferent state of health, and the care of a large family* in which there are many froward children, I have scarce half an hour to myself.

'"However, since you are grown a polite devil, and have a mind to play at Lords and Ladies, have at you. I will certainly call upon you soon, and if you should not be at home, I will leave my card ————————

'"Dear Hogarth, yours most sincerely,

'"D. GARRICK."'

Here is an excellent letter from Warburton, in which all the shrewd sense, and some of the coarseness, of the author of the Divine Legation are displayed.

'"Dear Sir, '"*Prior Park, January 25*, 1757.

'"The beginning of your letter, concerning your health, brought me ill news; which the end of it concerning Byng's condemnation did by no means compensate; for I feel with the humanity of our laws, that it is better twenty rogues should escape than one honest man suffer. And this maxim I transfer from man's government to God's, where I believe it is much better observed.

'"In the diversity of doctors' opinions, there is a safe rule to go by; and I think it very unsafe to neglect it; and that is to take no physic of them as proper for the distemper they have decreed you, which they do not satisfy you is harmless in any other, from whence they allow it possible that your complaints may proceed.

'"It is not the ignorance of physicians which I complain of, but their presumption; that when God has put a *ne plus ultra* to the little knowledge to be gained in the art of healing, from experience (which was soon learnt, d to which no additions have been made, though many to anatomy, ese two thousand years,) they should act as if they knew nothing of this ıth: for not to acknowledge it might be excusable. As there is no

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* This is not to be taken in its literal sense. Garrick meant the very ıublesome domestic circle of the Drury-Lane company.

physical but only a moral impossibility of finding the philosopher's stone, so it seems to be in the art of healing; which makes me think the only way of bringing it to perfection is to improve the solar microscope to such a degree, that the human body may be placed within it, and made pellucid, that the doctors may see quite through it, as at present they do through that faithful companion of its miseries, a louse. Till then, if doctors differ, they are very excusable, as they can only guess. So that the best guesser is the best physician: nay, an old Greek proverb says he is the *best prophet*. But if I defalk (take off from) from their human science, I repay them largely in *divine*. The best guesser I know, whom you have the good fortune to have for your physician, has piety enough, I am sure, to make him satisfied with this equivalent. Iapis, I dare say, took greater glory to himself for the cure of Æneas, after he understood the goddess of beauty was his coadjutrix, than he felt before.

'"I now begin to *envy* Browne—not for his 'Barbarossa,' nor yet for his 'Estimate of Manners,'—but for his being before me the host of Mrs. Garrick and you. I congratulate you for your respite; but I congratulate my country more, for having the honour of being preferred before you, and in the article of danger too; for by the character he gives me of his work, it will be a kind of theological *Lilliput*, where the great will be told their own. But the pulpit I hope is privileged above the stage. The mischief is that this will be neither in the pulpit nor on the stage, but somewhere between both. There is indeed another privileged place, that would do him more service than either, and that is to be levelled. In short, he has too much honesty for a successful court chaplain, and too much sense and sobriety for a city preacher: take him then once more to yourself; consider him as addressing you in the words a celebrated French poet addressed the Goddess of Fame—

'O Renommée! O puissante déesse!
Qui sçavez tout, et qui parlez sans cesse,
Par charité, *parlez un peu de nous.*'

But seriously do not misconstrue this levity, this *tête-à-tête entre nous*. I love and esteem Dr. Browne; he vexed me: but I find he must be treated like a mistress, as well as friend.

'Be to his faults a little blind,'

and I make no doubt of his always approving himself a man of honour and virtue, and a warm and grateful friend.

'"As to Bower, I will assure you had Douglas's detection left any doubts with me concerning the force of his evidence, this apology would have removed them. I have a thousand things to say of the ill faith and tergiversation that run through every page of it, therefore I shall say nothing save this, which is in my own province, that where he speaks occasionally of the doctrine and discipline of the Church of Rome, in the articles of Supremacy, expulsions from monastical society, and what is deemed incest, and of the resort of the Inquisitorial tribunal by the Canon law, his ignorance or impudence is most astonishing and prodigious.

'"I think you very insolently treated by Hume, the essay writer—nor do I see how Millar can be excused from impertinence in shewing you the puppy's letter, whose boasted generosity and charity appears to be only the vanity of a mock patronage. I think you will honour him too much

in returning any answer to it; but if any circumstances attending the case require you should do so, I think your answer extremely proper, and the only one that should be made.

'"But hark you, my friend! do not your frequent indispositions say, (whatever your doctors may think fit to to do) *lusisti satis?*

'"Is it *tanti* to kill yourself in order to leave a vast deal of money to your heirs? There is not one man in a hundred with health impaired by a fatiguing business, whom I should advise to retire, though all the common circumstances occurred to make it eligible, because not one in a hundred who have been long in business know how (I will not say to enjoy but even) to bear retirement. But I do not take this to be your case. When you have left the stage, if you leave it with health enough to make life worth having, the happiest portion of your days will be to come; because you can diversify life more, and will have reasonable occupations enough, with a taste like yours, to give a relish to every diversity.

'"I and my family propose coming to town the beginning of next month. Mr. Allen and his, the beginning of March. I heartily wish you a perfect re-establishment of your health: but you do not act by it with a conscience. When you enter into those passions, which must tear and shatter the human frame, you forget you have a body: your soul comes out, and it is always *dagger out of sheath* with you. I think I use the proverb better than it is commonly applied. The women here desire their best respects and compliments to Mrs. Garrick,

'"I am, dear Sir, with the truest esteem, your

'"Most affectionate and faithful humble servant,

'"W. WARBURTON."'

We give the following as a specimen of Garrick's easy mode of disposing of offensive persons, who thought that when the dull pieces which they sent to the theatre were rejected, they were bound to call the manager to account.

'"Master Robert Dodsley,

'"When I first read your peevish answer to my well meant proposal to you, I was much disturbed at it—but when I considered that some minds cannot bear the slightest portion of success, I most sincerely pitied you; and when I found in the same letter that you were graciously pleased to dismiss me from your acquaintance, I could not but confess so apparent an obligation, and am, with due acknowledgements,

'"Master Dodsley,

'"Your most obliged,

'"DAVID GARRICK."'

The number of letters which passed between Garrick and Arthur Murphy, is considerable. They are remarkable for a curiously regular alternation of the familiar and the distant—of expressions of kindness and downright hostility. The strangely variable humour of poor Murphy, who was not blessed with the most equal temper in the world, produced this variety in his communications with Garrick, who indeed treated him as he would a child, combining tenderness and severity with a degree of coolness and judgment, which proved that all the provocation of Murphy made no

impression on his mind. From the querulous play-wright, we return with infinite pleasure to the gaiety of Warburton, and we snatch from one of his letters, addressed to Garrick, a few sentences written in one of his happiest veins. It must be premised, that Garrick had sent him the play of "Anthony and Cleopatra," as altered by one Edward Capel, who made, in the manuscript, some marks that nobody but himself could understand. To these marks Garrick directed the attention of Warburton, who is pleased to treat them with much merriment.

'"Without doubt," he writes, "the mysterious marks you speak of must mean something: but I think it would be an impertinent curiosity in the public to ask what? When every religion and even every trade has its mysteries, it would be hard to deny it to the worshipful company of Editors. Besides, these dealers in other men's sense, should give a *sign* at least, that they have some of their own: like your haberdashers of small wares, who have always a back warehouse of their own manufactories. However, whatsoever wisdom there may be in this (which I was absurdly enough going to call) word to the wise: whatsoever *spirit* there may be in this *dead letter* (and that name, by the good leave of the critics, I will venture to give it, for they cannot deny but the Christ-cross in the horn-book has been ever esteemed by the ablest of them an inseparable part of the alphabet;) whatsoever advantage, I say, Shakspeare may receive from the whim of his dead editors, he will this night receive a lustre from a living one, which I make no doubt was in his own idea when he wrote the play, but despaired to give, applying the words of the poet to his case with more propriety than they were first spoken,

'*Monstrare* nequeo, et sentio tantum.'

'"We are all here rejoiced to understand you and good Mrs. Garrick are in health. Our best regards and esteem attend both. And know me, dear Sir, to be your most faithful and affectionate humble servant,

'"W. WARBURTON.

'"P.S.—I beg my respects, and the compliments of the season to Mr. Berenger when you see him.

'"I chanced to turn to the end of the play, at the page called *Conjectural Readings*, and was not a little surprised to find a man who had sense enough to see that some are reasonable, should neither have English or grammar enough to see that others of them are absurd. When I wrote notes on Shakspeare, I could not imagine that men who could but just read, would pretend to judge of a part of learning, which, if Longinus may be believed, is the consummate fruits of long study. This I will assure you, that of all parts of learning, I have met with the fewest who are capable of judging of this. And if there are few who can judge in this part of learning, there are still fewer who excel. The only man who in this age did so was Bentley. You will easily believe I confine my encomium to his performances on Greek and Latin writers. In a word, I have always found that proposing an emendation to the generality of those they call scholars, was desiring a blind man to judge of colours. Yet there is not a fruitfuller source of the buffoonery of coxcombs and witlings than these studies. I remember not long since to have read a philosophic discourse of the best writer the French nation at present has,—Condillac: it was on

the *senses;* and a view of several imaginary people were given, who wanted this or the other *sense:* amongst the rest a knot of blind philosophers were brought into the scene, who had overheard what they called the jargon of another people who had their eyesight, and their discourse turned, with much critical acumen and pleasantry, on the nonsense and unaccountable ideas of their neighbours." - vol. i. pp. 92—94.

There is no human being that holds his authority upon a tenure more irksome than a metropolitan manager. The intrigues of the green-room, bad and insufferable as they are, constitute only a small part of the troubles in which he is compelled to reign. But besides intestine wars, which very frequently it takes all his energies to quell, he is menaced every four-and-twenty hours by some foreign invader—haply a pirate—who, in the character of a playwright, takes the liberty of disturbing the borders of the manager's realm. With the pert young geniuses from college, who poured in their classical melodrames in the confident expectation that the company would be but too proud to enact them, Garrick was always able, after his own fashion, to dispose: but there were occasionally some suitors too sturdily addicted to negotiation, to allow the poor man the least repose under at least a couple of dozen of choice communications. We shall give one of Garrick's replies to a rebellious subject, who, availing herself of the privileges of her sex, dispatched a haughty remonstrance to the ruler of the stage, seeking to exact from him an explanation of some supposed slight which he had put upon her. The good humour of the manager will strike every body who reads his answer.

'"Mr. Garrick to Mrs. Palmer.

'"E'en Sunday shines no sabbath day to me."

'"Madam, *'"*Saturday, March 13th*, 1762.

'"I flattered myself that I should yesterday have been freed from any business of the theatre on account of the solemnity of the day, and I little expected that Mrs. Palmer would have broken in upon it, with a letter of altercation.

'"I must desire every lady, for the future, who shall be pleased to give her sentiments upon stage affairs, to address them to Mr. Lacy as well as myself, otherwise I cannot, in justice to him, take any notice of them.

'"However, I shall go out of the common road of business to pay my respects to you, as you seem to have done the same in favour of me. I have done myself the pleasure of reading over your letter several times, and have considered every *marked* word with that attention which such stamp of weight ought to excite in the curious reader. Though your letter is so long, the matter of it, stripped of ornaments, may be contracted to two simple questions. Why did I not bring out the new play sooner? and why is your benefit two days later now than before? Heavy charges! But I trust in my innocence!

'"I would not wound your delicacy to ask another in answer to the first

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* Sic in the volume.

demand, or else I might gently surmise that the most capital lady has not the least shadow of right to ask the managers such a question; but I will indulge you, and drop my right of office, to satisfy your curiosty. Mr. Whitehead particularly desired it; but if he had not, I should not have thought of acting it sooner. But do not imagine that I mean this as an excuse for your not playing the part of Celia; I never intended that you should, and for one reason among many, that it would have shown too strongly the similitude between 'The Guardian' and 'The School for Lovers.'

'"This is the first time that I have been called upon by a performer to account for my management, and I hope it will be the last. But I will go farther.

'"Had I intended the part for you, it would have been as improper in us to have given it to you, in your condition, as in you to accept it; and I think ladies should rather be thankful to the managers for their attention and humanity to them, than be calling them to an account for not giving parts to those who are not in a condition to play them. If Mr. Palmer thinks it worth while to ask me why your benefit is settled as it is, I will give him a very full answer to that and every other proper question. I must be excused sending to you, as I shall be obliged to open my mind, and to endeavour to convince him that, if any partiality is shown, it is in your favour. Now I come to a more serious part of your letter, which concerns me only. You tax me with levelling my anger against you: yet in your next sentence you say that last year I professed an esteem for you and showed it. Yes, Madam, I think I did, and upon an occasion when your filial tenderness got the better of my resentments for a behaviour in your father, which few managers could have forgiven. I had drawn a veil over that transaction, and am sorry that you have obliged me to draw it aside. Immediately after I continued that regard, let me say partiality, and gave you and yours (contrary to the custom of theatres) a most successful new play for your benefit. I do not include Mrs. Pritchard in this, for she deserves every thing we can do for her. But surely Mrs. Palmer had no right to complain in the Green Room of the settling of benefits, and upon her first coming abroad: when I had given her husband a play I had refused to one before him, and which I look upon as a favour in my present state of health. But this is nothing: I must and will follow the dictates of my own judgment and justice, and I flatter myself that I shall be much less likely to err than those individuals, to use your own words, whose partiality to themselves makes them think they have a right to expect—what it is not in the power of an honest manager to grant.

'"I am, Madam,

'"Your most humble servant."'

But impudent pretension, even in its most offensive form, is scarcely less endurable than self-adulation and garrulity. Garrick had been plagued with plenty of both. Of the latter, here is a choice specimen. Love, the writer, appears to have been a stage manager at Edinburgh, and as he had some reputation as a provincial actor, Garrick encouraged him to come to London. Love, all gratitude for the notice of such a luminary as the Roscius of the day, pours forth his soul in gratitude and admiration. We shall give a few passages from his letter.

'"I engage with a heart determined to serve you and Mr. Lacy (to whom, as I have not the pleasure of being known, I hope you will be pleased to make my compliments) to the utmost stretch of my power with the most eager sincerity.

* * * * * *

'"Depend upon this, Sir, I have experience, and I do not come to you without looking forward upon all probable events. Nor am I like a child, fond of a change because the prospect is new. I have long considered the chance of coming to Drury Lane: I have carefully considered the succession of actors here, whether friends or foes, in regard to their opinion of my abilities: and though I have met with constant encouragement, still have I paused upon the danger. Had you ever seen me play, all this would have been at an end, for though your good nature ever leads you to the kind side of the question, I am certain you discover the least degree of merit at once, and rich beyond all count in the possession of it yourself, are always ready to acknowledge your poorest relatives. Thus convinced of your supremacy (forgive me if I dwell too much on my favourite subject) I come to you with no will of my own, but always to be guided by yours. I am sure you will do me justice: and I am prepared to strain every nerve for your service, and to keep an eternal eye to your interest. I have obtained no end in getting a decent salary from you, if I deceive your expectations: but if, as I am bold enough to hope, my Falstaff should fill some houses, and what is much more, obtain your approbation, think not it is possible I should presume one atom from thence, and think myself underpaid, as I dare say many a weak man has done. No, Sir, my chief, my first, my ardent desire is to rise in your opinion, and to that goal my course will ever be directed. You mention my assistance in pantomimes: I am glad you think I can assist in that or in any thing else you command me. I shall have no kind of avocation from my business, and my whole time will be yours."'

So much for the importunity of players. Should we turn to the persecution which Garrick endured from the authors, of both sexes, in his day, we should find a precious specimen of it in high-flown remonstrances of a tragic poetess of Reading, who describes herself as living not far from the market-place, immersed, she says, in business and in debt, sometimes madly hoping to gain a competency; sometimes justly fearing dungeons and distress.

We believe we have now placed before the reader whatever is contained in this volume which can have the slightest claim to his interest. We regret, on every account, that it was not in our power to offer a more favourable opinion of its merits, and we sincerely hope that the second volume will compensate, in some measure, for the deficiencies of its predecessor. In justice to the memory of Garrick, we cannot avoid declaring, that the perusal of his letters has tended very considerably to raise him in our esteem, as we are confident it will in that of the public at large. The malignity of enemies, and the too easy credulity of his friends, have contributed to place many parts of the character of Garrick in a very doubtful point of view. But his letters, for the most

part, are calculated to dissipate every suspicion that was raised against the soundness of his heart, and the strength of his good sense. Few that read his varied communications, whether to those who were his superiors in rank, or his inferiors, but will admit that as he showed no unbecoming subserviency to the one, so did he exhibit no arrogance to the others. An accusation of illiberality may easily be made against him whose charity is administered in secret, whose kindness is displayed without ostentation. This, we believe, was the case with Garrick.

The good editor of this correspondence will surely excuse us if we take a very decided exception to the style and manner of his commentaries. From what we have observed of him, it appears to us that old age has quite obliterated any faculty he may have once enjoyed, of distinguishing between very offensive coarseness and polished wit—between confused and unintelligible sentences, and profound remarks. If this gentleman would confine himself to the far more useful, though humbler, task of illustration and exposition, he would certainly act more in accordance with his own capacity, and shew a great deal more tenderness for the memory of Garrick.

ART. II.—*The Morning Watch: or Quarterly Journal on Prophecy, and Theological Review.* No. XI. London: Nisbet. 1831.

WE are now quite clear that the Rev. Edward Irving is bound to take out a license for his 'Morning Watch;' inasmuch as nobody, we presume, can deny that an asylum where rampant prophets, and polyglot maid servants, are protected, and where, after all his insane pranks, such a patient as missionary Woolff (of whom more anon) is received with open arms,—no one, we repeat, can deny that such a receptacle as this comes strictly within the jurisdiction of the Commissioners of Lunacy. In the mean time we shall consider ourselves at liberty to comment on the administration of the keeper of this fantastic establishment, and that too with our usual freedom, notwithstanding all the coarse and unchristian rebukes with which the reverend defendant has thought proper to meet our strictures. He says that for those who rail and write against him and his coadjutors, as if they were a set of madmen, and who look upon a man that expects an answer to his prayer, as one well nigh beside himself—for such he has nothing to say: he joins no issue with them—they are profane and reckless men, who have nothing to lose, and as little to gain in the controversy, and with whom *that* subject is a matter of speculation, witticism, and raillery, which, to him, is a matter of life and death.

Being but indifferently versed in theological lore, we confess our inability to compete with the reverend gentleman in the language of abuse: and this rivalship we are the less disposed to enter upon, since Mr. Irving has also claimed our attention in the unobjectionable

capacity of a reasoning advocate. Our honour is always touched by an appeal from such a quarter, and we feel ourselves no longer at liberty to reject an overture, which is founded even on the pretence of an argument.

Some of our readers will perhaps remember, that in examining the statements of the miracle-mongers of Port Glasgow, we particularly dwelt on the pretended gift of tongues, wherewith Mary Campbell was said to be wonderfully endowed. We observed that the strange languages in which she spoke, were comprehended by no human being that ever heard them: and we are informed that some characters, purporting to belong to them, being traced on paper, the learned professor Lee, the universal modern linguist, declared them to belong to a tongue of which he never before suspected the existence. We then took the liberty of contending, that if the Almighty intended to distinguish the Scotch church by some signal testimony of his favour, he would not have selected for that purpose such a means as no one could possibly appreciate. The power of conferring the knowledge of languages, by miraculous interposition, was the same, whatever was the nature of the tongue; and we concluded, that if a striking effect were intended to be made on the world by means of a sudden endowment of this sort, it would be of a character respecting which no mistake could arise. Mary Campbell, and her coadjutors, addressed the assemblages at Port Glasgow in a gibberish, which defied the comprehension of all her hearers. Why did not she, an uneducated woman, address the company in Latin, French, or Italian, or any tongue in which her proficiency could be ascertained? If she did so, there was no disputing her title to an immediate inspiration: but that the Creator should determine in the first place to satisfy the nation, by some extraordinary token of his favour, that the Scotch church was the only true one, and yet that the said token should be of a nature that was particularly calculated to provoke doubt and incredulity, is a policy which, in our humble but very deliberate judgment, it would be blasphemous to impute to Providence. We have said this already, and we now repeat it. We find that Mr. Irving has felt the force of the objection, and he has endeavoured, in a long and laboured article in the journal before us, to remove it. How far he has succeeded in doing so, the reader is left to decide for himself. For our own parts we must say, that we never met with a piece of sophistry, which gives us a more unfavourable impression of the intellect as well as morality of the mind that gave it birth, than that to which we now refer. The article is purposely complicated: it embraces several propositions; they are very pithy, sometimes very bold and confident, but they are all beside the purpose. The writer endeavours to show that the mode of communicating the gift of tongues in the case of the Apostles, resembled, in some respects, the manner in which the same privilege was conferred on Mary Campbell; that is to say, first, the gift

was not granted for the purpose of preaching to the heathen: secondly, the tongues were not necessarily understood by the speakers of them, word for word: thirdly, the tongues were not understood by the hearers of them word for word. Now, if all this be true with respect to the Apostles, of course the same objection applies to the miracle in their instance, as forcibly as it does in that of Mary Campbell, because the Almighty would have worked a miracle in vain, by having enabled the Apostles to speak a language which no hearer of theirs could understand. Mr. Irving, we are shocked to say, maintains that this is the fact: he argues as if the Apostles poured forth on Pentecost-day an unintelligible dialect, a language that could not be recognised by any audience, which could have access to their preaching. This he does for the sake of giving colour to the most contemptibly contrived fraud that ever disgraced the annals of priestcraft. Mr. Irving knows right well that the gift of tongues to the Apostles, laid, as it was intended to do, the great foundation of that success amongst the Jews which crowned the labours of the apostles. What is the evidence of the Acts of the Apostles on this matter? Why, they record that when the Apostles began to speak in divers tongues, there were dwelling in Jerusalem Jews, *devout men out of every nation under heaven*, who came together to hear the Apostles, and who were confounded in mind because that *every man heard them speak in his own tongue*. And they were amazed, says the Sacred Record, and wondered, saying, Behold, are not all these Galileans, and how is it that we have heard every man in his own tongue wherein he was born? Nay, the Acts of the Apostles actually specify the countries of the then known world, from which persons had been assembled at Jerusalem, and there was not a stranger, therefore, in that city, who was not struck with astonishment at the miracle which he witnessed. What then is more evident, than that this extraordinary act, by which the Almighty conferred the gift of languages on the Apostles, was destined to be a sign to all nations; the whole effect of the miracle depended upon its being easily understood and duly appreciated; it was not a single language which was communicated to the Apostles, but every language which every stranger in Jerusalem understood was opened to them. Can we then deny for an instant that, in this case at least, the Almighty, in performing a miracle, adopted that course, which would leave the witnesses of it without a shadow of doubt as to the reality of the wonderful act. It was an occasion on which every auditor was furnished with a criterion for himself to guide him in judging of the strange things which he had heard. And yet, by the grossest perversion of language and fact, is this miracle of unquestionable authenticity compared, in all its bearings and in its policy, to an audacious attempt, on the part of a set of pauper lunatics, to impose on the simplicity of their betters, by reciting a jabber, unknown, incomprehensible, unheard of before, but which they blasphemously assert is directly derived from the Almighty.

We have been anxious to take this short method of showing to the public, how little reliance they are justified in placing on the statements respecting miracles, which may be promulgated in the 'Morning Watch:' and having urged so much by way of warning, we proceed, with the less reluctance, to some cases of "Recent Healings," which we find trumpeted forth with all due solemnity by the same veracious authority. The first case is that of Mrs. Maxwell, whose wonderful cure is stated to be attested by two clergymen of the church of England. This lucky lady, it seems, had a bad knee for three-and-twenty years, and the case was regarded as hopeless by the faculty. The limb was first attacked by rheumatism, and under leeching and blistering it grew weak and thin, so as to cause paralysis of the limb. We must here pause to observe, that the notion of palsy being produced from such a cause as is here contemplated, is altogether ridiculous: nothing of the sort could happen. About eight years ago the other knee became bad also, and the disease yielded so little to very active treatment, that Mrs. Maxwell was obliged to have recourse to crutches. But in her first essay in the use of them, she managed so badly as to fall down a whole flight of stairs, which of course aggravated all her symptoms, and she kept her bed for some weeks. Her state varied during a considerable subsequent period, but for the three weeks previously to her miraculous cure she was confined to her bed. It seems that she consoled the solitude of her chamber by an occasional attention to theological literature; and upon reading in one of those pious periodicals which abound in such multiplicity in this metropolis, the providential healing of Miss Fancourt, our patient resolved on an experiment to get cured on the same convenient terms, if she could. She accordingly sent up petition after petition, to Heaven, and, fortunately for her, it was not long before her prayer was heard. We leave her to describe the sequel herself.

'"The extraordinary motion put into my limbs while praying, leaves no doubt upon my mind, that, had I then risen from my bed, the cure would have been performed; but I reasoned upon it; and although I stopped praying, and tried to compose myself several times, and the motion always returned when I resumed my prayer, I dared not get up, lest I should fall; and so my prayers ended with a feeling of disappointment. I did not like to speak of this, though it made a great impression upon my mind; and on the 6th of February, while praying fervently for spiritual blessings, I was again led to pray for the cure of my limbs, when the words, 'Did I not tell thee, that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?' were most powerfully applied; my faith increased, and I pleaded the promise, desiring only to know the Lord's will, not doubting his power. After some time, being exhausted, I was sitting, under the most soothing influence of the Spirit, contemplating the text 'Keep yourself in the love of God, and in the patient waiting for Christ,' when a desire suddenly came into my mind, that, if it were the Lord's will to restore me, He would put the same involuntary motion into my limb that I had before experienced, as a signal for me to rise and walk: upon which I resumed my

petitions, through our great Mediator and Advocate, with this request; when the motion instantly returned. I rose up, leaning for a moment on the table, to ascertain the degree of strength given; and, finding I could stand, I moved forward, without any other support than the arm of Omnipotence, praising God with a heart filled with gratitude and perfect love. The blessedness imparted to my soul seemed almost to make me forget the wonderful cure wrought in my limbs, and for many weeks I really think the happiness I enjoyed could scarcely be exceeded by that of angels; and the presence of the Lord seemed so constantly and powerfully manifested, that I had neither a care, nor fear, nor doubt, of any kind. Indeed, for one week it was almost too great a weight of blessing and glory for my earthly tabernacle to endure. The cure seemed perfect and instantaneous, but the strength and size of my limbs increased with use; and though I walked nearly four miles in one day a few week's afterwards, nothing ever threw me back, or seemed more than they could bear." '—pp. 216, 217.

This is certainly a case of wonderful interposition, and we should have admired it with all our hearts, but that a very small fact in the subsequent history of Mrs. Maxwell has struck us with considerable doubt and dismay; for, it most inopportunely happens, that, as this lady was increasing in health and strength, she struck her knee against the wheel of a coach, on a certain day, and when the account was written, it appears that this favourite of Heaven was absolutely chained to her sofa! We agree with Mr. Irving that the accident from the wheel had nothing whatever to do with her previous illness or cure: but what we do greatly marvel at, and cannot, on any principle, explain, is this—that at the very time when Mrs. Maxwell was in the custody of her guardian angel,—during the critical interval of being under the spell of that supernatural influence which had effected such wonders for her knee,—so little vigilance seems to have been exercised in her protection, as that the mighty event of her miraculous cure should be marred and set at nought by the contact of an inglorious chaise wheel. Alas! if such be the contingencies of a cure in the Scotch pantheon, the sooner a reform is introduced the better.

The next case brought forward is that of Miss Hughes, who, from the extent of her letter, and her passion for minute description, appears to have completely established her right to be her own historian on this occasion. She declares that from her earliest years, she has been uniformly weak and sickly, having encountered, in its severest form, every disease incident to children. In the year 1820 she felt her weakness increase—and in 1821 she kept her bed. She was bled and blistered by Mr. Keele, a surgeon, who, even after these operations, pronounced her to be in a very doubtful state. She, however, so far recovered, as to be able to go down to Norwich in the summer; but the following winter all her worst complaints came on again—the surgeon's attendance was required a second time, and upon an attentive examination he discovered, says Miss Hughes, "that the spine was curved, and that between the shoulders, *three joints projected beyond the rest.*" She was

put on a regimen, and observed strict rules for the times of rising and going to bed; she also went to the sea-side, and finally got so well, as to be able to walk from Gloucester Terrace to Sloane Street. But this good state of health lasted only a short time, and after moving about from place to place, and using every means that appeared proper to restore her frame, Miss Hughes sent for Dr. Blundell. The doctor declared that her liver and bowels were almost torpid, and that her blood moved very sluggishly through her veins. He called it a case of semi-animation, and observed to Mr. Keele that she was cold,—cold to the very heart. The doctor's prescriptions did her some good, for he made her take meat twice a day, and gave her a *carte blanche* of the wine cellar: but after a time there came on a spasm of the leg, which was also found to be shorter than its fellow. Sir Astley Cooper was then called in, and he said that there was "a general curvature of the spine, and a projection of the seventh joint," and that the right leg was shorter than the other. In 1830, Miss Hughes became worse; and on the 6th June that year, she says that applications were made for the purpose of reducing an inflammation occasioned by two of the bones at the back of the neck being forced out of their places.* In October, Miss Hughes had the good fortune to hear the 'Morning Watch' read, which of course struck her mind very powerfully, and speedily inspired her with a confidence that all her corporal calamities would vanish at the intercession of Mr. Irving. She made the experiment, and the following is the result.

"'" About a fortnight before I recovered the use of my leg, I felt particularly weak and ill; and on the 3d of this month I had so severe a pain in the head, as to be carried up to bed soon after dinner. Some conversation which had taken place had led me to pray that God would give me some token (I knew not what), to make it manifest to *others* that God did listen favourably to my prayers. I spent the two following days alone, and devoted my time to meditation, prayer, and study of God's word. The words, 'Rise, and stand upon your feet,' were much impressed upon my mind, but still without the *least idea* that this would be the token God would give me: I did not expect to stand till I was quite well. I tried to raise myself on my right leg, as I had done almost daily, by way of experiment (because persons are apt to say 'you do not walk because you do not try'), on the morning of the 5th of this month. In the afternoon, between three and four, while engaged in prayer, I felt a sudden and powerful impulse to make another trial to stand. The Lord strengthened my leg; I stood, and walked, and my legs and hips were equal. On Thursday evening I went to chapel: I prayed that I might be able to sing the praises of God when there, and retain my voice. This prayer the Lord answered,

* That this poor girl is writing in utter ignorance of what she indites, is manifest from this declaration—for the "forcing out of the bones" of which she speaks, is neither more nor less than a dislocation of the cervical vertebræ—an accident whose effects would be just as promptly fatal as those of Prussic acid.

and all my friends remarked, 'How strong your voice is!' for, even when I did not whisper, my voice was faint. Mr. Bowden called upon me on the 19th: he said he would not come before, to give me time to relapse, if I should relapse. He questioned me, both as to the manner of my recovery and the motives which led me to pray for it. He pressed on the spine bones, in such a manner as but a few weeks ago would have produced spasm, but it had no such effect; and the very fact of my sitting up to write this long letter will prove that my back is much strengthened. He remarked the strength of my voice. I said, 'You know that I have several times lost my voice and it has returned, but the restoration has been very gradual; as my general strength returned so did my voice strengthen: but now, from being very weak, it is suddenly become strong.' Mr. Bowden said, 'It is a great mercy, and a great miracle;' and observed, 'It is a fortunate thing I have not been attending you for a long time;' as if he desired, as much as I, that the whole glory should be given to God. He observed, 'I should like to bring your old doctors to see you: how surprised they would be!"'—p. 222.

It is very curious that such a case as this should be brought forward as an example of divine interposition. The account of the nature of the girl's illness is on the face of it a foolish and ridiculous exaggeration; she describes a series of ailments of the most natural character, considering the cause assigned for them—and under proper treatment we find those ailments relieved, although only for a short time. In fact, it appears that the suspension of her pains was as effectually produced by medicine as it was by prayer; and that the latter fell as short of a complete cure as the former. Miss Hughes herself indeed, in the last paragraph of her letter, acknowledges as much when she states "*I do not consider my cure complete*, but I only asked a token to strengthen the faith of others as well as my own." How then, we ask, is this demand of Miss Hughes's answered? Why should a token so equivocal be given, if the Almighty intended to give one at all? Why leave it to be doubted whether or not the doctors or the spiritual assistance to which she pretends did more for the patient, when it would have been so easy for Omnipotence to have settled the matter at once, by a decided and prompt removal of all her complaints? Have the projecting bones in her back been restored to their natural situation? has the curvature of her spine been reformed? in short, have any of the alterations of structure, which the evidently scrofulous constitution of Miss Hughes has produced, been changed into a healthy condition? We can find no answer to these questions—and we conclude that they could not be replied to in the affirmative.

The subject of the last "interesting narrative" which is given in the present number, is a little girl between ten and eleven years of age. From the description of the complaint of this child, it would appear that she too was affected with a disease of the spine as well as of the hip joint, and that the doctors gave up her case as hopeless. It happened, however, that during the time when the

girl's family began to despair of ever seeing her restored to health, "a lady of Mr. Irving's congregation" dropped in, and of course mentioned the infallible application of the Irving system. But the young patient was of a very turbulent temper, and she shewed "to a remarkable degree, rebellion of heart against God." She was, however, soon induced to "search the Scriptures" for herself, and she appeared to be particularly interested in that portion of the Sacred Writings which related to the miracles and healings. We quote the story of her "wonderful cure" in the words, we believe, of Mr. Irving himself, and how he could have gravely put on record so much absurdity, can only be reconciled to any natural motive, by those who recollect what a stake Mr. Irving has in maintaining a superstitious respect for his doctrines amongst the people whom he has gathered about him.

'"Her aunt, who had lately become an attendant at Mr. Irving's church, having heard him announce on Sunday, July 10th, the miraculous restoration of Miss Hughes, in answer to prayer, was induced to request him to call on her niece, which he did on Monday the 11th. He first put a few questions concerning her knowledge of Jesus Christ her Saviour, and her faith in him, as the healer of the soul and body. Being satisfied with her answers, he asked her if she thought she could pray to Him; she replied, Yes; he then offered up a short and simple prayer, telling the Lord he had brought her to him, and beseeching him to heal her. She was much pleased and impressed with this visit; and from that time her faith appeared much to strengthen, frequently expressing her belief that she should be healed. On Friday morning, the 15th, she appeared in higher spirits than usual, and told her mother she was sure she should recover. No kind of abatement of the disease or of pain had, however, taken place; and, as she expressed it, her leg was as though it did not belong to her, having no power at all to move it, but with her hands, and that with much pain. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon of this day, her aunt, who was sitting below, heard a noise in her room, and ran up stairs, fearing that she was impatient at being left: she found her in a state of excitement and agitation: said, she could not tell her, nor any person, what had happened; however, when more composed, she related the following circumstance to her mother:—She said she had, all the morning, felt her heart more lifted up into communion with God than she had ever before experienced, and whilst reading Hebrews xi. and Mark xi. 23, she felt her faith much strengthened: 'if faith, she thought, did such mighty works in former days, why should it not now?' Upon this her heart was much drawn towards God in prayer for faith, and she was constrained to say aloud, 'I will not let thee go except thou bless me.' Upon this, much strength came upon her, wherewith she was raised up, and enabled to stand upright, holding by the top of her bedstead. At first, she says, her diseased leg trembled violently, yet without pain; but it soon became steady, and she stepped first on a chair, and then on the ground; first moving with a heavy, laboured step, but it became gradually lighter and more free, and she walked across the room; she hesitated whether or not she should go down stairs, but thought she would return to her bed to put on her stockings. It pleased the Lord, however, only to shew her the power of

faith, in answer to her prayer; for when on her bed she became in every respect the same as before she rose. At first she was much cast down, but her faith at length revived, and, although Saturday and Sunday she suffered much pain, she continued to say she should be restored. Monday morning she described a peculiar sensation in the limb down to the toes; she said it was 'like life entering into the bones.' Mr. Irving called on her again that day, and prayed with her. In the evening, whilst the family were at tea, she begged to be carried up stairs, and seemed in high spirits. She had been reading the healing of the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda, and when laid on her bed, asked her mother what was the meaning of the word impotent; on being told it was weak, infirm, she said, 'Well, that is all that I feel now, and I think I can walk.' Her mother, being alarmed at the idea of seeing her attempt such a thing, ran out of the room, and sent her aunt, who told her to do just what she felt enabled: she immediately threw aside the bed-clothes, stepped out of bed, and walked across the room; swung her leg backwards and forwards; sat down and stood up with ease, and freedom from all pain. Upon examination, it was found, that it was, in every respect, just the same as the other, and her spine perfectly straight. From that time every particle of disease left her, and she daily gains bodily strength. From perfect inactivity for seven months, her legs and feet were at first rather stiff and awkward, but the one leg was as much so as the other, and not the slightest sensation of pain or fatigue accompanied the effort.

'"Her heart was filled with joy, and her mouth with praise, the whole evening, and, indeed, night, for she could not sleep from excess of joy, frequently exclaiming at the goodness and mercy of the Lord in having done such a work upon one so unworthy. The meeting between herself and her brother, a little boy of about nine years of age, was very affecting: he came into the room whilst she was standing up, and, having gazed at her from head to foot, apparently doubting his own eyes, he threw himself into her arms, quite overcome with wonder and joy. She told him that it was the Lord who had been pleased to hear the prayer of faith, and to raise her up. Being left alone in the room together a few minutes, their voices were heard singing a hymn; and when her friends returned, the little boy was kneeling by her bed-side, whilst she offered up a prayer aloud."' —pp. 225, 226.

As if Mr. Irving was under an irresistible obligation to furnish to every mind uncorrupted by prejudices, a complete antidote against the poison of superstitious credulity, he subjoins to his account of this third miraculous cure, a certificate from the spine doctor, who had closely examined the patient. This authority (Dr. Harrison) distinctly states that he had no doubt that she could be cured.

Giving, therefore, Mr. Irving the fullest credit for candour and sincerity, (and we feel that if we do so it is at a dreadful expense to his intelligence and good sense)—taking for Gospel every word which the patients have written, whether it be the voluntary or the adopted expression of their minds, we still conclude that those "miracles" are surrounded with too many circumstances of doubt and suspicion to permit a reasonable man to believe that they proceed from

the immediate interference of God. Why, we again ask, was not the whole cure completed off hand, as it were; for surely *then* the intention of Providence would have been promptly understood, and the great benefits derivable from such a divine manifestation would have been more general and certain?

But when we consider more narrowly the whole circumstances of these cases, we shall certainly not find that the doubts and suspicions first impressed upon our minds are in the slightest degree diminished. The reader will not fail to observe, that the three persons who were the subjects of this supposed miraculous agency, resemble each other in two very remarkable points—they were females—and they were each afflicted with scrofula: at least the nature of their complaints justifies the inference, that in each of those patients there was a scrofulous taint from birth. Now, it requires but little knowledge of the world in any person to enable him to discover, that there is almost uniformly connected with a scrofulous frame, a very early maturity of all the mental qualifications; as if Nature, having predestined those unhappy beings to a short mortal career, resolved also to abridge the usual term of development which she has fixed for the rest of her productions. Premature endowments, therefore, are ordinarily found to distinguish scrofulous youth. Now this precocity, as we all know, almost always begets pride and confidence in such children, who cannot but feel the greatest complacency at the favourable contrast which they exhibit in comparison with their less intelligent, but more healthy companions. But the delicacy of their physical structure is not more remarkable than their exquisite sensibility; hence they are generally characterized by great susceptibility of emotion—great promptitude in adopting impressions. From the peculiar circumstances which necessarily attend their education, they are denied the advantages of that experience of privation which all other children possess; and hence they become, more or less, nothing better than mere creatures of imagination. They know but little of human nature who will be surprized at the terrible combustion, which the smallest spark of enthusiasm kindles in such minds. There is no possibility of measuring the power of the fancy over the body. Medical history exhibits a series of facts in proof of the truth of this observation, which would make Mr. Irving and his generation hide their heads in shame, at the little favour which they possessed with the great Author of miracles. A village surgeon—nay, an ambitious farrier—has often done infinitely more wonders than Mr. Irving can ever expect to imitate. Dr. Hunter once turned a piece of bread into mercury—and absolutely cured by its agency a complaint which nothing but mercury could remove—but he took care, in the first place, to secure the patient's imagination on his side. We could multiply such examples, and soon satisfy the world that poor Mr. Irving is but a clumsy operator after all. His miracles cannot take: they are

presumptuous piracies, which, by all the laws of property, belong to the human imagination alone, and no more.

As regards Mr. Irving and his flock, we do not feel so philanthropically ardent as to desire to take much more trouble about them; but when we contemplate the extent of his delusions, and consider them as a sign of superstitious credulity in this enlightened time, our reflections are bitter indeed. For what have we got rid of popery—for what have we confiscated the sacred property of our ancient temples, and with it the patrimony of the poor? Was it to make room for mere mountebanks and merry-Andrews of the pulpit?

We forget how many times we have read in the books of travellers, illustrations of all sorts of the superstitious degradation into which the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the world were said to be uniformly plunged. St. Januarius in one place, and St. Anthony in another, ruled the brute population in the most diverting manner. Now we have always thought that great allowance should be made for the foolish, or, if you will, evil customs, which are of long standing in any country, and which necessarily continue to be observed, without examination, by those who successively adopt them. Hence we may say, that, under such circumstances, superstition ceases to be a crime, that chief ingredient of all guilt being absent—malice prepense. But what shall we say of a nation like ours, which has signalized itself so eminently by a triumphant renunciation of all irregular influences that present themselves in alliance with, or under the sanction of religion; what shall we say of such a nation, such a people, when they relapse into a blind and superstitious credulity? They have no prejudices to mislead their judgment; they have no national habits to justify their errors; they sin with deliberation; they have no excuse for their crime.

Just as we were about to dismiss the 'Morning Watch,' at least for the present year, our eye lighted on the name of no less a personage than Missionary Wolff himself, who, after all his wanderings, has at last, it seems, consented to end his days in the quiet retreat which Mr. Irving has provided for religious lunatics. Alas! how changed is the Rev. Joseph from the Hercules we once knew him! How little, a few years ago, did we expect that the glorious promise which Joseph and his "Georgiana" held forth, would terminate in that disastrous result which is forcibly depicted in the following ominous passage, from the pen of Mr. Irving:—

'"Mr. Wolff has ceased to have any connexion with the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, and set out from Malta, where he has left his wife (Lady Georgiana) and his child, *trusting to such casual resources as shall be raised up for him.*"'

Perhaps it would have been more germain to the matter, if Mr. Irving had stated exactly what the truth was—to wit, that the Reverend Joseph was dismissed by his employers for extravagance: and he certainly appears to have completely understood the notorious gullibility of our English philanthropists. Some extracts from

his recent journals appear in the 'Morning Watch,' which would be sufficient, we should think, to satisfy any reasonable mind, that the pretensions of the author to a birth in a lunatic asylum, were far from being unfounded. Joseph begins by noticing, with great disapprobation, the extreme fastidiousness of the Society in presuming to find fault with the scale of his expenses. Lady Georgiana ought to have been thought of, and the satisfaction of seeing in their service a titled missionary, should have been a sufficient compensation to them for the most prodigal expenditure of their money. There are some very awkward statements in the Reverend Joseph's journal, which have struck us as being very well worthy the attention of the English public. He says, under date of Alexandria, February 7, 1831:—

'"On our arrival at Jaffa, we found above twenty cases of the Bible Society, put there by Mr. Jowett eight years ago—*the Bibles were half eaten by rats.*—I took them, for which I was obliged to give 4*l.* sterling to the consul."'

Again the missionary complaineth:

'"On our second arrival at Cyprus, I found above ten cases of Arabic and Turkish, and Italian and Hebrew Scriptures, sent there to the English consul by the Reverend Mr. O'Connor, *twelve years ago*, which had not yet passed through the custom house: *they were half eaten by the rats.* I took possession of them, and distributed, gratis, several hundred of them," (*what the deuce—though half eaten by the rats!!*) "in the mountains of Cyprus, and then at Alexandria."'

Speaking of the missionaries in Greece at the period of the battle of Navarino, the unceremonious Joseph boasts as follows:

'"In the year 1828, I went with Lady Georgiana to Beyrut, after the battle of Navarino, when all (the) missionaries *ran away from Beyrut*, as Nicolayson, Bird, Goodall, and Smith."'

Ran away! What, missionaries run away? Verily, they did, according to Joseph, who even, a little farther on, ventures to assert that these devoted apostles of the faith presumed to go out without any Bibles. He also complains that "they established no school at Jerusalem," as he did; that "they had not fed the poor, as Lady Georgiana did, nor did they send to Geneva a poor Greek boy, as Lady Georgiana did, at her own expense: they had not to support a padre Michaele, suffered to starve by Jowett: they had not to support a pious missionary, Mueller, ill treated by Mr. ——, of the Church Missionary Society. The question," continues Wolff, "farther may be started, why did Nicolayson not spend so much? Answer. This man, with his spectacles, spent (his time) quietly at Safet, learning Hebrew of a Jew, until he was roused by the battle of Navarino, *which frightened him out of his wit:* then he married Mrs. Dalton, went to Malta, got ordained in Germany, returned to England, for the purpose of reading a book on baptism, comes to Malta, spends (his time) quietly at Floriana, till I roused him to

go to Algiers!!" Joseph is a bold fellow, all must allow, but if there be a particle of truth in his statements, what an outrage on common sense and religion must the missionary system be! The only consideration that detracts from the importance of such curious facts as Joseph thus casually communicates, is the character of the witness himself, who has, in the course of this very brief journal, exhibited a degree of ingratitude, treachery, and turpitude, that deserve the contempt of every good man, whatever be his religious opinions. Let the reader only pause for a moment on the following paragraph from Woolff's Journal:

'"*Jan.* 31.—The Syrian, Maronite, Chaldean, Roman Catholic, Greek, and Abyssinian churches believe that the Lord Jesus Christ glorifies himself, in every age, by leaving in the church the Spirit of prophecy and miracles. Protestants alone deny this fact. Yea, Jews and Mohammedans are not such infidels as the Evangelical party in England are. Jews and Mohammedans have never limited so much the power of God as the Protestants, and especially the Missionary Societies, do. I foresee great, very great, judgments coming over the Protestant churches. They may succeed in converting some among the savages, who have no books, but certainly they will never be the instruments of the conversion of the Jews. There is no such godless nation in the world as the Protestants: they have more confidence in their steam-boats than in the power of God. The Turk, when he perceives an earthquake, he exclaims, 'This is of the Lord:' the Protestants ascribe it to some cause in the atmosphere. The Arab, on seeing a comet, concludes that the decrees of the Lord are issued upon his creatures: the Protestant laughs at it. The Syrian Christian lays the hands upon the sick person: the Protestant, smiling, declares it to be superstition."'—pp. 10, 11.

Now, however little we may be disposed to eulogize the labours of the Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, we are not the less prompt to denounce the paltry traitor who, fed by their bounty, and deriving all of consideration and respectability that he ever had, from their liberality, turns upon his benefactors, and aims an assassin dagger at their life. May the honest and upright, the benevolent and truly charitable heart of England be warned by the example of such profligacy, and never again be betrayed into the fatal folly of nursing in its bosom the reptile, that would thus return the poison sting of malice for all the caresses with which it had been cherished.

ART. III.—*Narrative of the Ashantee War; with a View of the present State of the Colony of Sierra Leone.* By Major Ricketts, late of the Royal African Colonial Corps. 8vo. pp, 221. London: Simpkin & Co. 1831.

WHILST we are waiting, with no slight feeling of curiosity, for the publication of the Messrs. Landers' account of their late expedition to the Niger, it will not be uninteresting to take some preliminary sketches,

as it were, from those parts of Africa, with which their discovery of the course of that important river is likely to make us more intimately acquainted. If they have correctly ascertained that the Niger, which discharges itself into the gulf of Biafra, is the same as that which rises among the western mountains of the Gold Coast, and not very far from the peninsula of Sierra Leone, it will be at once seen, by looking at the map, that they have done more for the improvement of British commerce in that region of Africa, than all their enterprsing predecessors put together. The river is, probably, navigable for small vessels, at least for such vessels as the neighbouring tribes are accustomed to carry on their traffic in with each other, from its mouth to within some few miles of its source, thus forming a semicircle which encloses the whole coast of Guinea, the country of the Foulahs, the Denkeras, the Ashantees, the Fantees, the Warsaws, and other powerful tribes, and furnishing the means of easy communication with the celebrated city of Timbucktoo, with the districts of the Soudan, and possibly, by means of the lake Tschad and the rivers that contribute to it, with the teeming plains even of Abyssinia. This view of the consequences of Messrs. Landers' expedition may, perhaps, be too sanguine: but we are not without hopes that in the course of a few years it may be realized, as we may observe that many secondary instruments appear to have been for some time put in motion by Providence, for dispersing the clouds of darkness which have hitherto brooded over the interior of Africa, and for rendering it accessible to the footsteps of civilization.

It is the principal object of Major Ricketts' narrative to detail the events of that protracted series of hostilities, in which our colony at Cape Coast has been engaged against the numerous and savage tribe of the Ashantees, for nearly nine years; that is to say, from 1822 to 1831, as the war begun in the former period can scarcely be said to have been brought to a termination until the month of April in the present year, when the Ashantees finally submitted to the terms of peace which we had prescribed. We shall not deem it necessary, however, to harrow up the mind of the reader by dwelling long on the scenes of atrocity, by which that painful war has been so peculiarly distinguished. It is our purpose rather to detach from the narrative, as far as we can, the habits of the people who occupy those regions with which, as we trust, the fearless spirit of British commercial enterprize is about to render us more familiar. The information thus collected will be new to many, and to some it may afford hints for the adoption of such precautions, as are best calculated to provide for their safety and success, in commencing an intercourse with tribes who are yet, for the most part, little removed from the savage wildness of their native woods, though, like those woods, they are manifestly capable of being brought, by proper treatment, to a high degree of cultivation.

The British settlements already fixed on the western coast of

Africa, are situated between twenty degrees north and twenty degrees south latitude. They were, not many years since, under the care of the African company, whose principal establishments were upon the Gold Coast; but it having been found necessary, from a variety of causes, that they should transfer their possessions to the British Government, their forts were all placed under the command of the late lamented Sir Charles Mac Carthy, in the March of 1822. From an early period our merchants had to contend against the rivalry of the Dutch, who had, and still, we believe, maintain considerable factories at Accra and Elmina. It has often been suspected that, on more than one occasion, the Dutch have endeavoured, by intriguing with the natives, to expel our influence from the whole of that coast: and even now, it is believed that, from motives of gain by the horrid trade in slaves, they persevere in sowing, wherever their spies can penetrate, the seeds of hostility against the very name of Great Britain, representing that our object is to gain possession of Africa, by means similar to those which have placed so large a portion of India under our sceptre. It is certain that all our travellers in Africa, we believe without an exception, have complained of treacherous acts on the part of individual Dutch merchants, whom they encountered on the coast, or in the interior of the country. If it should ever appear that these persons have been actuated, or even connived at, by their own government, a thing not at all impossible, we hope that, as a first step towards the effectual regeneration of Africa, the flag of Holland shall be swept from every part of that continent.

At the period when Sir Charles Mac Carthy took possession of the forts transferred to Government by the Company, the Ashantees, constituting, perhaps, the most powerful tribe on the Gold Coast, were entangled in a pecuniary dispute with the natives of Cape Coast, who were under our protection, and also with the Commendas, a tribe which, though strictly speaking they were not in the same relation with respect to us, had still some claims upon our friendly assistance. These disputes not having been arranged to the satisfaction of the king of the Ashantees, Osai Tootoo Quamina, he interdicted all communication between his people and those of Cape Coast, and matters seemed strongly verging towards war, when the fire already kindled was fanned into a blaze by a stupid occurrence, which took place in the November of 1822. An Ashantee trader chose to pick a quarrel in the fort of Annamaboe with a serjeant of the Royal African Colonial Corps, by cursing his master. The serjeant retorted, and turned the trader out of the fort. The affray was enquired into upon the spot before a magistrate, when the parties were both acquitted, and it was apparently thought no more of. Some months after this, however, the unfortunate soldier, while upon duty at Annamaboe, was kidnapped by agents of Osai, and conducted to a prison in Donquah, in the Fantee country, where he was kept in irons, and assassinated in

February, 1823. Sir Charles Mac Carthy, perhaps too hastily, took up the matter as one in which the honour of the whole British nation was concerned, and adopted immediate measures for the chastisement of the persons who committed the murder. He proceeded with great haste to Annamaboe, and having ascertained that the individuals who were present at the murder of the serjeant, with their followers, amounting to two or three hundred, were still at Donquah, about twenty miles from Cape Coast, he formed a small expedition, and marched suddenly in the night against them. Unfortunately, however, from the treachery or ignorance of the guides, the troops which ought to have arrived at Donquah at four o'clock on the following morning, lost the right road, and while suffering from excessive fatigue, and want of every sort of provisions, they were attacked under a heavy fire by a numerous force of Ashantees and Fantees, who were ambushed in a thick covered wood, and they were obliged to make the best of their way back to Annamaboe. This disaster was followed by the most deplorable consequences. Osai, emboldened by the success of his troops, sent Sir Charles a message through the Dutch governor of Elmina, advising that Cape Coast Castle should be enlarged, as, in the language of Napoleon, he intended to drive the English into the sea. 'He also recommended that they should arm the fishes of the sea, for all would be of no avail against the army which he intended to bring against them.'

Meanwhile the passions on both sides were much exasperated by petty conflicts between parties of the Ashantees and of the tribes under our protection. Sir Charles visited different parts of our territory, and sent a mission into the interior, in order to extend his alliances with the natives, and to ascertain upon whom he could depend. In travelling through those portions of the country in which roads were cut, he and his suite were usually conveyed in carriages drawn by natives, six to each vehicle, which accommodated two persons. The reader will, perhaps, be surprized to hear that these carriages were drawn at the rate of six miles an hour, and that at the conclusion of a day's journey, generally thirty miles, the natives thus employed were not in the least fatigued. On the Gold Coast there is hardly any other mode of conveyance, as neither horses, donkies, nor mules, thrive there, even when brought thither from other parts of the coast; they always died a short time after being landed. At Accra, horses have been known to live for some years; but, generally, Europeans travel in the vicinity of the forts in the manner just described, unless where the roads cut through the woods are too narrow for wheeled vehicles. Then they are borne in wooden chairs, or wicker baskets, by means of poles, or upon the heads of men, and it is astonishing with what facility and expedition long journies are thus performed.

In the course of his visitations, Sir Charles was everywhere received in the most flattering and joyous manner: the inhabitants

of the villages shewing their hospitality by bringing out large quantities of palm wine, and headed by their chieftains, who individually swore mutual friendship and support on his sword, according to their usual custom. The streets and hills through which he passed were crowded by all classes, cheering, shouting, firing of muskets, beating of drums, and the sounding of horns, in token of their fidelity to the British Government. In some places, the females sang and swept the path before him, while others sprinkled it with water. Among the places visited by the mission was the town of Fouricaria, seated on the river of the same name, distant about 100 miles from Sierra Leone, under the dominion of king Amorah, who is mentioned as a very clever man, and well versed in the Arabic language, which he writes with great fluency. The town itself is described as extensive, and very neatly built, the streets being composed of cottages, which are erected at some distance from each other. 'There were several Arabic schools in the town. The banks of the river are beautiful, and a good-sized vessel can get up the river as far as king Amorah's town. Horses with country-made saddles and bridles were always ready for the officers of the mission, who rode about the country, which was beautiful and well cultivated with rice. The coffee tree grows wild here.'

Information having been received early in the month of June (1823), that the Ashantees had shewn themselves in the Fantee country in considerable force, the organization of the expedition against them was accelerated, and camps were formed in different parts of the country, which were crowded with the native tribes, amongst whom the Fantees, who were supposed to have been completely gained over to the British cause, were the most conspicuous for their apparent activity and zeal. It was late in the year before the forces began to be marshalled on each side; the signs of the coming war are depicted with much vivacity by Major Ricketts, from whose narrative we shall here select one or two of the most characteristic scenes of preparation. On the 15th of December, Sir Charles returned to Annamaboe.

'On landing, the crowd of chiefs, pynins, (a kind of magistrate among the natives,) men, women, and children, was innumerable; the air resounded with cries of "*Accoa ba E'woora O!*" meaning, how do you do master. His excellency, after a short visit to the fort, inspected the militia. The parade here was also crowded by an immense population. After the inspection, the native chiefs, with their martial bands, armed followers, dignitaries, and favourite wives, passed in succession before him, being seated under a neat bamboo hut erected on the ground for the occasion, surrounded by his suite, and the officers and gentlemen of Annamaboe. The several chiefs shook hands most cordially with the governor, expressing in the strongest and most animated terms by words, countenance, and gesture, their satisfaction at his return among them. As soon as they had resumed their seats around the parade, their several officers marshalled

their men, who went through the evolutions and firings of a sham fight; chief after chief sent his men, and various chiefs of towns situated at a small distance from Annamaboe, joined the meeting, their men taking a share in all the sports; the firings, &c., lasted for several hours; the reports of the muskets, the noise of the war drums and other instruments, the cries of the warriors, and the rejoicings of the women, produced such a singular effect, that it is impossible by words to depict an adequate idea of the scene.

'The arrival of a messenger from Appea, king of Adjumacon, announcing his intended visit to Annamaboe to pay his respects to his excellency, induced the governor to defer for another day his visit to the camp at Yancoomassie, in the Fantee country, which had been formed in his absence by Captain Laing, under the directions of Major Chisholm.

'On the morning fixed for the grand entry of Appea into Annamaboe, the whole line of the beach between that place and Agah, (one mile in length,) was crowded with the carriers of his army. As the day advanced, the line of dependants was succeeded by the armed men of this chief; innumerable umbrellas of various colours could be distinguished, and their glittering swords, with gold hilts, had a very imposing appearance. About eleven o'clock, notice being given of Appea's near approach, his excellency left the fort, and took his seat in the bamboo hut before mentioned, every thing indicating the rapturous ecstacy of the multitude; as Appea advanced, a dead stillness prevailed, which was only broken by the sudden sounds of horns and drums. The procession, which entered the area in good order, had been arranged with great taste, and the effect certainly exceeded expectation. Eight large canopies attracted curiosity from their ingenious construction of cloth of various colours, some of them diversified with figures; also some large umbrellas, carried over the several captains, riding in their palanquins, or litters of various descriptions, each captain or commander being surrounded by his own clan. At length Appea, of whom all had felt anxious to obtain a sight, appeared; he was carried by his own domestics, who, by every expression and attention, shewed their care of their master; he reclined on a satin cushion, with a handsome cloth of native manufacture, to cover his body if required; his occras, or confidential pages, preceded his palanquin, carrying elephants' tails, emblematic of his power, and ten gold hilted swords; his first wife and sister were close in succession, followed by his bards, who sang his victories and great titles; his band followed playing their familiar airs, by which the deeds of their great men are recorded in the minds of the people. His drums, which played their part in the rehearsal of his power, were covered with tartan plaid, to hide the skulls and jawbones of his conquered enemies, with which they were decorated according to the custom of the native chiefs on this part of the coast; he being fearful, from the character he had heard of his excellency, that they might give offence. As each of the chieftains of Appea drew near the bamboo hut, the captains alighted from their palanquins, and after making a low obeisance to his excellency and uncovering both shoulders according to the custom of the country, they shook hands and endeavoured to evince every demonstration of respect and affection: each paraded to the spot allotted to him and his retinue: the same form was followed by Appea. The whole of the chieftains, surrounded by their countrymen and adherents, having taken their proper stations accord-

ing to the custom of their country, the same compliment was observed by the caboceers of Annamaboe.'—pp. 35—38.

All this pageantry affords indications not only of a well organised state of society amongst the people under the sway of Appea, but also of the wealth of his territory. We find the carriers of his army occupying a full mile of road; his dependents and army very numerous, and the latter well accoutred, the hilts of their swords being formed of gold. Their use of umbrellas is at least a favourable omen of their disposition to encourage the silk trade, while their canopies promise as much for the trade in cloth. The description of the palanquins shews considerable progress in the fine arts, which here, as in all other countries where they flourish, are found united with poetry and music. The covering of the horrid ornaments of their drums with tartan plaid, in order to conceal objects which might be deemed disgusting to European eyes, is in itself a proof of the facility with which such a people might be induced to adopt our customs in still more essential matters; and the regularity with which the whole pageantry was conducted, affords a satisfactory demonstration of quickness of intellect and love of order. The king and people of Adjumacon must, in fact, have already made a very respectable approximation towards European habits.

On arriving at the camp at Yancomassie, Sir Charles was received in the most enthusiastic manner by the chiefs of the Fantees, with whose mode of testifying their allegiance, however, his Excellency, we apprehend, would have cheerfully dispensed. The person about to swear, takes a sword in his right hand, and with great animation, whilst expressing his determination, calls Heaven to witness that he would be faithful to the cause, continually pointing the sword upwards at the governor's head, and flourishing it round his own, so near at times, that his Excellency's eyes must frequently have been in imminent danger. The country round Yancomassie is described as beautiful. The town of Donquah, through which Sir Charles returned—the fatal scene of the event which immediately led to this unhappy war—is also said to be very pretty. The main street is about sixty feet wide, with a row of trees in the centre, affording a canopy of shade that must be peculiarly acceptable in that climate. He was shewn the house in which the unfortunate serjeant had been imprisoned, and the tree under which he was murdered; the principal agent in this atrocity having been a child under ten years of age, who was afterwards at school at Annamaboe.

Early in the January of 1824, the Ashantees were reported to be in full march, in twelve divisions, against Cape Coast: and we regret to observe—though we ought not perhaps to speak with much confidence of military movements—that Sir Charles does not appear to us to have very well known what he was about, in giving his orders for arraying his motley forces against the enemy. Divi-

sions were marched here and there without any defined object in view, and his magazines of provision and munitions of war were moved after a most deplorable fashion. The natives, from a feeling of pride, preferred to join their respective clans rather as soldiers than as carriers on such an occasion—a feeling which they put forward as a pretext for demanding the most exorbitant charges, which Sir Charles refused to pay; and his brigade-major was under the necessity of impressing women as well as men into that service, and to force them along with the baggage, the result of which was, that on finding a favourable opportunity, they threw their loads into the woods and disappeared.

This was but a small part of the difficulties against which Sir Charles had to contend. Marching at the head of the European men of his regiment, the royal African corps, he found himself, in a few days, very much in advance of almost all his native auxiliaries, and especially of the Fantees, whose promises had been so eloquent a short time before. The paths were extremely bad, now impeded by precipices, which it was most fatiguing to climb; now by swamps, through which it was dangerous to wade. On the 14th of January, however, he succeeded in reaching Assamacow, in the country of the Warsaws, where he waited, with the royal African corps and the militia, for the native force to come up. This town is pleasantly situated:—'the houses have nearly the appearance of those in an English village of the better class: they are neatly built, in a superior style, and that in which Sir Charles was quartered was ascended by a flight of twenty steps: the rooms are floored, and the windows have green jealousies: there was also a bedstead with curtains in his sleeping-room: the houses are constructed of swish, with thatched roofs.' Assamacow appears from the map to be about forty miles distant from the sea-coast, and about thirty from the river Pra. The Ashantees were already collected in multitudinous force, about twenty miles from the town, where Sir Charles was informed that his allies, the Dinkeras and Warsaws, were in full retreat before them, and were in want of provisions. The main body of his army, if such it might be called, consisting of the native men of the royal African corps, a detachment of the second West India regiment, three companies of militia, and numerous parties of the allied forces, was still at a considerable distance, (in consequence of Sir Charles Mac Carthy's own bad arrangements,) under the command of Major Chisholm. Mr. Williams, the Colonial Secretary, was sent forward to stop the Warsaws and Dinkeras in their retreat, and he was followed by the author, with the regulars and militia, Sir Charles waiting behind to bring up the main body. By some means, not here explained, Sir Charles had got into his head two most fatally delusive notions; first, that the Ashantees were by no means so near as was reported, and, secondly, that when they came in sight, he would have only to order the band to play "God save the King," and

the majority of the enemy would come over to join the British standard. In addition to these mistakes, he committed the ammunition to a small guard, and directed it to be forwarded under the care of Mr. Brandon, the ordnance store-keeper.

'The cries,' says Major Ricketts, 'of the immense number of women and children, who had met together on the march, was most distressing, and there were some poor old men amongst them, who tottered along on crutches.' The troops under his immediate orders arrived early on the 20th of January, almost in the presence of the enemy; but a tremendous storm of rain, which lasted five hours, wore away the time until night, when the Ashantees make it a point never to fight. The Warsaws and Dinkeras still evincing a strong retrogressive tendency, letters were dispatched to Sir Charles to apprize him of their disposition, when he, though still not believing the Ashantees to be so near, resolved to move forward, attended only by two hundred men, whom his friend, the king of Adjumacon, had sent to him as a body-guard. On the morning of the 21st, he joined Major Ricketts, having come the whole distance from Assamacow on foot, and while he was yet in conference with the chiefs of the Warsaws and Dinkeras, the alarm of the approach of the enemy was given, and every body repaired to his station, except the Adjumaconian *body*-guard, who having found a convenient position behind some bushes at a distance, refused to leave it, saying that they understood bush-fighting, and rather preferred that mode of warfare to any other. We must allow Major Ricketts to tell the disheartening story of the savage battle which followed, under circumstances so exceedingly disadvantageous to our troops.

'About two o'clock the enemy, who were said to be considerably more than ten thousand men, instead of being divided, as it was reported, were collected together, armed with muskets, and having a large description of knives stuck in their girdles, they were heard advancing through the woods with horns blowing and drums beating, and when they came within half a mile of our party they halted, when Sir Charles ordered the band of the royal African corps, which had accompanied him, to play "God save the King," and the bugles to sound, he having heard through some channel in which he placed confidence, that the greater part of the Ashantees only wanted an opportunity to come over to him. The Ashantees played in return, which was alternately repeated several times, and then a dead silence ensued, interrupted only by the fire of our men at the enemy, who had by this time lined the opposite bank of the river,* which was here about sixty feet wide; having marched up in different divisions of Indian file through the woods with their horns, sounding the names or calls of their different chiefs: a black man who had been at Coomassie was able to name every Ashantee chief with the army, by the sound of their respective horns.

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* A small river which ran between the two armies, but to which the author has given no name.

'The action now commenced on both sides with determined vigour, and lasted till nearly dark. It was reported about four o'clock that our troops had expended all their ammunition, consisting of twenty rounds of ball cartridges, besides leaden slugs which were contained in small bags suspended by a sling round the men's necks, and loose powder contained in small kegs, carried also by the men themselves, application was made to Mr. Brandon, who arrived in the middle of the action, for a fresh supply of ammunition, he having received his excellency's orders to have forty rounds of ball cartridges packed in kegs for each man ready to be issued. This was done to lighten the men, who had to carry respectively their own provisions for many days, as well as to preserve the ammunition from being damaged by the swamps and rain; but Mr. Brandon said that it had not yet arrived, and that he had only a barrel of powder and one of ball with him, which were immediately issued. He had left Assamacow with about forty natives carrying ammunition and was in advance of them when the engagement commenced.

'The carriers, who were natives of that and the adjoining countries, and who had been obtained at Assamacow more by persuasion than by any other means, seeing the Warsaws, their countrymen, making the best of their way from the battle, followed their example, nearly the whole of the guard it is supposed shared the same fate as most of their brethren the militia and soldiers: a corporal of the militia and one or two others, composing part of the escort, arrived at the place of action shortly before its conclusion, and reported that the carriers had refused to advance any further with the ammunition and that most of them had run away. On this circumstance being reported to Sir Charles, he desired to see Mr. Brandon, with whom he was exceedingly angry, and if he had not suddenly disappeared either into the woods or to look after the ammunition, it is probable that if Sir Charles had had the means at the moment, he would have put his threat into execution of suspending him to a tree.

'The enemy perceiving that our fire had slackened, attempted to cross the river, which at this time had become fordable, and succeeded. They had often attempted it when the river was swoln by the rains that had fallen, on trees which had been previously felled across to answer as bridges, but they were repulsed with great slaughter. The enemy had dispatched a considerable force to encompass our flanks in order to prevent our retreat, and now rushed in all directions on our gallant little force, who still defended themselves with their bayonets, until they were completely overpowered by their myriads, who instantly beheaded nearly every one of those who unfortunately fell into their remorseless hands. The Warsaws it appeared had left the field early in the action. His excellency, who had himself received several wounds, thus perceiving every thing was lost on his side, retired to where Cudjoe Cheboo, the king of Dinkera, surrounded by his people, was bravely fighting.

* * * * * *

'Sir Charles, in joining the king of Dinkera, wished the men to be informed of his intention to retreat, but neither bugles nor any other instruments were to be had to give the requisite signal, every man of the African corps having joined his company in the action; and it was impossible, from the thick underwood where the men were now overpowered by the enemy and dispersed, to see many yards around, and a few wounded men

only were got together. A small brass field piece, which had arrived during the engagement, and flung down in haste, for it was still lashed with ropes to the poles on which it had been brought on men's shoulders, was about this time unloosed and the muzzle raised, whilst Mr. De Graft, a man of colour, linguist at Cape Coast and lieutenant in the militia, went round and obtained some powder from the king of Dinkera, with which and some loose musket balls, that had been left in a keg, it was loaded and fired in the direction of the enemy, in hopes to impede, in some measure, their advance; but they immediately afterwards rushed forward, and killed and wounded two men of the 2nd royal West India regiment, viz., the brigade-major's and Sir Charles Mac Carthy's orderlies.

'The brigade-major (Ricketts) who had been wounded, finding that his excellency had left the king of Dinkera, followed in the direction which he understood he had taken, and shortly after observed him in a track in advance. He recognized him by his feathers. Soon after some musketry was fired in front, and there was a general rush back of those who were with him, after which no more was seen of him. The brigade-major, followed by some of the wounded and Mr. De Graft, entered the thickest part of the wood, inclining towards the king of Dinkera, who still kept up a fire and retreating at the same time. A Warsaw man rushing by at this time, was fortunately seized by a militia serjeant who spoke the same language, and the man promised, if he was rewarded, that he would guide them through the woods. A silver whistle and chain were then given to him by Mr. De Graft, on which he led the way, one of the party holding him fast. He took them first alongside a stream of water, then out, and along the banks for a short distance; then in again and out on the other side, this he said was to conceal their track. The enemy at this time was close to them, scouring the woods, and they were obliged now and then to hide themselves.

'It having at last become so dark that they could not see one another, the Warsaw man said that it was impossible to proceed until the moon arose; consequently they were obliged to halt for several hours. The rejoicing of the Ashantees on their success, and their attempt to sound some of the instruments of the band which they had taken, was distinctly heard, not being distant half a mile. About midnight the moon appeared, and the Warsaw man commenced cutting in that direction, the others following him; and when it began to descend, he halted, and said he could not proceed, until the sun arose, when he renewed his labour and continued until three o'clock in the afternoon, at which time they got into a track leading to Assamacow; and after proceeding a considerable distance, a party of the enemy was observed near to them; they therefore retraced their steps, till observing a small track to their right, which they took, the Warsaw man having decamped. This path led them into another, along which they had gone but a short way, when they met with about fifty Warsaws, who reported that there were Ashantees a little farther on, Upon being asked where they were going, they replied in search of their families, whom the enemy had taken from their villages. Captain Ricketts then requested that he and his companions in arms might be allowed to accompany them, as it appeared that they intended to proceed in the direction where the division of the army under Major Chisholm would most probably be found. This proposal having been consented to, under a

promise of reward, and it being near dark, the whole filed into the woods, and got on a small island surrounded with a swamp, in the crossing of which Captain Ricketts unfortunately lost his shoes. About one o'clock there was an alarm of the enemy having discovered them, but it turned out to be only two stragglers of the Ashantees, who perceiving a light, were induced to approach, thinking they might be some of their own people. They were immediately seized, and they insisted for a long time that they were Dinkeras, but a few of that tribe happening to be with the Warsaws, they without hesitation pronounced them to be Ashantees; on which every knife was drawn, and after getting from these two unfortunate persons all the information they could give, they immediately cut their throats. They then sounded their horns, and proceeded by another direction to the river Pra. About six o'clock they fell in with a party of the enemy, and a kind of running fight ensued, and many of them were killed. The Warsaws recovered several of their wives, and many of their children were found in the woods, some of the young infants in a dying state, and others with their brains dashed out, the Ashantees having obliged the women to throw away their children in order to enable them to carry their plunder. At last the whole party arrived at a deserted village on the banks of the Pra, where they were obliged to halt for the night, there being only a small broken canoe, that could scarcely swim, with which to cross the river.

'Next morning at day light, after the women had passed over, Captain Ricketts followed, but on being landed on the opposite side, he was so much exhausted that he could not move. Not long after, two European soldiers of the African corps having made their appearance, Captain Ricketts asked them if they knew him? to which they answered in the negative; but on telling them who he was, they, after looking for some time with astonishment, recognized him, and took him up and carried him alternately on their backs to a small croom a few miles off, from whence they had come, and where they had left the remainder of the troops which had been sent in advance by Major Chisholm to prepare the natives to join him as he came along. These poor fellows did all in their power to make Captain Ricketts comfortable; and having acquainted him that Major Chisholm was on the march to join Sir Charles Mac Carthy, he expressed a wish to see him as soon as possible; the soldiers therefore constructed a kind of basket, in which they placed him, and having by force obtained a guide to shew the nearest way, took him up on their heads and proceeded; but after going some distance, through jungles and trees, the branches of which were at times obliged to be cut to allow the basket on the men's heads to pass, the guide said he could not find the path; they therefore returned to the croom with him, when he dispatched some of the black soldiers in another direction to meet Major Chisholm, who not long after arrived on the other side of the river, and who hearing of the captain's state, sent him clothes and provisions, following himself soon after.'—pp. 55—67.

Had Major Chisholm come up in time with the forces under his command, the disasters of the day might either have been avoided or redeemed. But his orders for hastening to the scene of action did not reach him until after the battle was over! although in daily correspondence with Sir Charles Mac Carthy from the 9th to the 16th of January, whose fatal delusion about the approach and

intentions of the Ashantees, seems to have altogether deprived him of common prudence, though not of his characteristic bravery. Chisholm, very properly under the circumstances, resolved on retreating to Cape Coast, the author, now Captain Ricketts, being carried in a basket on the heads of some of the native soldiers, and having arrived safely at their destination, every exertion was made to assemble a force sufficient to oppose the advance of the enemy. The native auxiliaries under Chisholm all fled, as soon as they heard of the result of the action. Still there was a numerous party of our forces under Captain Laing, consisting chiefly of Fantees, who, by Sir Charles Mac Carthy's want of management, were kept also far from the scene of slaughter, and who marched with him steadily enough to Cape Coast, after he became acquainted with what had occurred. But when they, too, were informed of it, they very speedily found out that their own country was already threatened by the enemy, and as it was their duty not to leave their wives and children unprotected, they decamped as speedily as possible. Nevertheless an imposing force was collected for the defence of Cape Coast, and the Ashantees, not deeming it prudent to proceed farther with the war, sent messengers to Elmina, for the purpose of proposing, through the Dutch governor of that fort, terms of peace, which were indignantly rejected. We must here wind up the unfortunate history of Sir Charles Mac Carthy, of whom the author had seen nothing after he had traced him by his feathers for a short time retreating from the field of battle. It appears that Sir Charles, after proceeding a short distance, accompanied by two other British officers, along the track to Assamacow, was suddenly attacked by a party of the enemy, who fired and broke one of his arms. He immediately after received another wound in the chest, and fell, when the barbarians proceeded to tear off his clothes and to cut off his head, which, by some peculiar process, they afterwards kept in a state of perfect preservation. His heart is said to have been eaten by the principal chiefs of the Ashantee army, that they might, as they supposed, imbibe his bravery; and his flesh to have been dried, and, with his bones, divided among every man of consequence in the army, who constantly carried his respective proportion about with him, as a charm to inspire him with courage.

Several small skirmishes followed the battle of the 21st of January, but it is unnecessary for us to enter into their details. The reader will perhaps be gratified to learn that the king of Adjumacon compensated by his personal prowess for the disaffection and cowardice of the body-guard, which he had sent to Sir Charles. He remained our faithful ally to the last, and died of the small pox at Cape Coast. The only action of any material consequence which afterwards took place, was that fought on a plain about twenty-four miles north-east of British Accra, under Sir Neil Campbell, in September, 1826, when the Ashantees were completly routed. At this period they had no longer a hastily collected expedition to encounter, but a regularly disciplined army, accompanied,

indeed, by a number of tribes as cruel as the Ashantees themselves, and the slaughter of the unfortunate barbarians was tremendous.

'Several of the natives,' says the author, 'came insulting and abusing the centre as cowards; which being represented to the commanding officer, he directed them to advance about four hundred yards, when a heavy and effective fire took place. They went steadily forward amid the work of death, the enemy slowly and sulkily giving way. No prisoners were taken by the natives, but as they fell they were put to death; happy were they whose sufferings were short; in vain the gentlemen implored them to hold their hand, or at least to kill them outright; some were ripped up and cut across the belly, when plunging their hands in, they took out the heart, pouring the blood on the ground as a libation to the good fortune of the cause: others, when they saw their own friends weltering in their blood, would give them a blow on the breast or head, to put an end to their misery. In many instances they dragged each other from the opposite ranks and wrestled and cut one another in pieces; and fortunate was he whose knife first found out the vital part in his foe during the deadly grapple, though perhaps in his turn to be laid low by the same means. So hard were the enemy pressed at this moment, that a captain of consequence blew himself up, nearly involving some of the Europeans in destruction.'—pp. 118, 119.

On this occasion a few rockets which were thrown among the Ashantees occasioned the most dreadful confusion. 'The hissing sound when they were thrown, the train of fire, the explosion, and frightful wounds they inflicted, caused them to suppose they were thunder and lightning, called *snowman* in Fantee, by which name they are now known among the natives.' There is a melancholy grandeur in the closing scenes of this decisive engagement.

'On the right, the battle was not for a moment doubtful; the king of Akimboo drove all before him, and penetrating to the king of Ashantee's camp, took them in flank; his path was marked by the column of smoke that rose in front, the short grass being dry, from our forces having bivouacked at the roots of the trees for two nights, together with extreme heat, caused it to take fire; the explosions of some Ashantee captains, who at intervals blew themselves up in despair, which was known by the smoke that arose over the trees; the shouts and groans of the combatants, with the burning grass, and the battle raging all around, formed no bad idea of the infernal regions. Fancy may indeed imagine, but it cannot describe, such a scene of havoc and destruction, more resembling the wild fiction of an oriental tale, than one of absolute reality. The Danish natives, who had fled at nearly the first onset, now perceiving the enemy to be repulsed by the rockets and grape shot, advanced, and taking possession of the plunder, which was immense, deliberately walked off the field; they sent to request more ammunition, saying they had only received twenty rounds each from their own government; and when upbraided with their bad conduct, they said it was against their fetish to fire on a Monday. About one o'clock the heads of the Ashantee chiefs began to be brought in. Several of the blood royal and principal captains were known by the residents; when the deaths of any of them were reported to the king, he offered up human sacrifices to their manes in the heat of the battle. Among

the sad trophies of the day, was supposed to be the head of Sir Charles Mac Carthy,* which was sent to England by Lieutenant-Colonel Purdon; it was taken by the Aquapim chief. The king carried it along with him as a powerful charm, and on the morning of the battle, he poured rum upon it, and invoked it to cause all the heads of the whites on the field, to lie beside it. The skull was enveloped in paper covered with Arabic characters, and a silk handkerchief, over all was a tiger skin, the emblem of royalty.

'The whole of the Ashantee camp was taken, together with their baggage and gold; the amount of the latter was said to be very considerable, but the whites never could ascertain what the natives obtained. Towards the end of the day, a great many slaves or prisoners were taken by the natives, who subsequently sold them to slave vessels to leeward of Accra, being satiated with the multitudes they had killed, in the early part of the fight, and until it was dark, parties were coming in with plunder from every quarter. The troops lay on their arms all night, as it was not known but that the king, with his surviving friends, might make an attack upon us in despair, having been seen in front, wandering over the scene of his blighted ambition. Through the night, at intervals, some of our native allied chiefs struck their drums to some recitations, which were repeated along the line, and as they died away, had a most pleasing effect, but were generally succeeded by deep wailings and lamentations from the glades, in front of our position, apparently from some unhappy Ashantee women looking for their friends among the fallen.'—pp. 120—123.

The pride of the Ashantees was now so completely humbled, that it was thought a proper period for bringing about a peace, which, after various negociations, was at length concluded, the king of Ashantee finding, as he said, no use in fighting against white men, expressing sorrow for what he had done, hoping the English would pardon him, and would take him and his people in future under their protection. He was moreover bound over to keep the peace in the sum of 6,000 ounces of gold, and two principal persons were sent to Cape Coast as hostages for his good behaviour.

In describing these transactions, Major Ricketts has frequently occasion to mention his own services: and although it must be admitted that he leaves out nothing which could tend to magnify those services, he nevertheless really accomplishes his object with a great deal of modesty. We wish that he had been a little more particular in his descriptions of local scenery and of the manners of the people: but it is evident that his mind had been too much taken up with military affairs, to allow him to pay any great attention to the minute finishing of his picture, by the introduction of objects of still-life.

Among the ornaments highly prized by the natives of the Gold Coast, the author mentions Aggery beads, which are as valuable as gold in their estimation. These beads are supposed to have

* This head was, however, afterwards stated to be that of Osai Tootoo Quamina, the late king of the Ashantees.

been introduced into the country in former ages for the purchase of slaves, and are generally found under ground, from which he presumes they must have been used in the decoration of persons of distinction in those times. They are still prized as the brightest jewels of the country, and being very rare, some traders to the coast endeavour to get similar ones manufactured. But though the imitation is good, the natives are such connoisseurs that they immediately detect the difference.

The author appends to his narrative a brief view of the present state of the colony of Sierra Leone, upon which it may not be uninteresting to many of our readers to make a few remarks, as although it is a settlement of which we frequently hear, very little is in fact generally known. Nine persons out of ten, who declaim loudly about the slave trade, if they were asked where Sierra Leone was situated, would most probably answer that it was an island somewhere near Africa. It is, in truth, a part of that continent, a mountainous peninsula, which has received from the Portuguese its name of Sierra Leone, or the Lion mountain, from the roaring of the thunder through its ridges of rocks on the approach, and at the termination, of the rainy season. It was transferred to Government by the African Company in 1808, and, so far as European life is concerned, has turned out one of the most fatal presents ever given by a subject to his sovereign. The voyager who approaches it from the sea, wonders that it should be so unfriendly to health. It is picturesque in a very high degree, and the verdure of its woods is delightful. He anchors in front of a well-built pretty town, called Freetown, the houses gradually descending a gentle declivity, which produces a good effect from the sea. Hospitals and barracks, in the English style, assure him of protection, and care and cleanliness; and if he should arrive in the dry, or hermitan season, as it is called, his senses are charmed with a fragrance which is diffused throughout the atmosphere, much the same as that of new-mown hay, and he will be astonished at the reports which he had heard of the pestilential character of the settlement. But if he wait a little time, he will soon begin to think the general opinion not quite without foundation. The hermitan, which is a very dry easterly wind, that sets in about December, and continues at intervals for several days, withers vegetation of every kind, except that of trees: it causes even the wood work in the houses to shrink so much, that the pannellings separate at the seams more than an inch asunder, it breaks the glass, and warps all the furniture. But when the rains approach, the furniture resumes its shape, the open seams close up, the parched earth, which, in addition to the effects of the hermitan, had been for many months without any kind of irrigation, is suddenly covered with verdure, and the whole face of nature is changed in the compass of twenty-four hours. The rains at first producing such pleasing effects, refresh the frame and delight the eye: but after a little

time, the action of an intensely hot sun on the luxuriant vegetation of the earth, saturated with moisture, produces a disagreeable sickening smell, the sure fore-runner of disease and death. Fevers follow, which few newly-arrived Europeans survive; and even if they should get over the first year, 'they are certain,' says the author, 'not to escape much longer, and when, at length, they take the fever, it generally proves fatal to them.' No length of residence can afford security to an European at this horrid place: he may wear through repeated attacks for five, or seven, or ten years, but the pestilence surely marks him for her own, if he remain within her influence.

We are glad to learn that there are no longer any European troops at Sierra Leone, which is now wholly garrisoned by native soldiers. Its population is estimated at twenty-six thousand, consisting of European merchants, Maroons, Nova Scotians, blacks, (called settlers,) discharged soldiers from the West-India regiments, exiles from Barbadoes, and liberated Africans, who have obtained allotments of land. A sort of Wesleyan system of faith was propagated here some years ago by missionaries, but the climate has deterred them from repeating their visits to this vineyard, and the Mahometan religion is becoming dominant. There seems to be no effectual provision made by Government either for the religious or general instruction of the settlers. They are committed entirely to their own resources. 'The congregations,' says the author, 'consist principally of liberated Africans, and discharged soldiers: very few of these can even read, and many of the former hardly understand English; and perhaps even the preacher, who may be a discharged soldier, or a liberated African, scarcely knows his letters: yet they join heartily in singing psalms, which constitutes the principal part of their service. Their chapels are opened at day-light for about an hour, and in the evening from six till eight o'clock: the chanting may be heard at a considerable distance, and their discordant voices are not a little annoying to the Europeans, who happen to reside in the immediate neighbourhood.' Indeed, all the plans that have hitherto been adopted by Government, or by benevolent or religious associations for the improvement of the liberated Africans sent to Sierra Leone, have been carried on with so little of systematic care, chiefly, perhaps, owing to the death of many of the persons to whose management they have been entrusted, that little can be expected to arise from them, until they are taken up by the colonists themselves, to whom the settlement must finally be given up. It is sufficiently clear, that all our efforts are imperceptibly tending towards the creation of another St. Domingo at Sierra Leone. Nor do we see any reasonable objection to such a result: on the contrary, it is precisely the thing for which all good men ought to be desirous, provided that as long as the settlement may be dependent upon, or in any way connected with, England, we shall, by example as well as by precept, teach its inhabitants the

value of some purer form of Christianity, than that spurious doctrine which the British missionaries fling amongst them by their tracts and Bibles; and provided also, that before we altogether withdraw from the peninsula, we shall leave behind us those seeds of rational government, which may in time spring up, like the mustard grain, to stately trees, and extend their fostering shade over the whole continent of Africa.

Art. IV.—1. *Attempts in Verse, by John Jones, an old Servant: with some account of the Writer, written by himself: and an Introductory Essay on the Lives and Works of our uneducated Poets.* By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureate. 8vo. pp. 332. London: Murray. 1831.

2. *United Efforts. A Collection of Poems, the mutual Offspring of a Brother and Sister.* 12mo. pp. 100. London: Sherwood. Dover: Batcheller. 1831.

3. *Corn Law Rhymes. Third Edition.* 12mo. pp. 115. London: Steill. Sheffield: Blackwell & Pearce. 1831.

4. *Omnipotence! A Poem.* By Richard Jarman. 2nd edition. 12mo. pp. 134. London: Chappell. 1831.

5. *Hymns for Children.* By the Rev. W. Fletcher, &c. &c. 16mo. pp. 96. London: Hailes. 1831.

There is nothing in this world like a little philosophy. The habit of turning to the best account every thing that happens to us—to laugh at trifling misfortunes, to endure great ones, and even to magnify the ordinary consolations that are offered to our acceptance, is in itself better, a great deal better, than to be born heir to a hundred principalities. Thus, some ten years ago, when Byron, and Moore, and Southey, and Campbell, were in the most palmy state of their reputation, we could have no more had the patience to read a page of the poetry, now scattered on a table before us, than to dwell upon the beauties of Cocker. But, thanks to experience, governed by a morçeau of philosophy, we can now not only read these effusions, but really find in them much to be pleased with, and even something to admire. This is what we call making the best of human affairs. We cast our eyes around, and perceive no more traces of that effulgence, which lately filled our literary skies with so much glory. The night has come, but with it have come also myriads of stars twinkling like silver in the firmament, and we say to ourselves, that whereas the sun has taken his departure, let us be contented, for the present, with those spots which still partake, though faintly, of his distant light, and be as happy as we can until he shall peep again, in his own divinity, above our horizon.

Mr. Southey is, we may observe, of our way of thinking. He, perhaps, at the period when his mind was labouring with the magnificent creations upon which he has since raised the fabric of his purest fame, would have been as intolerant towards mediocre poetry, as he now is towards every religion save that which at pre-

sent engrosses his belief. But time, it seems, has taught him, that bad poetry is not to be decried, when it can do no harm, and that that which stands half way between the worst and the best, is entitled to a very respectable measure of applause. 'The mediocres,' he writes, 'have long been a numerous and an increasing race, and they must necessarily multiply with the progress of civilization. But it would be difficult to say, wherefore it should be treated as an offence against the public, to publish verses which no one is obliged either to purchase or to read. Booksellers are not likely to speculate, at their own cost, in such wares; there is a direct gain to other branches of trade; employment is given where it is wanted; and if pecuniary loss be a matter of indifference to the author, there is then no injury to himself, and he could not have indulged himself in a more innocent folly, if folly it should deserve to be called. But if he is a good and amiable man, he will be both the better and the happier for writing verses. Poetry, says Lander, opens many sources of tenderness, that lie for ever in the rock without it!'

Upon such a subject as this, no one can presume to set himself up as a more competent judge than the Poet Laureate. Be this, therefore, the reign of the mediocres! May they all flourish under the protecting auspices of Robert Southey, and, first of all, may John Jones flourish and prosper long, in whose poetic welfare the Laureate feels an especial interest, in consequence of some circumstances which we shall now relate. The author of Thalaba having been at Harrowgate, with his family, in the summer of 1827, received there the following letter:

'"Sir,

'"The person who takes the liberty of addressing you is a poor, humble, uneducated domestic, who, having attempted the stringing together a few pieces in verse, would be happy in the possession of your opinion of them.

'"Living in a family, Sir, in which there are fourteen children, I have devoted but little time exclusively to their construction, they having been chiefly composed when in the exercise of my domestic duties, and frequently borne on my memory for two or three weeks before I had leisure to ease it of its burthen.

'"Seeing in a Leeds paper, Sir, that you were at Harrowgate, I avail myself of the opportunity it affords me of soliciting the favour of your perusal of them, as well, Sir, from a conviction that I should be satisfied with your opinion, as that, from the kindness of your nature, you would forgive me if I intruded upon you what you could not in justice foster with your approval.

'"Should it be your pleasure to inspect them, Sir, I shall be happy in sending them to you; and though it may not suit your present convenience, they might, in your possession, Sir, await a more favourable opportunity.

'"The last of my humble attempts, Sir, occurred to me from seeing a lady of the family collecting the crumbs from the breakfast-table, and

putting them by to await the coming of a little red-breast, who never failed to solicit them at the window during the winter months; and as it has just fallen from among some papers in which I placed it two or three months ago, not having room to insert it in my book, it suggested the idea of sending it as a specimen: and though, Sir, I can hardly hope that my poor little Robin possesses any trait of beauty worthy of your admiration, I do hope, Sir, that its harmless simplicity will obtain for me your pardon for the liberty I have taken in thus addressing you, and with that hope, Sir, I subscribe myself, Your most respectful

and most dutiful servant,

JOHN JONES."

'THE RED-BREAST.

'Sweet social bird with breast of red,
How prone's my heart to favour thee!
Thy look oblique, thy prying head,
Thy gentle affability;

'Thy cheerful song in winter's cold,
And, when no other lay is heard,
Thy visits paid to young and old
Where fear appals each other bird;

'Thy friendly heart, thy nature mild,
Thy meekness and docility,
Creep to the love of man and child,
And win thine own felicity.

'The gleanings of the sumptuous board,
Conveyed by some indulgent fair,
Are in a nook of safety stored,
And not dispensed till thou art there.

'In stately hall and rustic dome,
The gaily robed and homely poor
Will watch the hour when thou shalt come,
And bid thee welcome to the door.

'The Herdsman on the upland hill,
The Ploughman in the hamlet near,
Are prone thy little paunch to fill,
And pleased thy little psalm to hear.

'The Woodman seated on a log
His meal divides atween the three,
And now himself and now his dog,
And now he casts a crumb to thee.

'For thee a feast the Schoolboy strews
At noon tide, when the form's forsook;
A worm to thee the Delver throws,
And Angler when he baits his hook.

'At tents where tawny Gipsies dwell,
In woods where Hunters chase the hind,
And at the Hermit's lonely cell,
Dost thou some crumbs of comfort find.

'Nor are thy little wants forgot,
In Beggar's hut or Crispin's stall,
The Miser only feeds thee not,
Who suffers ne'er a crumb to fall,

'The Youth who strays, with dark design
To make each well-stored nest a prey,
If dusky hues denote them thine,
Will draw his pilfering hand away.

'The Finch a spangled robe may wear,
The Nightingale delightful sing,
The Lark ascend most high in air,
The Swallow fly most swift on wing.

'The Peacock's plumes in pride may swell,
The Parrot prate eternally,
But yet no bird man loves so well,
As thou with thy simplicity.'

Attempts in Verse, pp. 1—5.

We confess that we like the verses better than the letter, in which we detect now and then a "cunning hand," correcting and polishing the language of the writer, and, if the phrase be allowable, somewhat sophisticating his simplicity. It is a pity that the same assistance had not been extended to some of the verses too, for then we should not have had the woodman casting, as the inevitable construction of the lines now imports, first himself, and next his dog, and next a crumb to the little robin, who would hardly have thought himself under any very great obligations for either of the two first presents. Were the blemish removed, we do not know that we should hesitate to recommend these verses, as worthy of the consideration of any young lady who has a page to spare for them in her album. At any rate, Red-breast will be the better off next winter, we hope, for this mention of his name, as he may get a few more crumbs than might otherwise have been laid aside for his use, if a knowledge of the forecast of that fair economist, who habitually laid up a little store for him, had been confined to her own family. It is an amiable frugality which well deserves imitation.

Pleased with these specimens of the serving man's epistolary and poetic powers, the Poet Laureate read them to his wife and daughters, and to a lady of his party, in whose judgment he felt great confidence, and in this he acted with good sense, for, in nine cases out of ten, we take it, the ladies are by far better critics of poetry than men. They look at once to the effect produced upon the feelings by the verse, without very nicely scrutinizing the means, by which that effect might be heightened or impaired. They, too, were charmed with the natural images embodied in these lines, and came to an unanimous vote, that the man's book should be sent for, and the whole published, if found equally deserving of praise. The result must be stated in Mr. Southey's own words, as no

others could afford a more interesting insight into the benevolent motives by which he was actuated on this occasion.

'Upon perusing the poems I wished they had been either better or worse. Had I consulted my own convenience, or been fearful of exposing myself to misrepresentation and censure, I should have told my humble applicant that although his verses contained abundant proof of a talent for poetry, which, if it had been cultivated, might have produced good fruit, they would not be deemed worthy of publication in these times. But, on the other hand, there were in them such indications of a kind and happy disposition, so much observation of natural objects, such a relish of the innocent pleasures offered by nature to the eye, and ear, and heart, which are not closed against them, and so pleasing an example of the moral benefit derived from those pleasures, when they are received by a thankful and thoughtful mind, that I persuaded myself there were many persons who would partake, in perusing them, the same kind of gratification which I had felt. There were many, I thought, who would be pleased at seeing how much intellectual enjoyment had been attained in humble life, and in very unfavourable circumstances; and that this exercise of the mind, instead of rendering the individual discontented with his station, had conduced greatly to his happiness, and if it had not made him a good man, had contributed to keep him so. This pleasure should in itself, methought, be sufficient to content those subscribers who might kindly patronize a little volume of his verses. Moreover, I considered that as the Age of Reason had commenced, and we were advancing with quick step in the March of Intellect, Mr. Jones would, in all likelihood, be the last versifier of his class; something might properly be said of his predecessors, the poets in low life, who, with more or less good fortune, had obtained notice in their day; and here would be matter for an introductory essay, not uninteresting in itself, and contributing something towards our literary history. And if I could thus render some little service to a man of more than ordinary worth, (for such upon the best testimony Mr. Jones appeared to be,) it would be something not to be repented of, even though I should fail in the hope (which failure, however, I did not apprehend) of affording some gratification to "gentle readers;" for readers there still are who, having escaped the epidemic disease of criticism, are willing to be pleased, and grateful to those from whose writings they derive amusement or instruction.' —*Attempts in Verse*, pp. 11—13.

Before we take a glance at Jones's predecessors, in the same line, we shall make the reader a little better acquainted both with his biography and his poetry. From a very modest and becoming narrative of his little-chequered life, drawn up by himself, it appears that he was born in January, 1774, in the village of Clearwell, Gloucestershire, where his mother kept a small shop, his father being generally employed in the gardens of Squire Edwin. His letters and the art of reading he learnt from an old woman of the neighbourhood, and the evenings of the best part of two winters he spent in acquiring the mysteries of writing from an old man, by trade a stone-cutter, who in the winter evenings only could exchange the chisel for the pen, and this, he says, was the 'finishing of his education.' Having been employed for three years as his

mother's errand boy, he was at the age of ten promoted to the dignity of driving the plough at the squire's, and occasionally solaced his labours by reading the Bible, "the Mournful Lady's Guardian," and such stories as are generally hawked about in a pedlar's basket, with which he was particularly delighted. He next became a servant of all work at a small inn in Chepstow, where he accumulated, in three years, the sum of four guineas; with this he set off for Bath, and, by the aid of a friend, procured a place as a foot-boy to a family, consisting of two ladies only. He had over him an old Frenchman as butler, but it being the time of the commencement of the French revolution, the butler was more devoted to politics than to his pantry, and spent most of his time in quest of news. Thus the cares of his office devolved almost exclusively upon young Jones, who every day entered upon the business of preparing the dinner table an hour or two before it was necessary, in order that he might himself dine intellectually upon the contents of a well-stored bookcase, which was left open in that most interesting apartment. Plays chiefly absorbed his attention, especially those of Shakspeare, some of which he read twice over. He next engaged as footman with a lady, who kept only two female servants, and as she had no books in her house, he thought it high time to begin to make some for himself, and forthwith he conceived the ambition of writing a tragedy! Having laid out almost all his capital in the purchase of a dictionary, paper, pens, &c., he laboured hard for two years, and finished the work, which he hoped was destined to immortalize his name. It would have been something so new, to see a tragedy from the pen of a footman, that his nights, we have no doubt, were often illumined by visions of the glory, which, as he hoped, was now within his grasp. We dare to say, that they were two of the happiest years of his life; for he kept his tragical operations a profound secret from his fellow servants, who must often have wondered at what *John* could have found in his garret, that was preferable, in his notions, to their most sweet conversation.

With his tragedy in his pocket, John went to see his friends, among them his old schoolmaster, the stone-cutter, whom he paid for making out a clean copy of it. The stone-cutter was, of course, astonished at the production of his scholar, which he commended with so much praise, that John's ambition of renown became impatient of further obscurity, and he sent off the tragedy by coach to London, addressing it to the manager of the Haymarket theatre. In due managerial time, that is to say, after a very long time, he received back his composition with a polite letter, informing him that it would not do for representation, to which was appended a word of advice, against continuing to spend his time in such difficult undertakings. He here observes, with great naiveté, that he could hardly bring himself 'to believe that they had not copied it off, or stole the plot, or played him some dirty trick,' with respect to it. The worst of the matter was, that while he was thus castle-build-

ing in the air, he spent all his money, and he was obliged to descend from his tragic throne, and once more to resume his menial capacity. The tragedy was in anger consigned to the fire, and all that remains of its once gorgeous pageantry is a song or glee, which he had put into the mouths of some soldiers just before entering the field of battle. It is, in its way, a curiosity, at which the reader may laugh, if he likes, provided he can laugh in a really good-natured manner.

'"Come, come, my boys, let's prepare to meet the foe,
Come, come, my boys, let's drink before we go;
When in battle, cannons rattle, we can't do so.
Here, good, good, good, may the bottle go,
There, pop, and off our noddles go.
And when we're there, we shall not fare,
As we do here, taking good cheer
Through the sweet brown lips of a bottle-O;
Then, come, come, come, let's drink, drink, drink,
And take good cheer awhile we're here,
Lest, pop, and off our noddles go."'

Attempts in Verse, p. 175.

Our defunct tragedian now limited his poetical flights to lower regions, and occasionally amused his leisure hours, while serving with different families, in the production of the verses which are collected in the present volume. It is highly creditable to him to be able to state, that in the place which he occupied (in the hospitable establishment, we believe, of Mrs. Lawrence, of Studley Park, Yorkshire) when he made Mr. Southey acquainted with his poetical existence, he had lived nearly twenty years.

And truly, when we come to examine his different productions, we cannot but feel the more willing to acknowledge the truth of the often-repeated maxim, that the poet is born, not made. We perceive, in every one of these artless compositions, a natural facility of appealing to the beautiful objects which, wherever we go, we find constantly around us, and that facility we take to be the most essential ingredient in the poetic character. It is not improbable, that if Jones had been more employed in the fields than amid the bustle of household duties, and if he had had a few more hours to himself, than he seems to have been able to command, his language would have expressed his feelings in a more simple and a more touching style, than circumstances enabled him to attain. A writer must be either a perfect master of language, or his knowledge of it must be confined only to its most obvious and familiar idioms, to produce such poems, for instance, as those of Burns. We never heard that Burns bought a dictionary. If he had, we doubt if we should have found so much to enchant us in his works; for, whenever he wanted a word, instead of pursuing it through the labyrinths of his fancy, and expressing it, as it were, from the imagery visioned to his mental eye, he would, probably, have then selected the word which would have most readily filled up the harmony of his

line, rather than that which would have best reflected his idea. This is exactly the error into which Jones has fallen; and it is this that Mr. Southey felt, when he wished that these poems had been 'either better or worse.' To none of them would the remark have been applied with greater propriety than to a long fragment, containing a fanciful description of a passage down part of the river Wye, in which, though the imagery is everywhere natural, the language walks constantly upon the stilts of the dictionary. There may also be detected by a mind that is unskilled in the artifice of words, or has risen beyond it, something of the same fault in the following lines, in which, nevertheless, the objects collected for the purpose of picturing the approach of summer, are perfectly appropriate.

'Hark! hark! sweetly the nightingale
Sings, as the moon's peeping over the mountain;
Hark! hark! through the soft evening gale,
How her notes swell from the tree by the fountain;
Her coming is cheering,
The summer is nearing,
Sweet nature is smiling, and spring warmly glowing,
And early to greet them
My love and I'll meet them
Adown in the vale where the primrose is blowing.

'Hark! hark! still hear the nightingale
Sing, on the lake as the moon's brightly beaming;
Hark! hark! now her notes on the gale
Come from the dell where the water is streaming;
The verdure is springing,
The airy choir singing,
The flowers will bloom and their fragrance be shedding,
Arise, nor be loathful
Ye sleepy and slothful,
And view, when the morn beams, the sweets that are spreading.

'Hark! hark! still sings the nightingale,
Whilst a dark cloud is the moon's rays confining;
Hark! hark! now her voice on the gale
Comes from the brake where the woodbine's entwining;
The summer is coming,
The insects are humming,
All nature's expanding in beauty and order;
My love and I'll wander
Where streamlets meander,
And where the blue violets bloom on their border.'

Attempts in Verse, pp. 227, 228.

We suspect, after all, that Jones's real vein ran towards comedy rather than tragedy; and that if he had tried his theatrical fortunes, in the first instance, in the former line, he might have received less discouragement from the Aristarchus of the Haymarket. It is to this

department of literature, rather than to strict satire, that we should say his lines on Stevenson's stuffed owls belong. We may perperceive his comic turn, also, in his epitaph on Gaffer Gun, a thresher, whose departure from the scene of his labours Jones celebrates in verse, characteristic of the operations in which the Gaffer's life had been engaged, concluding with a stanza of which Cunningham might not have been ashamed:

> 'And when to be tried,
> Soul and body divide,
> May thy sins be, as chaff, lightly driven;
> But as grain, bright and sound,
> May thy spirit be found,
> And 'twill meet a good market in Heaven.'—p. 316.

Jones's best effort in this way is, however, his address to his nose.

> 'What leads me on where'er I go,
> In sun and shade, in joy and woe,
> Thro' fog and tempest, rain and snow?
> My Nose.
>
> 'In youth's most ardent reckless day,
> And when arose disputes at play,
> What would be foremost in the fray?
> My Nose.
>
> 'And should my tongue rude blows provoke,
> What would protrude and brave each stroke,
> Till coral streams its pains bespoke?
> My Nose.
>
> 'And falling in an airy bound,
> In chase of some new charm or sound,
> To save me—what came first to ground?
> My Nose.
>
> 'When some dark pass I would explore,
> With neither shut nor open door,
> What oft for me hard usage bore?
> My Nose.
>
> 'And when in want I yearn'd to eat,
> And hunger might my judgment cheat,
> What prompted me to food most sweet?
> My Nose.
>
> 'Mid violet banks and woodbine bowers,
> And beds where bloom'd the fairest flowers,
> What fed me with their fragrant powers?
> My Nose.
>
> 'Each eye may need in age a guide,
> And when young helpmates I provide,
> Thy back thou'lt lend for them to stride
> My Nose.

'And can I or in care or glee,
Refuse my aid and love to thee,
Who thus hast felt and bled for me,
My Nose?

'No; when cold winter's winds blow high
And bite thee hard, and thou shalt cry,
Thy tears with sympathy I'll dry,
My Nose.

'And if for snuff thy love shall come,
Thy slaves, my finger and my thumb,
Shall faithful be, and bear thee some,
My Nose.

'Still as I follow thee along,
Oh! may'st thou never lead me wrong,
But thou must hush our sleeping song,
My Nose!'

Attempts in Verse, pp. 319—321.

Of the uneducated poets, predecessors of Jones, noticed by Mr. Southey, it is not our purpose to speak at any length. Those who feel a curiosity, with respect to versifiers of that class, may easily gratify it, by purchasing the book; and by laying out half a guinea in this way, they will also render some little assistance to the benevolent object which prompted Mr. Southey to give his attention to this subject. His favourite amongst them all is, evidently, Taylor, called the water poet, from having been a Thames waterman in those days, happy for that calling, when steam-boats were not, and bridges were but few. He, like our friend Jones, was also a native of Gloucestershire, and having been the first person who gained notoriety as an uneducated inditer of verse in our language, he was much signalized in his day, and highly patronized. He flourished in the reigns of Elizabeth, and James I., and Charles I.; but though steam-boats did not interfere with his trade, many circumstances occurred, from time to time, to render it not worth pursuing. In fact, it was overdone by the multitudes who endeavoured to earn a pittance by it, and then, when plots, or pestilence, or other circumstances, occurred to thin the metropolis, so many of the watermen were thrown out of work, that they were obliged to try their hands, for a season, at other tasks. Taylor took to that of a strolling poet, which seems to have, for a while, very well answered his purpose. From his own account, as recorded in verse, he seems to have been a most zealous reader of poetry, especially of Homer and Virgil in translations; of Chaucer, Sidney, and Spenser; and to have dipped into Plutarch, Josephus, Seneca, Suetonius, and other foreign authors, "done into English," not omitting, as he tells us,

'"—— that sole Book of Books which God hath given,
The blest eternal Testaments of Heaven."'

But with all this reading, it was his care, he says, not to addle

his brains, but still to preserve his "natural art," describing himself as

> '"——— in poesy an artless creature,
> That have no learning but the book of nature,
> No academical poetic strains,
> But homespun medley of my motley brains."'

His works were first collected and published in 1630, in one volume, folio, containing about six hundred pages. He lived twenty-four years after this period, and wrote and published a great deal more, the collection of which Mr. Southey recommends. His manner of vending his compositions was to print them at his own cost, and then make presents of them to persons, from whom he might expect to receive, in return, another present, equal in value, at least, to that of his book. He was, in fact, a kind of poetical mendicant, and took any thing he could get; sometimes it was more than he could reasonably have looked for, sometimes less, and he complains that he had had often nothing beyond "nodds and looks for his pains." He had always, on great occasions, elegies, and epitaphs ready made, which he hawked about, and, occasionally, he undertook, for a wager, expeditions into the country, and even abroad, upon this principle, he, as it were, paying a premium, for which he was to receive so much more upon his return—a gambling kind of insurance. Some of these expeditions were attended with difficulty and danger, and he found his account in also making them the subjects of poetical description.

Another of the uneducated poets was Stephen Duck, who was born at Great Charlton, a little village in Wiltshire, in the beginning of the last century, of parents in the lowest rank of life. His schoolmaster having complained that the boy took in his learning too fast, "even faster than it could be bestowed upon him," his mother thought that she was providing best for him by putting him at once to the plough, "lest he should become too fine a gentleman for the family that produced him. 'He was a boy,' says Mr. Southey, paying an involuntary compliment to those ancient institutions which he has so often, on other occasions, most bitterly abused, 'who, in old times, would have been noticed by the monks of the nearest monastery, would then have made his way to Oxford, or, perhaps, to Paris, as a begging scholar, have risen to be a bishop or mitred abbot, have done honour to his station, and have left behind him good works, and a good name.'

Strange to say, all his early tastes were for arithmetic and mensuration. Accident put in his way a small but select library, in which he found most of our poets, and then it was that that "cast in his mind appeared," towards the muses, which Spence had noted in him from his infancy. Though much engaged as a labourer in the hardest employment of rustic life, and married (all from love) to a woman that did not much encourage the attention which he paid

to books, she considering it, doubtless, as so much valuable time thrown away; he, nevertheless, found opportunities for improving his mind, and, eventually, for the production of some excellent verses. His best work is entitled, "The Thresher's Labour," which, besides exhibiting an accurate and engaging picture of his own way of life, evinces also a command of language, and a degree of skill in versification, which many of our modern-educated poet-asters have failed to attain. The reader will be much pleased, we think, with the following extract from this poem, even though it proves clearly enough that the author's talents were rather imitative than inventive:

' " Let those who feast at ease on dainty fare
Pity the reapers, who their feasts prepare:
For toils scarce ever ceasing press us now;
Rest never does but on the sabbath show:
And barely that our masters will allow.
Think what a painful life we daily lead;
Each morning early rise, go late to bed:
Nor when asleep are we secure from pain,
We then perform our labours o'er again:
Our mimic fancy ever restless seems,
And what we act awake she acts in dreams.
Hard fate! our labours even in sleep don't cease;
Scarce Hercules e'er felt such toils as these!

' " But soon we rise the bearded crop again,
Soon Phœbus' rays will dry the golden grain.
Pleas'd with the scene our master glows with joy,
Bids us for carrying all our force employ;
When straight confusion o'er the the field appears,
And turning clamours fill the workmen's ears;
The bells and clashing whips alternate sound,
And rattling waggons thunder o'er the ground.
The wheat, when carried, pease, and other grain,
We soon secure, and leave a fruitless plain;
In noisy triumph the last load moves on,
And loud huzzas proclaim the harvest done.
Our master, joyful at the pleasing sight,
Invites us all to feast with him at night.
A table plentifully spread we find,
And jugs of humming ale to cheer the mind;
Which he, too generous, pushes round so fast
We think no toil's to come, nor mind the past.
But the next morning soon reveals the cheat,
When the same toils we must again repeat;
To the same barn must back again return,
To labour then for room for next year's corn.

' " Thus, as the year's revolving course goes round,
No respite from our labour can be found:

Like Sisyphus, our work is never done:
Continually rolls back the heavy stone.
New growing labours still succeed the past;
And growing always new, must always last."'

Attempts in Verse, pp. 103—105.

This poem attracted the notice of Queen Caroline, who was so much pleased with it, that the author was invited to Windsor, and comfortably provided for, first by a pension of thirty pounds a year, and other appointments, and next, by being settled in the church. Every body knows that the attention paid to Duck by the queen drew forth from Swift some very ill-natured lines. After having been taken from his barn, Duck lived thirty years in apparent ease and happiness; unfortunately he became insane, and threw himself into the water, near Reading, in 1756, and was drowned.

Mr. Southey adds notices of James Woodhouse and John Bennett, two poetical village shoemakers; of the poetical milk woman, Ann Yearsley, and of the pipe-maker, John Frederick Bryant, whose works, however, scarcely entitle them to the attention which they have received at his hands. He has promised also to shew his respect, on some future occasion, to the memory of Robert Bloomfield, 'whose talents,' he very justly says, 'were of no common standard, and whose character was, in all respects, exemplary.' With equal justice, he observes, 'It is little to the credit of the age, that the latter days of a man whose name was at one time so deservedly popular, should have been past in poverty, and perhaps shortened by distress, that distress having been brought on by no misconduct of his own.'

We have no reason for supposing, that any one of the four other collections included in our list, has proceeded from the pen of an uneducated poet. Indeed, we should rather suppose the contrary, for they all bear the marks of well-cultivated minds, and, with one exception, of minds always attuned to religious and very amiable feelings. The united efforts of a brother and sister harmonize so perfectly in both these respects, that it would be difficult to detect any difference of sentiment between them. And although we cannot find, in their little volume, any thing sufficiently finished to bear the more scrutinizing gaze to which it would be exposed, if it were transferred to the pages of this journal, yet we must say, that such efforts are laudable in every way, and entitled to the utmost measure of indulgence.

It is our fate never to meet with any of the works of the author of 'Corn-law Rhymes,' until after they have reached the honours of a *third* edition. Our office as critics, with respect to his labours, may therefore be considered as merely honorary, since the patronage which they must have received, may be supposed to have already placed them beyond the reach either of our censure or applause. But is there not a paltry trick lurking in the title pages of this writer's productions? Does he imagine that a book will sell

better, if even the first impression of it be ushered into the world as one already well known—as one that had already gone twice through the press? Or if these third editions be genuine, might one be at liberty to ask how many numbers of the preceding editions, and in what part of the world, have been sold? We last month noticed, in terms of moderate praise, but though moderate, just, as far as it went, a poem, entitled 'Love,' by this author; and we own that, tedious as that composition was, it appears, in our opinion, to be much superior in all the requisites of good poetry, and what is of greater consequence, of good feeling, to the rhymes now before us, the main object of which seems to be, to excite the poor against the rich, and to provoke, not only a servile war, but a war of the most atrocious cruelty, attended by every species of outrage, in language and in act, by which the horrors of such a strife could possibly be aggravated. One specimen will shew the spirit in which these rhymes are written:

'What is bad government, thou slave,
Whom robbers represent?
What is bad government, thou knave,
Who lov'st bad government?
It is the deadly *will*, that takes
What labour ought to keep;
It is the deadly *power*, that makes
Bread dear, and labour cheap.'

Corn-law Rhymes, p. 31.

It was by putting propositions, which, in fair dealing, require a good deal of cautious explanation, in this dishonest and abstract form, that the mind of the multitude became maddened in the early stages of the French revolution. What effect such verses may have in the manufacturing towns, where we perceive, from another copy of them that has been sent to us, they are distributed upon the cheapest terms, we have no means of judging. Of the tendency of such productions, however, we can entertain no doubt. The author of them cannot be more zealous for the rights of the people of England than we are. Does he wish corn to be cheap, labour to be adequately rewarded, civil franchises to be extended, the abuses of bad government to be eradicated? So do we. But we hope never to see the day, when the people shall listen to those demagogues, who teach them to wade their desperate way to all these valuable objects, through deluges of blood, and with language in their mouths, which must altogether unfit them for the exercise of any rational functions.

The author of the poem entitled 'Omnipotence,' has also, we fear, been initiated in the little trick of introducing the first impression of his work in the shape of a *second* edition. This unworthy practice, if he have been really guilty of it, would be strangely at variance with the moral tone which it is the great object of his pages to sustain. We regret to say, that in a poeti-

cal point of view, they are beneath criticism. An aspirant who, with all his experience as a contributor to the periodicals, can yet find no better rhyme for *wish* than *bliss*, for *death* than *health*, for *turn* than *learn*, for *forget* than *step*, for *air* than *spear*, for *worth* than *earth*, for *rock* than *crop*, for *rehearse* than *curse*, for *reward* than *appeared*, for *within* than *sing*, and for the common word *scene*, no rhyme at all (*vide* p. 128), can hardly be yet considered as sufficiently fledged, to be admitted into the society even of the minor poets. He seems to be ignorant of the number of syllables necessary to constitute the measure which he has adopted, and with respect to melody, he has committed so many errors, that he must be altogether unacquainted with the effect which it produces in poetical composition. With all these sins upon his head, Mr. Jarman has attempted a mighty theme, which, at least, indicates ambition; but before he flies so high, he would do well to creep through the rudiments of the English grammar.

Mr. Fletcher's 'Hymns for Children' do not come strictly under the head of minor poetry; but they are not therefore the less valuable, considering the very useful purpose for which they are destined. The author desires to attain no more than such combinations of phraseology, as are best calculated to impress devotional thoughts upon the infant memory. This little book is extremely well adapted to attain his object. The language is simple, without being too childish; the ideas are such as the young mind may easily comprehend, without being involved in any of the mysteries of religion; and the subject chosen for each hymn, is generally connected with one or other of the duties which fall within the daily practical observances of children, who have the happiness to be properly brought up.

ART. V.—*The Life of Archbishop Cranmer.* By the Rev. Henry John Todd, M.A. Chaplain in ordinary to His Majesty, Prebendary of York, and Rector of Settrington, county of York. In 2 vols. 8vo. London: Rivingtons. 1831.

"CRANMER'S martyrdom is his monument, and his name will outlast an epitaph or a shrine," said Strype, whose eulogy has been selected by Mr. Todd as an appropriate motto for these volumes. We fully agree in the truth, both of the observation and the prophecy; but monuments are not always necessarily honourable to the memory of those who have obtained such distinctions, nor do epitaphs or shrines uniformly transmit an enviable reputation, it being the fate of some characters to be by such means

"damned to everlasting fame."

The line is, in fact, much more forcibly applicable to Cranmer than to Wolsey, for with all the errors of his life, and they were neither few nor unimportant, it cannot but be acknowledged

that there are many redeeming virtues in the history of the Cardinal. We may blame him for his faults, but there was a noble daring in many of his actions, a commanding influence even in his most ambitious measures, which render the contrast between his grandeur and his fall peculiarly touching. The inflexible consistency of his religious principles, when the question concerning them really became one of a personal nature, must win the respect of those who are most opposed to them, and for ever save his name from the epigrammatic condemnation of Johnson, who perhaps paid more attention, while he was writing it, to the satirical pungency of the phrase, than to its moral propriety.

It appears to us, that Mr. Todd's work is singularly ill-timed. Any man, whose eyes are not wilfully sealed against passing events, must clearly see that the days of the established church of England are already numbered, and that it is rapidly drawing towards the close of its disastrous career. Every event which takes place, whether abroad or at home in favour of liberty, is a blow struck at the outworks of that fabric. The single fact announced by Lord Althorp very lately in the House of Commons, with respect to the see of Derry, is sufficient of itself to open in a little time upon the whole system, the flood-gates of public opinion, against which let it maintain itself if it can. The noble Lord, in answer to a question put by Mr. Hume, stated that ministers were unwilling to deal with the see in question in an isolated manner, as if that bishopric alone stood exclusively in need of regulation; that, however, the new bishop would be informed that he is to accept the dignity, subject to such alterations as the Parliament may hereafter make, and that a general measure was in the contemplation of government, with the view of distributing the excessive revenues of some of the Irish bishoprics among the poorer benefices, so as to place the latter upon a more equal footing than they are at present. Suppose this measure to be accomplished in Ireland, can any just reason be assigned wherefore the same principle should not be acted upon in England? We apprehend not. The discussions about the church property will then begin in good earnest; the theories about the sacredness of tithes, and about their being as validly secured to the clergy as any private property is to any private gentleman, will be blown by an indignant people into the air. The question will be asked by the dissenter, why am I to pay for a church from which I receive no benefit, which I never frequent, which I think in error? The conclusion will be, let every man pay his own pastor, and let no clergyman be paid by the state, and then we shall behold the complete downfal of a church, which has literally nothing to maintain it but acts of Parliament, and revenues plundered from the church of a former age.

And it is while this process is going on in the destinies of the establishment, and going on, too, so conspicuously in the face of day, that he who runs may read, that Mr. Todd has flattered him-

self into the belief, that he is rendering a valuable service to his church, by re-producing from the dusty shelves of old libraries a huge heap of theological pamphlets, which he has been pleased to entitle, not *A Life*, but '*The* Life of Archbishop Cranmer.' If he will but read over with a little care, and without any of the parental prejudices of an author, his own two volumes, and mark the facts which he discloses, and the astounding admissions which he makes, he must acknowledge that he has need of all the testimonies which all his friends, and his rank in the church, can afford him, chaplain though he be to the king, prebendary though he be of York, and rector though he be of Settrington, in the county of York, to protect him from being considered as one of the most treacherous and effective enemies of that very church to which he is indebted for his subsistence. The bitterest foe of the establishment could scarcely desire a more powerful auxiliary than the Rev. Henry John Todd, or evidence more conclusive with respect to the unworthy proceedings, the selfish intrigues, the weak sophistry, and the fundamental errors, by the assistance of which that historical imposture, called the *reformation*, was commenced, and carried on, for even yet it has not been consummated, than is to be found in this very life of Cranmer.

It would be very easy for us to strengthen that evidence from other sources; but, in the remarks we have to make, we shall in no one instance go out of the two volumes which lie before us. Both Mr. Todd and his martyr, the archbishop, shall have a fair hearing: but out of their own mouths shall they be condemned. It seems that England is indebted to the Conquest for the right ancient family of Cranmer, and that from an early age* 'he was accustomed to the diversions of hunting and hawking, and was skilled in the use of the bow,' a course of preparation which, it must be acknowledged, was peculiarly appropriate for the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury! Having been sent, at the age of fourteen, to Jesus College, Cambridge, he proceeded 'among the *better sort of students* in "right good knowledge,"' but in what that knowledge particularly consisted, the biographer is unable to inform us. He supposes that young Cranmer was, 'perhaps, encouraged' by Erasmus, then at Cambridge, to worthier pursuits than mere scholastic subtleties; he infers that because Cambridge was said by the same distinguished scholar to be 'improving in elegant and useful literature,' Cranmer must have done the same, and he *believes*, for he has not a syllable of fact to state upon this subject, that Cranmer, who had already been elected a fellow of his college,' was then highly distinguishing himself as a scholar, when (what think you, gentle reader?) love interfered with learning, and prevailed!'

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* He was born at Aslacton, in the county of Nottingham, on the 2d of July, 1489.

Now we by no means blame the 'fellow' for falling in love, although he knew that marriage must cost him his fellowship, according to the statutes of his college; we shall here only remark, that the man who married at the age of twenty-three, must have then had a very small notion of devoting himself to the service of a church, which required its ministers to observe the strictest celibacy. Nor do we think that we greatly err in *supposing*, for we have as good a right to make hypotheses as Mr. Todd, that this hunting, hawking young gentleman, skilled in the bow, and brought up among the *better sort of students* at Cambridge, (who are very seldom the most moral characters in the world,) was, in fact, rather more given to dissipation than to study—at least, to the study of theology. It seems admitted, upon all hands, that the name of the female whose charms prevailed over learning was *Joan*, but whether her surname was *Black* or *Brown*, the archbishop himself did not know. He married her, consequently, without the slightest inquiry on the subject, having become acquainted with her at an inn or tavern, distinguished by the sign of the Dolphin, at Cambridge. It was there, at all events, that she lived after their marriage, she being the cousin of the mistress of the house, which affords no small confirmation to the assertion that she was, in truth, a woman of *low condition*. Fox says that she was the daughter of a gentleman; be it so: still if not a legitimate daughter, her condition would not have been raised by that circumstance. But be this as it may, we have here the undisputed facts of this 'fellow' taking unto himself a wife at the age of twenty-three, which places this point beyond dispute, that he did not then intend himself for the church, and of course paid no regard to the course of study necessary for that vocation. Indeed, it is stated, that now, having lost his fellowship by his marriage, he employed himself as a general tutor, doubtless for his support. Some persons have said, that he acted for a time as hostler at the inn, but we shall give him all the benefit that can arise from admitting that this was mere slander.

The first Mrs. Cranmer having died about the year 1514, as well as we can make it out, that is to say, in about a year after her marriage, the 'fellow' was restored to his fellowship, contrary to the statutes, which exclude the widower as well as the husband, and we are told that the tenour of his academical life followed on for ten or twelve years without any material interruption. He was appointed lecturer in divinity in his own college, and it is said, we have no doubt with great truth, that his mode of discharging this office 'contributed to forward the reformation,' for, not having been properly founded in theological doctrine, he confined all his studies in that way to the Scriptures. 'He had now,' (1526), says his biographer, 'long studied the Scriptures. He had obtained the name of a Scripturist, which was given to those in the University who, by the Book of God, were led to think for themselves, and who were not without the suspicion of inclining to Luther.' 'Per-

suaded, as he must have been,' continues the author, 'by Erasmus, he would now perhaps be also convinced by Luther, that the corruptions of the Romish church were great and many'! Nevertheless, Cranmer had been already for some years a priest of that church, the corruptions of which he was thus both persuaded and convinced were great and many; and instead of abandoning at once the sacred character which he was thus abusing, as he ought to have abandoned it if he were a sincere and honest-hearted man, he still went on from day to day, outwardly conforming to doctrines which inwardly he is said to have disbelieved. So far we find, upon Mr. Todd's own shewing, that Cranmer, having sacrificed his fellowship to a wife at the age of twenty-three, had become at the age of thirty-six a confirmed hypocrite.

His biographer hardly knows what became of him for two or three years; the pest called the "Sweating Sickness" drove him away from Cambridge, and we hear nothing of him except that he lived at Waltham, until the year 1528, when the validity of Henry's marriage with Catharine was the subject of discussion in every circle, learned and unlearned, throughout the country. Into this question we need not enter. We shall merely observe that the point in dispute was, whether the marriage was invalid from the beginning, or was voidable by the dispensing power of the Pope, as head of the church. If it was invalid, according to the Canon Laws, from the beginning, then there was no necessity of appealing to the Pope; if it were only voidable by the Papal power, then it was to be feared that the power, supposing it to exist, would not be exercised in favour of Henry. The opinions of theologians were much sought after upon this question. Cranmer sided with those who thought the marriage invalid *ab initio*, and it was to this circumstance that, in the profit-regarding language of his biographer, 'he owed his introduction to preferment.'

"Where is this Dr. Cranmer?" asked Henry, who was delighted with the intelligence, "Is he still at Waltham?" Gardiner and Fox replied that they left him there. "Marry," said the king, "I will surely speak with him, and therefore let him be sent for out of hand. I perceive that this man hath the sow by the right ear." He was accordingly forthwith summoned into the royal presence, repeated his opinion, and was provided with board and lodging in the earl of Wiltshire's house, while he drew up a treatise in defence of the king's object, in which he argued that it was supported by the authority of the Scriptures, of general councils, and of ancient writers. Upon perusing this work the king asked him, "Will you abide by this, that you have here written, before the bishop of Rome?" Cranmer answered, "That I will do, by God's grace, if your majesty shall send me thither;" and the royal reply was, "I will send you."

The preferment to which Cranmer was thus introduced, rapidly followed; he was appointed one of the royal chaplains, and archdeacon of Taunton, and obtained also a benefice, the name of which

is not mentioned. It may be supposed that his zeal in maintaining the opinion which he had formed—sincerely formed let us even allow—would not be cooled by these little remembrances, nor by the fact that he wrote his treatise in the house of the father of Anne Boleyn, who was slightly interested in the success of his argument.

Cranmer and his book were both sent to Rome, in the suite of that nobleman, whose object was to obtain the divorce if possible: but strange to say the Pope, Clement, was not subdued either by the verbal or written arguments of the learned divine, and he left Rome just as he had entered it, except that, "to stay his stomach," as Fuller expresses it, a trifling titular dignity had been conferred upon him by the Pope, to which he offered no objection, great as his horror of the Papal supremacy was supposed to have been. He was next appointed ambassador to the emperor Charles, who was almost as much opposed to the divorce as the Pope himself, and whom, no doubt, it was Henry's object to gain over to his side of the question if possible. In this, however, he altogether failed. Indeed Cranmer had other objects in view; having become acquainted with Osiander, a pastor at Nuremberg, who favoured the idea of Henry's divorce, he thought he could make no better return for the friendship with which that divine had favoured him, than by marrying his niece, an event which appears to have taken place in the early part of the year 1532, Cranmer having been then about forty-three years old.

This fact is mentioned by Mr. Todd with the greatest possible coolness, as if it were but an ordinary affair in his eyes, that a priest of the Catholic church, who had, upon the altar of God, pledged himself, by the most solemn vows, to a life of celibacy, should, without the slightest hesitation, violate those vows, and not only do this, but still go on performing daily the usual functions of his priesthood! Excuses may be found in the ardour of the passions, and perhaps even in the order of nature, which, in the eyes of mere men of the world, may be considered plausible enough, on behalf of individuals who have found themselves unable to comply with vows of this description. But what justification can, in fairness and common candour, be alleged in favour of the man, who not only tramples on sanctions of so awful a character, but still perseveres in discharging the holy office with which they were essentially connected as an inviolable condition? If Cranmer found it necessary to take a second wife, after he had accepted of the priesthood upon terms of celibacy, the least he could have done ought to have been to cease from exercising the duties of the priesthood, for which his marriage rendered him incapacitated. But this manly course was not one that suited his dispositions. He adroitly concealed his sacrilegious nuptials, having been, as indeed we have already had occasion to observe, thoroughly experienced in the ways of hypocrisy.

Thus, wherever we turn our eyes, in the early stages of the

reformation, we may plainly see that it had its origin in the passions of men. Henry denied the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, because he wanted to get rid of his wife; and Cranmer assisted in forwarding these views, because he wanted to get one. We are not at all surprized to hear it said, that such a man as this had the Protestant cause at heart. We believe that he had, because it was his only resource for the gratification of his passions and the preservation of his means of subsistence; and we can easily understand the reasons of his lingering at Nuremberg, when it was announced to him that the see of Canterbury was vacant, and that the king intended him to fill it. It was not the *nolo episcopari* that detained him on the continent; indeed his biographer confesses it was his wife, that kept him abroad seven weeks beyond the period when he was expected in England.

It is really pitiable to observe the manner in which Cranmer's panegyrists flounder in the affair of his second marriage. Gilpin is not surprized that it made him reluctant to accept the episcopal dignity, because, "however liberal his own sentiments might be on the subject of his marriage, he knew the prejudices of the world ran strongly against him. I call them prejudices only, because I think it does not appear that the '*secular* clergy,' at that time, were absolutely required to take the vow of celibacy." Gilpin might have easily made it *not* appear to him, simply by avoiding to make due inquiry upon the subject, that the secular clergy were absolutely required to take such a vow: but if he had looked into the ritual of their ordination, he would have found that the vow of celibacy was absolutely required to be taken by the secular clergy, and, moreover, that it was not in the power of the ordaining bishop to dispense with its being taken in any one instance. Again, Mr. Todd is very anxious to have it understood, that Cranmer was guilty of no double dealing with Henry upon this subject, and wishes to have it believed that the former communicated to the latter the circumstances of his marriage. For our parts, we entertain not a doubt of it. The permission to Cranmer to retain his wife, was but a small part of the price which Henry would most willingly have paid in order to get rid of his, and hence we find the new Archbishop of Canterbury, in the very first year after his consecration, sending 'for the lady, however privately, from Germany, where he had left her on his recall to England!' We further find, that from the year 1534 to 1539, she lived with him 'as his known though not publicly acknowledged wife,' and such was Henry's anxiety to indulge the prelate on this point, that when he issued his royal proclamation against the marriage of priests, (for the example of Cranmer had already become contagious,) he took good care, says Todd, that the penalty should be 'limited not to such as were then married, and kept their wives privately, but to such as kept them openly, and to such as should subsequently marry.' We hardly know which to consider the grosser act of turpitude, the

base truckling sophistry of the king, or the remorseless effrontery of the Bishop, in daring to officiate at the altar of God, which he had polluted by his perjury.

Another scene of this man's life now opens upon us, which, for the sake of human nature, we would gladly have passed over, if it had not been defended by Mr. Todd, in terms which shew that Mr. Todd would himself have pursued the same abominable line of conduct. We have seen that, from the beginning, Cranmer, who certainly was at best but a shallow theologian, affected to doubt, and indeed, on more than one occasion, denied the spiritual supremacy of the Pope. Now he well knew that he could not be consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury, without having the sanction of the Holy see, formally expressed in a solemn document, and without taking an oath of fidelity to the Pontiff. It was never for a moment supposed, that this oath interfered, in any manner whatever, with the allegiance which the subject owed to his sovereign—that is to say, with the civil allegiance, for none other had been rendered, or been required to be rendered, to the sovereign of England at least, until an act of parliament made him also the head of the church of England. Cranmer, however, in order to sustain his argument upon the divorce question, held that the king was, without any act of parliament, supreme head of the church here, and that to him alone the oath of fidelity was due. But what was to be done? No oath of the kind had yet been framed, and this *unwilling* Archbishop elect, as he is represented, could not be consecrated unless he agreed to take the oath to the Pope. Well, the bulls of consecration are received from Rome, and are forthwith accepted by the very man who denied their validity; and the oath is taken with a *protest*, signifying, in plain terms, that it was not taken at all! We think that we need do no more than cite the passage which gives an account of this transaction, in order to raise up every honourable mind in arms against the perpetrators, as well as the defender, of as deliberate and as unblushing an example of prevarication and perjury, as any that ever has been recorded at the Old Bailey.

'The bull for Cranmer to succeed Warham was dated Feb. 22, 1532-3. He was consecrated, March 30, following, by the bishops of Lincoln, Exeter, and St. Asaph. Before he took the oath of obedience, on this occasion, to the see of Rome, the Roman Catholics assert that he retired into a private room and protested against it. So far was the transaction from being private, that the protest, in conformity to the resolution he had made, was delivered openly, and publicly, before witnesses specially and officially named, and doubtless before those who were appointed to consecrate him, as well as other attendants. The protest, before it be further investigated, requires to be presented to his countrymen in their own language. It was as follows.

'"In the name of God, Amen. I, Thomas, archbishop of Canterbury elect, do before you, persons of authority and credible witnesses, here present, say, allege, and, by this present instrument in writing, openly, publicly, and expressly protest, that whereas before my consecration, or at the

time thereof, I am obliged to take the oath, or oaths, usually taken by the archbishops of Canterbury elect to the pope, for form sake, rather than for any essentiality or obligation there is in the thing, in order to my obtaining the same: It neither is, nor shall be, my will or intention to oblige myself by the said oath, or oaths, howsoever the same may seem to be worded, to any thing hereafter to be said, done, or attempted, by reason thereof, which shall be, or seem to be, contrary to the law of God, or contrary to our most illustrious king of England, or the commonwealth of this his kingdom of England, or to the laws or prerogatives of the same: And that I do not intend to oblige myself by the said oath, or oaths, in any manner whatsoever, so as to disable myself freely to speak, consult, and consent, in all and singular the matters, and things, any way concerning the reformation of Christian religion, the government of the Church of England, or the prerogatives of the crown thereof, or the good of the commonwealth; *and every where to execute and reform those things, which I shall think fit to be reformed in the Church of England.* And I do protest and profess, that I will take the said oath, or oaths, according to this interpretation and this sense, and none other, nor in any other manner. And I do further protest, that whatsoever the oath may be, which my proctor hath already taken to the pope in my name, it was not my intention or will to give him any power, by virtue whereof he might take any oath in my name contrary to, or inconsistent with, the oath by me already taken, or hereafter to be taken, to our said illustrious king of England: And, in case he hath taken any such contrary or inconsistent oath in my name, I do protest, that the same being taken without my knowledge, and without my authority, shall be null and invalid. *And these my protestations I will have to be repeated, and reiterated, in all the clauses and sentences of the said oaths:* From which [protestations] I do not intend, in any manner whatsoever, by deed or word, to recede, nor will recede, but will always hold the same to be firm and binding to me."

'This instrument accordingly was thrice interposed at the ceremony of his consecration; first in the chapter-house of St. Stephen, Westminster, before those who were directed not only to witness but to record it; next on his proceeding from the chapter-house to the altar in the church, to receive consecration; and lastly, after the consecration, on receiving the pall.'—vol. i. pp. 58—60.

The weight of the evidence goes to shew, that this protest was privately made, and was intended to be kept secret. But we confess that it does not appear to us to make the slightest difference in the conduct of the new archbishop, whether the protest was private or public. A protest before hand against an oath, in which the name of the deity is called upon to attest the obligation which its plain and inflexible terms impose upon the person who takes it! Is it possible, that an honourable mind, an upright conscience, could defile itself by such an act? If the oath were, as undoubtedly it was, a necessary preliminary to the archbishop's consecration, would it not have been his duty rather to decline the dignity with firmness, than to accept it, laden as it was with a stipulation which he could not faithfully perform? Duplicity and perjury are here joined together in one crime, from which not all the declamation

and sophistry of all the Protestant authors who ever have written on this subject, can vindicate the tainted memory of Cranmer.

The new archbishop having, of course, pronounced the divorce, for the accomplishment of which he had been consecrated, the king was married to Anne Boleyn; for which services, we suppose, in addition to his episcopal dignities, he received from Henry *the loan* of 500*l.* He now eagerly assisted the king in devising laws for the complete abolition of the papal supremacy in this kingdom, which he took very good care, however, to transfer, partly to the king, as head of the church, and partly to himself, as grand inquisitor of the nation, a character in which, even his panegyrists must admit, he appears to very little advantage. One of his first acts, in this capacity, was to cause a Black Friar to be removed from some paltry appointment which he held in the university of Cambridge, because he "defended the authority of the Bishop of Rome," and "as he (the inquisitor) was credibly informed," "was a man of very small learning, sinister behaviour, ill qualities, and of suspected conversation of living." But the inquisitor marked out the prior of these Black Friars for his special vengeance. This unfortunate man, it seems, did not agree with the archbishop in the new doctrines which were now propounded; and accordingly he addressed a long letter to the king, in which he argued that the prior, who had controverted some of those doctrines as preached by the archbishop, had committed not only errors in point of faith, but treason in point of law, for which he ought to be made amenable.

"At my first examination of him," says Cranmer, writing from Ford to the king, "which was before Christmas, he said that he preached not against me, nor that I had preached anything amiss. But now he saith that I preached amiss in very many things, and that he purposely preached against me. And this he reporteth openly. By which words I am marvellously slandered in these parts. And for this cause I beseech your Grace that *I may not have the judgment of the cause*, forasmuch as he taketh me for a party; but that your Grace would commit the hearing thereof unto my Lord Privy Seal, or else to associate unto *me* some other persons at your Grace's pleasure, that *we may hear the case jointly together*."—vol. i. pp. 117, 118.

Thus we may observe, that so far as liberty of thought and word was concerned, in religious matters, the country gained nothing whatever by the suppression of the papal supremacy. The only immediate effect of that measure was, as this letter demonstrates, to remove the seat of that supremacy from Rome to Lambeth, and, in fact, to create two popes in England, the King and the Archbishop of Canterbury, instead of one. But the latter claimed something more: desiring to exercise a power at all times peculiarly and deservedly odious in England, that of a judge sitting in judgment upon a cause to which he is himself a party, this reformer of all abuses first pretends that he seeks no such power, and yet concludes with requesting that it be given to him in *association with*

some other persons, thus adding mockery to injustice. And yet this is the man who, in a long speech delivered by him in Parliament in the very year, apparently, in which the above letter was written, is reported upon good authority to have "discoursed very largely what a person a judge ought to be: he must not be partial, nor a *judge in his own cause*, nor so much as *sit on the bench when it is tried, lest his presence should overawe others!*" Are we not justified in asserting, that almost every page of this Cranmer's life teems with instances of his hypocrisy and meanness? The sequel of the history of the prior has, unfortunately, not come down to us, and therefore we cannot say how the proceedings terminated. But as his accuser and judge had, before trial, convicted him of treason as well as heresy, we may conclude that but little mercy was shown him.

We pass over the dissolution and plunder of the monasteries, in order to contemplate Cranmer in another remarkable scene of his life. Henry, we need hardly say, soon grew tired of Anne Boleyn, his heart being now captivated by the charms of Jane Seymour, one of her maids of honour. One fine morning the queen discovered her new rival sitting on the king's knee, the effect of which was so overpowering that she was taken in premature labour, and delivered of a dead son. Henry did not fail to reproach her for disappointing him of an heir to the throne, and his consort retorted, assigning her misfortune to its true cause. He had already resolved upon her ruin, and without a shadow of proof, without even the semblance of a fact that could raise suspicion against her honour, accused her of adultery. To whom did he look at once as his prime instrument for ridding him of her who was so late "his life, his sole delight?" To Cranmer. Henry's first step was to send for the archbishop from another of his residences, and to order him to remain at Lambeth for the present. For the rest, let this sordid slave speak for himself. We shall not defile our pages with the whole of his letters to the king upon this subject: a few extracts will be sufficient to display his utter destitution of conscientious feeling, and his almost incredible baseness.

'Of all her (Anne Boleyn's) former adherents,' says his biographer, 'Cranmer now alone retained his *grateful* regard for her. He therefore resolved to inform Henry by letter, though he had been *persuaded* (!) to think her *guilty*, how unwilling he was still to cherish the thought; and with equal *tenderness* and *discretion*, while under the restriction at his palace, thus he wrote.'—vol. i. pp. 153, 154.

Of the *discretion* with which Cranmer penned his thoughts upon this occasion no doubt will be entertained: but as to his *tenderness*, few, we suspect, would be very anxious to experience it in similar circumstances.

'"*And if it be true*," writes Cranmer, "*that is openly reported of the queen's Grace*, if men had a right estimation of things, they should not esteem any part of your Grace's honour to be touched thereby, but her

honour only to be clearly disparaged. And I am in such a perplexity, that my mind is clean amazed. For I never had better opinion in woman than I had in her, *which maketh me think that she should not be culpable.* And again I think that your Highness would not have gone so far, except she had been surely culpable. Now I think that your Grace best knoweth, that next unto your Grace *I was most bound unto her of all creatures living.* Wherefore I most humbly beseech your Grace to suffer me in that, which both God's Law, nature, and also her kindness bindeth me unto; that is, that I may, with your Grace's favour, wish and pray for her, *that she may declare herself inculpable and innocent.* And if she be found culpable, considering your Grace's goodness towards her, and from what condition your Grace of your only mere goodness took her and set the crown upon her head; I repute him not your Grace's faithful servant and subject, nor true unto the realm, that would not desire the offence without mercy to be punished to the example of all others. And as I loved her not a little *for the love which I judged her to bear towards God and His Gospel;* so, if she be proved culpable, there is not one that loveth God and His Gospel that ever will favour her, but must hate her above all other; and the more they favour the Gospel, the more they will hate her; for then there was never creature in our time that so much slandered the Gospel. And God hath sent her this punishment, for that she feignedly hath professed His Gospel in her mouth, and not in heart and deed. And though she have offended so that she hath deserved never to be reconciled unto your Grace's favour, yet Almighty God hath manifestly declared His goodness towards your Grace, and never offended you. But your Grace, I am sure, [ac]knowledgeth that you have offended him." '—vol. i. pp. 155, 156.

The postscript of this letter, which is dated 3d May, 1536, is, however, like postscripts in general, the real expounder of Cranmer's resolution.

' " After I had written this letter unto your Grace, my lord chancellor, my lord of Oxford, my lord of Sussex, and my lord chamberlain of your Grace's house, sent for me to come unto the Star-Chamber; and there declared unto me such things as your Grace's pleasure was they should make me privy to: for the which I am most bounden unto your Grace. And what communication we had together, I doubt not but they will make the true report thereof unto your Grace. I am exceedingly sorry, that such faults can be proved by the queen, as I heard of * their relation. But I am, and ever shall be, your faithful subject." '—vol. i. p. 157.

We shall not add a word of commentary of our own: that duty we shall leave for the present in the hands of Mr. Todd.

' The trial and condemnation of the queen almost immediately followed. Not content with this result, the king resolved on further vengeance; and after two days more the afflicted archbishop was obliged judicially to declare her marriage invalid, and her offspring illegitimate. But the direct ground, on which his sentence was formed, was never publicly declared. Her confession of a precontract with Percy, earl of Northumberland, which however he solemnly denied, has been supposed to have been made by

* ' But upon no other evidence.' *Note of Mr. Todd.*

her, and to have been accepted by Cranmer, not without some hope of reversing the doom of death. But of this there is no proof. Certain it is, that "in the sentence of divorce," as Fuller long since observed, "no particular cause is specified: there is no dashing on the credit of the lady, nor any the least insinuations of inchastity in it." Thus the Act which now passed, referring to the Acts that were made at the time of her marriage, only generally mentions, that "certain impediments were brought to light which were unknown at the making of the said Acts, and since that time confessed by the lady Anne before the archbishop of Canterbury sitting judicially for the same." It has been urged, that her admission of Henry having been criminally connected with her sister Mary before her own marriage, (one of the charges virulently brought against the sovereign only by Cardinal Pole,) was obtained as the warrant for this proceeding. But even if the charge had been true, of which there is no evidence, Henry would hardly have resorted to such an acknowledgment of his own superlative baseness.

'In short, we know not what was her confession, nor the precise points on which she was convicted.'—vol. i. pp. 157—159.

Mr. Todd very freely and very truly talks of the *superlative* baseness of the king. Were there no words in the English language, in which he could describe the *comparative* baseness of the mitred instrument of the king? Is he silent upon this part of the subject from want of words, or from want of feeling? The death of Anne Boleyn, he coolly adds, in the page last quoted, 'in no respect diminished the influence of Cranmer with the king.' We might have judged as much, without being expressly informed of the fact by this sage biographer, since we here find the king and the primate partners in a judicial murder, as they had hitherto been in acts of hypocrisy and tyranny, such as have no parallel in the annals of England.

It would require an ample volume to point out all the inconsistencies, errors, crimes, and follies, in the life of Cranmer, by which this foul and bloody judgment against Anne Boleyn was followed. There are, however, a few passages which we cannot altogether omit, as they place in a very striking point of view, the great blessings which the *reformation* brought upon this country. A clergyman of the name of Nicholson, who afterwards took the name of Lambert, was accused of denying the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence in the Eucharist. Lambert was summoned before the archbishop, when the following scene took place.

'Cranmer accordingly cited the learned heretic to answer for his conduct, who appealed from the metropolitan to the regal authority. Henry readily agreed to be his judge, and Westminster Hall was the scene of the proceedings. Addressed by his sovereign, not with the condescension that endears to every man the character of royalty, the prisoner faltered. "Why standest thou still?" said the unfeeling monarch to him: "Answer, as touching the sacrament of the altar, whether dost thou say that it is the body of Christ, or wilt deny it?"—"I answer with St. Augustine," said Lambert, "that it is the body of Christ after a certain manner."—"Answer

me," replied the king, "neither out of St. Augustine, nor by the authority of any other; but tell me plainly, whether thou sayest it is the body of Christ, or no."—"Then I deny it," Lambert firmly answered, "to be the body of Christ."—The monarch then merely telling him that he should be condemned by Christ's own words, *This is my body*, commanded the archbishop, who with other prelates attended at the trial, formally to refute the assertion.'—vol. i. pp. 258, 259.

Cranmer of course obeyed the command of the king, and entered into a long argument in order to convince Lambert of his errors. But the *heretic*, as he was called by the new spiritual governors of England, was not to be easily put down.

'The night was now approaching the disputation. Overpowered by the taunts, not by the arguments, of the prelates, Lambert perceived that there was no hope of being fairly heard, and he was silent. The king then asked him, whether he chose to live or die? He replied, that he looked to the royal mercy. That was, however, denied, with the ungracious reflection, "I will not be a patron of heretics." To Cromwell the direction was then given by the sovereign to read the sentence of condemnation. The unhappy schoolmaster was soon afterwards consigned to the flames,'—vol. i. p. 261.

The reader will hardly believe, that at this very period it is doubtful whether Cranmer himself held the doctrine, for the denial of which he sentenced Lambert to the flames! At all events it is certain that he very soon after abandoned it, as well as indeed most of the articles of faith in which, down to that period, he had professed his belief, and that he returned to that doctrine and to those articles once more at the bidding of the king. In short, no weathercock could be more obedient to the wind, than the voice of Cranmer was, upon every occasion, great as well as small, to the dictates of Henry. Upon the death of Jane Seymour it became an important question who was to be her successor. Anne of Cleves, it is hardly necessary to inform the reader, was selected for that purpose, as a valuable accession to the "reformed party," on account of her connexion, by her sister's marriage, with the Elector of Saxony. That we may not be accused of exaggerating any thing against Cranmer, we shall simply extract Mr. Todd's account of the sequel of this affair.

'On the first of January (1540) the lady arrived at Rochester, where the king was impatiently waiting in disguise to admire the beauty that had been promised to him, like Calidore beholding the Graces,

——"yet of them unespied."

But he did not, like the Elfin warrior, "see what pleased much his sight." The person, as well as the manners, of the lady, excited in him immediate aversion instead of admiration. He was astonished that his agents as "wise men," and that Holbein as an excellent limner, should have described her as attractive. Even the "goodly stature" by which she was distinguished, and which he had before suggested would be desirable, had now no charms for him. Before his courtiers he bestowed a coarse expression upon her;

and to them he confessed that he would gladly avoid, if yet it might be so, the nuptial contract. But the contract was verbally fulfilled, and the lady became a nominal wife; of which empty distinction, after six months more had passed, she was deprived by the formality of a divorce. A pre-contract was the first of the frivolous pretences assigned as a ground of this proceeding. Depositions by *Cranmer* and other peers were tendered to this purpose. But it was on the sovereign's own reprehensible plea that he had not *inwardly* consented to the marriage, and that he was unable to subdue his antipathy to the lady, that both lords and commons, and afterwards the convocation, principally formed their determination to try the validity of the marriage. Before the convocation agreed to pronounce it void, Gardiner expatiated in favour of Henry's view, and examined witnesses to the purpose. The sentence of invalidity was then confirmed by the *seal of Cranmer*. I wish I could have said, that the primate had not concurred in this unworthy measure. Burnet admits that Cranmer had not now "courage enough to swim against the stream;" which is imputed to the fear, that his refusal to sanction the plea would have caused him to share the fate of Cromwell, whose execution, he knew, would immediately follow the divorce.'—vol. i. pp. 288—290.

Cranmer's gross ingratitude to Cromwell, when adversity came at length to convince that minister of the "uncertainty of human affairs," is another of the many blots, which combine to render his memory detestable in the eyes of every man of right feeling. Abundant matter for censure might be found in the conduct of Cranmer during the reign of Edward VI., and the short usurpation of the Lady Jane Grey, whom the archbishop supported until he saw that her cause became desperate. He then endeavoured to palliate his treason in the best manner he could, saying, that he had been over-persuaded to do this, and constrained to do that, according to his usual habits of servility and mean dissimulation. All his efforts, however, could not save him from the Tower, to which he was committed, for his having, with Ridley and Latimer, preached in favour of the sovereignty of the Lady Jane. From the Tower they were removed to Oxford, where they were allowed to take a part in a public disputation which was held upon several of the most controverted points of faith. They were all three adjudged by the two universities to be obstinate heretics, Cranmer having been already attainted of high treason; and the abominable system of persecution for religious opinions, which Cranmer particularly had established, while his star was in the ascendant, was now, by a retributive justice, turned against himself and his abettors.

Let it not be supposed, however, that we commend such state retaliations as these, by one party, upon its accession to power, against that which had previously fought against it: very far from it. We willingly subscribe to the censure which has been passed upon Mary, for her sanguinary proceedings against persons who differed from her in religion—proceedings which were altogether at variance with that religion, and can fairly be considered only as the

result of the excited feelings, which prevailed in those days upon every question connected with the altar and the throne.

After going through what we must call the mockery of a trial—but not less a mockery than those judicial farces which he had himself enacted upon similar occasions—Cranmer was condemned, as his companions had been, to be burnt. Ridley and Latimer having undergone their sentence, almost in sight of Cranmer, his heart already began to fail him. We would willingly draw a veil over these last scenes of his weakness. We feel for the man, and wish to do no more than barely to touch the outlines of that miserable series of shifts and vacillations, upon which a set of fools have conferred the title of martyrdom. Having been degraded from his archiepiscopal rank with all the ceremonies that could render such a proceeding most painful to his mind, Cranmer made no fewer than six, if not seven, different recantations, each succeeding one stronger and more comprehensive than that by which it was preceded, of the doctrines which he had at any time held, that were in any respect at variance with those of the Roman Catholic church. He solemnly declared his belief in the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, and "in all articles and points of the Christian religion and Catholic faith, as the Catholic church doth believe, and hath ever believed from the beginning." The sixth of these recantations contains an avowal of the true origin of the *reformation;* and for that reason chiefly we shall here transcribe it:—

'"I, Thomas Cranmer, late archbishop of Canterbury, confess, and grieve from my heart, that I have most grievously sinned against heaven and the English realm; yea, against the Universal Church of Christ, which I have more cruelly persecuted than Paul did of old, who have been a blasphemer, a persecutor, and contumelious. And I wish that I, who have exceeded Saul in malice and wickedness, might with Paul make amends for the honour which I have detracted from Christ, and the benefit of which I have deprived the Church. But yet that thief in the Gospel comforts my mind. For then at last he repented from his heart, then it irked him of his theft, when he might steal no more. And I who, abusing my office and authority, purloined Christ of his honour, and the realm of faith and religion, now by the great mercy of God returned to myself, acknowledge myself the greatest of all sinners, and to every one as well as I can, to God first, then to the Church and its supreme head, and to the king and queen, and lastly to the realm of England, to render worthy satisfaction. But as that happy thief, when he was not able to pay the money and wealth which he had taken away, when neither his feet nor his hands fastened to the cross could do their office; by heart only and tongue, which were not bound, he testified what the rest of his members would do, if they enjoyed the same liberty that his tongue did. By that he confessed Christ to be innocent; by that he reproved the impudence of his fellow; by that he detested his former life, and obtained the pardon of his sins, and as it were by a kind of key opened the gates of paradise. By the example of this man I do conceive no small hopes of Christ's mercy; that he will pardon my sins. I want hands and feet, by which I might build up

again that which I have destroyed; for the lips of my mouth are only left me. But he will receive the calves of our lips, who is merciful beyond all belief. By this hope conceived, therefore I choose to offer this calf, to sacrifice this very small part of my body and life.

'"I confess, in the first place, my unthankfulness against the great God. I acknowledge myself unworthy of all favour and pity, but most worthy not only of human and temporal, but divine and eternal punishment; that I exceedingly offended against king Henry VIII., and especially against queen Catherine his wife, when I was the cause and author of the divorce. Which fault indeed was the seminary of all the evils and calamities of this realm. Hence so many slaughters of good men; hence the schism of the whole kingdom; hence heresies; hence the destruction of so many souls and bodies sprang, that I can scarce comprehend with reason. But when these are so great beginnings of grief, I acknowledge I opened a great window to all heresies, whereof myself acted the chief doctor and leader; but first of all, which most vehemently torments my mind, that I affected the holy sacrament of the Eucharist with so many blasphemies and reproaches, denying Christ's body and blood to be truly and really contained under the species of bread and wine. By setting forth also books, I did impugn the truth with all my might. In this respect indeed not only worse than Saul and the thief, but the most wicked of all which the earth ever bore. *Lord, I have sinned against heaven, and before Thee.* Against heaven, as I am the cause it hath been deprived of so many saints, denying most impudently that heavenly benefit exhibited to us. And I have sinned against the earth, which so long hath miserably wanted this sacrament. Against men, whom I have called from this supersubstantial morsel; the slayer of so many men as have perished for want of food. I have defrauded the souls of the dead of this daily and most celebrious sacrifice.

'"And from all these things it is manifest, how greatly after Christ I have been injurious to his vicar, whom I have deprived of his power by books set forth. Wherefore I do most earnestly and ardently beseech the pope, that he, for the mercy of Christ, forgive me the things I have committed against him and the apostolical see. And I humbly beseech the most serene sovereigns of England, Spain, &c. Philip and Mary, that by their royal mercy they would pardon me. I ask and beseech the whole realm, yea, the Universal Church, that they take pity of this wretched being, to whom, besides a tongue, nothing is left, whereby to make amends for the injuries and damages I have brought in. But especially, because against Thee only I have sinned, I beseech Thee, most merciful Father, who desirest and commandest all to come to Thee, however wicked, vouchsafe to look upon me nearly, and under Thy hand, as Thou lookedst upon Magdalen and Peter; or certainly as Thou, looking upon the thief on the cross, didst vouchsafe by the promise of Thy grace and glory to comfort a fearful and trembling mind; so, by Thy wonted and natural pity, turn the eyes of Thy mercy to me, and vouchsafe me worthy to have that Word of Thine spoken to me, *I am thy salvation;* and in the day of death, *To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.*

'"Per me THOMAS CRANMER.

'"*Written this year of our Lord, 1555-6, the 18th day of March.*"'

vol. ii. pp. 480—484.

All these recantations appear to have been made by Cranmer, under the hope that they might contribute to save him from the death to which he had been sentenced. But they failed to produce the desired effect. It had all along been determined that he should suffer, and the 21st of March was now fixed on for that purpose. When he found that his recantations were not likely to avail him for the end which he had contemplated, he retracted them all; thus, to the last moment of his existence, persevering in that infirmity of purpose, which throws a deep shade over his character, indicating at once the depravity of his heart, and the unsoundness of his understanding.

While we lament, for the sake of Christianity, the atrocious cruelties to which the disputes about religion gave rise, in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward, and Mary, and while we allow every indulgence to the weaknesses from which, even under the most favourable circumstances of education and position in society, human nature is seldom altogether exempt; we own that we cannot but look with feelings of the most unfeigned compassion, upon the intellectual blindness of those sectarians who set up such a man as Cranmer—taking him even as he is pourtrayed by his most enthusiastic admirers—as an example of morality, an authority in matters of faith, and as a martyr, bearing witness by his blood to the *truth* of the doctrines which he inculcated! It is manifest from his conduct towards the close of his life, and indeed from the complexion of his entire career, that there was no principle which he would not have sacrificed, no proposition which he would not have retracted or adopted, in order to promote his interests. When the question was of his life, we have seen the facility with which, on six or seven different occasons, he repeated his allegiance to that church, which it had been the business of his whole episcopal reign to betray and to overthrow. Could he have escaped the horrors of the stake, he would have abandoned any truth, and signed any falsehood. A willing sacrifice to his own principles, whatever they were, he undoubtedly was not; to give him the title of a martyr is therefore a misappropriation of language, calculated only to deceive ignorance, and to flatter the prejudices of credulity.

ART. VI.—*An Historical Inquiry into the Production and Consumption of the Precious Metals.* By William Jacob, Esq. F.R.S. in 2 vols. London: Murray. 1831.

A THEME of more enduring curiosity, or present importance, could hardly be chosen for illustration in our time, than the subject which Mr. Jacob has here so elaborately pursued; and the public has reason to congratulate itself that the task has been undertaken by the author from motives of taste and preference alone. An early predilection for such inquiries, aided by the encouragement which

Mr. Jacob received from the late Mr. Huskisson, have led to the preparation of the work before us. It exhibits all the traces of extended and unwearied industry; it combines an assemblage of most striking facts connected with the old and the modern civilized world; and it suggests innumerable hints that will serve as valuable contributions to the important science of human nature.

Mr. Jacob commences by an inquiry into the sources of those extraordinary accumulations of gold and silver, which are stated to have been possessed by individuals in the early ages of the world. The historians of these times relate, that the founder of Nineveh had collected together large masses of gold and silver,—and that there were, in Babylon, statues of Jupiter, Juno, and Rhea, all in beaten gold. The statue of Jupiter was forty feet high, and weighed a thousand Babylonian talents: that of Rhea was of the same height— she sat on a throne of gold, and near her were couching three lions in gold, and again, near to them were two large serpents in silver. Juno's statue weighed eight hundred talents, besides which there was in the same temple an altar of gold, forty feet long, and fifteen broad, on which were placed two cups, and two censors, containing altogether no less than three hundred and thirty talents' weight of gold. Darius received once, as a tribute, three millions and a quarter sterling in gold. Xerxes took with him into the field as much money and other valuables as twelve hundred camels could carry. So great was the wealth of Crœsus, that he could give a donation of about three millions sterling to the temple of Delhi, without being in the slightest degree straightened in his circumstances. Pytheus, a petty provincial king of Phrygia, acknowledged to Xerxes, when the latter visited him, that he had no more than about four millions (of our money) in his strong box at that moment. We must refer to Diodorus, Polybius, &c., for other samples of opulence, which are to be found in the history of the Persians and Syrians, and of Alexander and his successors. The Roman republic even was not exempt from the luxury of pecuniary accumulation. Crassus' fortune is rated at nearly two millions sterling: Seneca was worth two millions and a half: Lentulus, the augur, (so profitable is priestcraft at all times,) died possessed of a fortune of three millions and a quarter sterling. Augustus amassed by legacies alone nearly twenty-two millions sterling; and Tiberius left no less a sum than thirty-two millions and a quarter sterling, which Caligula made away with in twelve months, being about the average time in which our modern heirs apparent contrive to dispose of the wealth of their frugal predecessors. Cæsar, when he set out for Spain, owed above two millions sterling, but he brought back to the treasury a sum over four millions. Mark Anthony, who owed, when Cæsar was killed on the ides of March, upwards of three hundred thousand pounds, paid the whole of it before the kalends of April, leaving the public treasury minus more than five millions.

Mr. Jacob, having noticed the evidences which have been handed down to us, to prove the existence of an immense quantity of the

precious metals in ancient times, enters upon the investigation of the sources of this abundance, and he pretty clearly establishes that valuable mines were at this remote period worked in the east of Persia, India, Egypt, and Nubia, Southern Africa, Europe, Greece, and the Greek colonies. Italy furnished copper and lead—Great Britain exported abundance of her own tin before the Roman conquest. Illyria yielded gold—Spain furnished silver. Mr. Jacob next proceeds to consider the manner in which the treasures possessed by various persons in certain countries, without mines, came to be accumulated there, and this theme leads him into some interesting remarks on the first attempts at commercial intercourse between the societies of the Old World. He then dwells on the various quantities which had existed at different periods in ancient Greece and Rome, and attempts to explain the causes of these variations. The history of the use of metals, as instruments of exchange for the different articles of necessity or luxury, is pursued in considerable detail, and with copious illustrations by Mr. Jacob, from the earliest time, down to the period of what are called the middle ages, when the operations of mining, after a very long suspense, were resumed. This revival was produced principally by the discovery of America. The passion for exploring the bowels of the earth extended to nearly the whole of the European nations: but in the Austrian dominions it appeared to be particularly influential. In the little bishoprick of Saltzburg alone, more than a thousand leases of mines were taken during about twenty-four years. The spirit of enterprize seemed to be altogether centered in subterranean expeditions, and there was scarcely a territory in Europe where either monarchs, or companies, or speculative individuals, did not start a mining scheme. The extravagance into which this mania at last degenerated, cannot be better exemplified than by the following curious narration, which we take from Mr. Jacob.

'The war of the succession (in Spain) suspended all mining projects; but in 1728, a new adventurer undertook the work of opening the mines of Guadalcanal. This was an English woman of rank—Lady Mary Herbert, daughter of the marquis of Powis. She had resided in Paris, had been connected with the celebrated Mississippi Law, and had thereby improved a natural talent and disposition for enterprizes of an extensive nature. This lady was received with attention in Spain, and a company which had been formed two years before accepted a proposal she made to drain the mines of Guadalcanal. The conditions were that she was to be paid two hundred thousand dollars, by instalments, as the work advanced, and to receive one half the profit of the mine.

Lady Mary departed from Madrid for Guadalcanal, to which miners and engineers had been sent from England at her expense, and at that of her relation Mr. Gage, who accompanied her, and of her father, the marquis. The instalments were paid regularly by the company, and the draining of the mines proceeded simultaneously, when disputes arose. The Spaniards insisted that the lady had agreed to clear away the mud, whilst she contended that she had only contracted to clear the mine of water. A law suit was instituted, and the payments of the company were suspended.

Her ladyship now prosecuted the work on her own account, and advanced to a depth in which the richest minerals were supposed to be: when she presented a judicial request that a portion of the ore should be taken up, and meked in the presence of the court, and its value ascertained and attested. A decree was issued appointing the examination. Ore of the weight of 40 lbs. was taken from one of the galleries, which produced 10 lbs. 13 oz. of pure silver. This specimen, which was handed about in a very ostentatious manner, and shown to the king, who happened at that time to be at Seville, seemed to justify, beyond all doubt, the reputation of the mine for great riches. It was, however, asserted, that as all the agents employed by the lady were foreigners, imposition had been practised on the judges and officers of the court, on the Spanish agents, and on the numerous witnesses who were present at the examination.

'During two years, whilst a suit thus occasioned was proceeding, the expense of keeping those galleries that had been drained, clear of water, was too great to be borne, and they became filled again. Lady Mary, however, at length, by her interest at Court, obtained a decree in her favour: the mines were adjudged to her and her heirs for a term of thirty years, on condition of her working them for two years at her own expense. She never, however, appeared afterwards in the business, though agents said to have been employed by her spared no pains to gain new adventurers to contribute to form a fund for prosecuting the work.

'Mr. Gage, the relation and partner of this lady, then obtained a grant of the mine from the crown in his own name, in 1736, and continued to work it during ten years: and though he procured some rich ores, which yielded considerable quantities of silver, it never equalled the expenditure—besides which, the plunder of the agents, after the death of Mr. Richard Westley, the chief of them, augmented the loss, and closed the whole operation.

'After that, Sir Thomas Sutton, created Count de Clouard, formed a company in Paris, and obtained a grant of the mines in 1768. After erecting hydraulic machines, and proceeding with the drainage seven years, they discovered that the vein was in another shaft than that on which they had been operating. This company, like the others, dissipated the capital with no other fruits than some curious mineralogical specimens, with which the cabinet of natural history of Madrid was enriched.'—vol. i. pp. 278—281.

Mr. Jacob sketches the early state and progress of metal-mining in England, and he seems to be of opinion that its slow and irregular improvement was occasioned by the usurpation on the part of the crown of a right to all mines, which was regularly acted on until the time of the Revolution, and then this assumed right was abolished, there being, however, reserved to the king a power to purchase, after raising, all ore made merchantable, at fixed prices.

With reference to the consumption of gold and silver, Mr. Jacob gives a very curious account of it, during the centuries that intervened from the conclusion of the Western empire, to the discovery of America. It appears that for a very long time after commerce had become generally known, it remained almost exclusively in the hands of the Jews. Every free man looked upon traffic as an unworthy employment, and the profession of arms the only one worthy to be embraced by him. The fairs and markets which took

place in different countries, and of which some traces are still retained, appear to have been all settled with a view to the convenience of the Hebrews. But however those persons were occasionally flattered by Christians, they still lived every where in terror, and thus most probably were induced to secure their treasures in secret repositories. This circumstance is considered by Mr. Jacob as one reason for the abstraction at certain periods of large amounts of gold coin from circulation. The scarcity of money in these countries during the Saxon heptarchy is very remarkable—but still more so is the depression of prices. The gold coin at that time was called a bezant, having been put into circulation by the Romans, who struck it at Constantinople (Byzantium). Seventy-two bezants weighed only one pound. St. Dunstan purchased the manor of Hendon for 200 bezants, or three pounds of gold. Alfred was considered to have left his family well off by leaving his sons five hundred pounds each, or about 1400*l.* of our money, and his daughters one hundred, being about 280*l.* of the present coin of Great Britain. Mr. Jacob then details the variations of the prices of different commodities, particularly those of agricultural produce, and exhibits the changes in its value which the money itself experienced. As a proof of the high value of gold and silver coin in the period which we have just mentioned, he adduces the amount of the tribute which Athelstan required of Sudwal, chief prince of Wales, whom he subdued in 937. The sum was in value no more than about 1700*l.* of our money: yet so enriched was Athelstan by this tribute, that he was enabled to contract family alliances with the Emperor Otho—the mayor of the palace of Paris, and prince Louis of Aquitain. When Richard I. was detained by the Duke of Austria, the sum demanded for his ransom amounted to about 140,000*l.* of our money: but even to raise that inconsiderable amount it was necessary to borrow all the money of the churches, as well as that of the barons. It is stated that the money for the ransom was raised with great difficulty; that the chalices and cups were melted down, and a general tax imposed upon every person to the extent of a fourth part of their income. The low price of articles of consumption about the same period also serves to show the high value of money. For the coronation of Richard the First, there were paid for 870 hens, 200 cups, 1350 scutellis or platters, only 12*l.* 15*s.*: for 2000 plates and 200 cups, 3*l.* 15*s.* 9*d.* In 1306 the expenses of the installation feast of the Prior of St. Austin, in Canterbury, amounted to 862*l.* only, including music, cooks, and attendants, 3300 dishes, and 1400 wooden cans or jugs. We shall not pursue the course of the narrative on this part of the subject any longer, contenting ourselves with stating, as the general result of comparative statements, that no great difference is observable between the early and late years of the period which intervenes between the time of the Norman Conquest, and the discovery of America.

Mr. Jacob attributes to the crusades a considerable share of the

merit of having advanced civilization and industry in Europe, and of thereby increasing the wealth of its several nations. But although the mines were not very productive in the meantime, and though the amount of gold in this country was on the decrease, still there was certainly a very great diffusion of money gradually taking place from the year 800 to 1500. The chief part of the gold money brought to the royal mint of England, seems to have been obtained from foreign trade: but we have no clear accounts of our coinage previously to the reign of Edward I. But it fully appears that up to the time mentioned, namely, the commencement of the sixteenth century, the money of domestic coinage formed a very small part of the general circulation.

In the latter century, in consequence of the continental discoveries in the western ocean, commercial intercourse received a mighty impulse. Its business began to be attended with difficulties, and to require system. This was the origin of bills of exchange, and of agencies which were commenced by the Lombards in Italy, and followed in all the principal parts of Europe, by a class styling themselves goldsmiths. These persons had a very great influence in discouraging the circulation of domestic coinage in England: and hence we have another reason to explain why so little of it was coined before the reign of Henry VII. Mr. Jacob proceeds at some length to survey the state of commerce at the close of the fifteenth century in the several kingdoms, with the view of estimating, through such an enquiry, the portions of the precious metals which they severally possessed. This chapter is replete with curious and valuable details. The great interest which commerce had now established in the general mind, and the example of respectability and influence, of ease and independence being acquired by success in trade, was inflamed by the report of the discoveries of gold mines in America—and, as we before observed, the countries of Europe were resolved that they would have mines of their own. The result, however, was, that in a single century after the discovery of America, the quantity of coin in circulation in Europe was very nearly quadrupled, and the prices of commodities in England, France, and other parts of Europe, advanced at the rate of nearly 470 per cent. Such was the influence exercised on commodities by the increased supply of the precious metals; and after having disposed of this part of his subject, Mr. Jacob goes on to consider the effect of this new course of events on the several classes of society. The tenor of his observations admits of being briefly stated. At no period of the world, of which we have any account, did so complete a revolution of the subsisting relations between man and man take place, as during the beginning and middle of the sixteenth century, owing, as Mr. Jacob labours to prove, to the impulse which the new accession of the precious metals gave to the minds of men. 'Its effect,' observes the author, 'has been felt in every quarter of the globe, and has had an influence in the

prosperity of the whole civilized race of man—not by the wealth that the silver and gold amounted to, but by the stimulus it began to administer to every branch of industry, by the impulse it communicated to physical, mechanical, legislative, judicial, and even moral investigations, and by the attachment it inspired to the sound principles which introduced legal, civil, and political freedom.' It had a striking influence likewise on the amount of population, for the increase of 1700 as compared with the amount of 1600, shews an advance of 40 per cent. in the mass of the inhabitants of Europe. Again, husbandry was improved, land became more fertile, and inclement seasons were in a great measure disarmed of their destructive power, by the care and foresight of the farmer. Then, too, our most useful culinary vegetables were first brought into cultivation: turnips, parsnips, early pease, &c.; manufactures began to be followed; and the dwellings, which, when Erasmus visited England in the former century, were built of wood and mud, and thatched with straw, were in that of which we speak principally constructed of stone or bricks, were floored with timber instead of rushes and mats, and covered with slates or tiles. In fine, Mr. Jacob thinks that after a careful survey of the state of the country at the two periods, he is justified in the conclusion that the five millions five hundred thousand (the assumed number of the population) in 1700, enjoyed at least double the amount of material wealth that was possessed by the three millions eight hundred thousand (the assumed number of the population) in 1600.

Mr. Jacob continues the history of the precious metals down to the time in which we live. He estimates the produce of the South-American mines at different periods as it has been ascertained by the diligent De Humboldt; and he next attempts to appreciate the quantity of gold and silver which had been employed in any other purpose than that connected with the coinage. In following this part of his subject, the author is led to furnish many curious particulars respecting the use of gold and silver in the houses of the great and opulent.

It was not until the voluptuous Louis XV. directed the court system of France, that plate was much used in that kingdom. Necker's accounts shew an increase in the use of this costly article, between 1709 and 1759, in the proportion of seven to one. In Spain, plate was chiefly confined to the ecclesiastical establishments, and in Italy it was very extensively used by all ranks. There appears to have been but little plate used in England before the time of Queen Anne. At least it appears from unquestionable documents, that there was a very sudden increase of the manufacture of plate in that reign. Mr. Jacob ingeniously suggests that an impulse was communicated to the nobility by the magnificent presents of gold and silver plate to the Duke of Marlborough for his services; and it may be worthy of note, that all the old plate in this country—that which is preserved in high families,

such as the Duke of Devonshire's, as also that which is still used by the Goldsmith's Company—bears marks of having been manufactured in the time of Queen Anne. The use of tea likewise gave rise to a more than usual demand for small spoons, which were scarcely known at the time of the revolution. The progress in the consumption of plate did not proceed so rapidly during the two ensuing reigns. But the accession of George III. seems to have created a new ambition for the use of plate, and the spirit has gone on increasing ever since. Silver now superseded both pewter and iron in the spoons and forks of daily use. The latter, however, was by no means universal amongst the upper classes of society until about the end of the reign of George III. From 1765 to 1780, tea-urns, tureens, teapots, coffee-pots, made of silver, were introduced. The Sheffield plate has, since 1780, caused a very considerable increase in the consumption of silver.

The same cause which stimulated the consumption of silver, produced a similar effect with respect to gold; and at the period which has been just mentioned, the gold-beaters and gilders had vastly multiplied. Gilding in houses was another increasing source of consumption; and latterly no small portion of that precious metal is used in the potteries of England, and in those of France, Prussia, Saxony, and other parts of the continent. But the most rapid augmentation in the use of gold during the reign of George III. has taken place in the manufacture of trinkets and jewellery, such as brooches, bracelets, breast-pins, ear-rings, &c. These articles were imitated in Birmingham with gold of an inferior fineness to that used by the London jewellers; but they were cheaper and much more generally bought, so that the consumption of gold in this way was much more promoted than it would have been if the standard fineness had been always adhered to. Sixty years ago, gold and silver lace was used in the ordinary costume of gentlemen.* The following account will shew the progress of the increase for several years:—

'Gross produce of the duty on gold and silver plate in Great Britain, from 1st August, 1784, to 5th January, 1800:—

Year ending 1st August,	1785	£25,300	5	1
	1786	22,824	14	10½
	1787	25,617	3	9¾
	1788	28,397	12	9
	1789	25,545	8	9¾
	1790	26,681	11	5¼
	1791	29,085	8	4¾
	1792	31,376	15	5

* If this work arrive at a second edition, we would recommend Mr. Jacob to turn his attention to the history of gold and silver epaulettes, the consumption of the precious metals in which, we have reason to think, might be accurately ascertained.

Year ending 1st August, 1793	. .	£34,049 18	10¾
1794	. .	cannot be given.	
1795	. .		
1796	. .		
1797	. .	32,423 7	2½
1798	. .	40,052 18	5¼
1799	. .	44,079 15	2
1st August, 1799 to 5th January, 1800	. .	27,659 6	8¾

Without going into the specific grounds on which Mr. Jacob calculates the proportion of gold and silver applied in the remaining countries of Europe to other purposes than coin, we shall merely state the result of his estimate, which is, that during the one hundred and ten years that intervened between 1700 and 1810, the quantity of gold and silver converted into other objects than coin, amounted to two-thirds of that which was left in Europe, the part conveyed to Asia being subtracted from the total produce of the mines.

Mr. Jacob enters into an elaborate estimate of the recent produce of the mines; that is to say, from 1809 to 1829. As the works from which he draws his principal materials have been all nearly in succession under our critical consideration, we do not deem it necessary to follow the author farther in this branch of the investigation. He annexes to it a chapter on the consumption of the precious metals in other uses than those connected with the coinage during the same period, and from the many curious and original details which he gives of the trades of gold-beating, jewellery, and indeed, of all those which have gold and silver for their principal materials, we consider this to be a very amusing and instructive portion of the work.

In London, it seems, the greatest portion of the precious metals is submitted to manufacture. Next to the capital, the largest amount is used in Birmingham, Liverpool and Chester, Derby, Newcastle, York, and Exeter. There is scarcely a town, indeed, in the three kingdoms, that does not contain a jeweller's shop. Mr. Jacob, by personal inquiries, has obtained what he considers sufficient materials to authorize him in making an estimate of the general consumption of the precious metal in other ways than in the coinage. His first step was to ascertain the quantity of gold which is annually produced by the whole of the refiners and *sweep-washers*. The latter class are technically so called from the nature of their business. The sweep-washer is generally a refiner of gold, who purchases the refuse that is swept from the floors of those workshops where the divisions, and subdivisions, of gold and silver are carried on. The sweepings are crushed by stamping into dust, and the mass being amalgamated with mercury, is exposed to heat, when the mercury comes off by evaporation, and is then condensed and preserved. There are about twenty-four houses of this descrip-

tion in London and in the country. The amount of the gold which these houses refine annually, is estimated at no less than *one hundred and forty-six thousand ounces*—the amount of one hundred and eight thousand five hundred ounces being refined by eleven of these establishments. The mode in which this quantity of gold is disposed of, Mr. Jacob made it his business to ascertain. Some portion of it is taken by gold-beaters, of whom there are about eighty in London, and from ten to fourteen in the country, chiefly in the following places, Birmingham, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Liverpool. On the average, these ninety, or ninety-four establishments, consume three ounces of refined gold each per week. The leaf gold, when wrought by the gold-beater, is placed, as every body has seen, between paper, in leaves of three and three-eight inches square, and twenty-five form a book. A thousand of these books usually fetch 2*l.* 15*s.*, which, deducted from the gold-beater's expenses, would leave him but 3*s.* profit on each thousand. This would be intolerable, if profit did not emanate from another source, and it happens to do so abundantly, from the clippings which fall in reducing the leaves to the regular size. The consumption of all the gold-beaters in the British kingdom, is estimated at about seventeen thousand five hundred ounces of fine gold every year. The other branch of consumers consist of what is called the water gilders, who are employed in gilding metals, and the amount which they have required, has amounted annually, for the last twenty years, to twenty-one thousand eight hundred ounces. The proportion used by manufacturers of gilt toys, the establishments of which are most numerous in Birmingham, and which, indeed, constitute no small item in the list of our exports, is calculated at no less than thirty-one thousand two hundred ounces annually: gilding in the potteries consumes five thousand two hundred ounces a year. We regret that we cannot follow Mr. Jacob into more of his details on this subject: but his conclusion is curious. He says, that the *fine* gold annually used by gilders, platers, and jewellers, amounts to one hundred and forty-six thousand ounces, valued at 638,750*l.*

		l.	*s.*	*d.*
'Standard gold used by jewellers, two hundred and thirty-two thousand ounces		902,270	0	0
Number of gold watches manufactured annually in London	13,820			
in Birmingham, and other places	900			
Total	14,720 watches			
Which, averaging two ounces each, give, at the rate of 3*l.* 5*s.* an ounce, a total sum of		95,680	0	0
The value therefore of the gold converted to other purposes than coining, in Great Britain annually, is estimated at		997,950	0	0'

The closing chapters of Mr. Jacob's work relate to the prospect of future supplies of the precious metals, and to the subject of paper money. With respect to the former question, it is the opinion of our author that no sanguine hopes can be indulged of a great or material increase in the produce of those mines which have already been worked, at least at present. From what he has stated on the subject of paper money, we gather a few facts which it may be interesting to peruse. Russia is now the only country which ever adopted a paper currency, that has not resumed a metallic one up to this time. Austria, after having witnessed a great depreciation of its paper money, in consequence of the superabundance of it which she was impolitic enough to issue, returned to cash payments about six years ago. There is still paper in circulation, but it is convertible into specie. Prussia has a small circulation in bills, which can hardly be called a paper currency. Holland has, since 1810, a paper currency, but convertible into specie. In all the smaller states of Germany, in Italy, Spain, and Switzerland, the currency has been invariably metallic—that portion of Italy alone excepted which is subject to Austria. Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Portugal, possess a small paper currency. The notes of the Bank of Paris in circulation in July, 1830, amounted to nine millions The circulation of the Bank of England at the same time was about twenty millions.

The reader will, we are sure, join with us in thinking, that much curious and valuable information has been collected in this work. Though we are not disposed to eulogize the arrangement, into which it is evident that Mr. Jacob, by pressure of other business, was forced, we cannot but admire the uniform veneration for truth, the unaffected resolution to be accurate in every thing, and the very striking perseverance of inquiry which are so conspicuous in these volumes. The philosophy of commerce has been exhibited here in an aspect so attractive, that we have no doubt that even commercial men themselves, so proverbially phlegmatic, will not hesitate to yield to her charms. The style of Mr. Jacob is altogether unambitious: it is plain and strong, just such as becomes such a man and such a theme.

ART. VII.—*The Life of Sir Isaac Newton.* By Daniel Brewster, LL.D., F.R.S. No. XXIV. Family Library. 18mo. pp. 366. London: Murray, 1831.

IT has often been made matter of reproach to our Government, that they pay but little, indeed scarcely any, attention, to the promotion of science, or to the encouragement of men who devote their lives to the pursuit of scientific objects. The provisions that have been made in the present or in former reigns for such purposes, have really been so paltry, that they do not deserve to be mentioned. It is not many months since an annual donation of 1,000*l.*, which was

regularly presented by the late king to the Royal Society of Literature, and which formed the principal resource of that institution for the pensions of its associates, has been altogether withdrawn. Whether the same fate is to attend the pittance allowed for the mere purchase of instruments, to Sir James South, we do not know: but we should not be surprized to find even that, sooner or later, numbered among the dead. Upon this subject, however, it must be admitted that a government like that which manages the affairs of this country, is placed in very peculiar circumstances. Without at present entering into the question, how far it may or may not be useful to the community at large, that literature, the sciences and arts, should receive direct and liberal support from the state, we ought not to shut our eyes to the fact, that in free empires it has generally been the usage to leave all such matters to the care of the community itself. With us, government is nothing more than a mere political machine for the attainment of political purposes: in absolute monarchies, or in countries which still retain much of the monarchical principle in their constitution, the usage is for the government to look upon the whole kingdom as the patrimony of the prince, and therefore it takes upon itself the formation and administration of roads, canals, docks, theatres, and other public buildings; it creates galleries for the reception of pictures, buys pictures to put into them, raises up academies and other institutions, for the diffusion of education, and the support of science. Now all these things we have been accustomed to do for ourselves, because we have never allowed ourselves or our possessions to be considered as the patrimonial estate of any royal family. Even in the feudal times our ancestors displayed a spirit of personal independence, which revolted at any practical application of this doctrine, however justifiable it might have been in theory. If a canal be wanted in any part of the country, and if it offer a prospect of reasonable returns for the capital required to construct it, prospectuses are issued, and the necessary sum is soon subscribed by individuals, without the assistance of a shilling from the government. So it is with rail-roads, theatres, and other works subservient to the uses of trade, or to the amusement of the public: the government is never thought of upon such occasions, and if it should ever be applied to, the probability would be, that the application would either remain unanswered, or be met by a polite, but a positive refusal. It is this habit of our people depending in every thing upon their own resources, that has excluded the state from what many suppose to be its natural connexion with the patronage of the arts and sciences, and we apprehend that under the new order of things no reform will take place upon this subject.

If reproaches ought to be cast upon any party in consequence of the actual condition in which the sciences are at present placed in this country, we think that, in justice, they ought to be cast rather upon the nation at large, than upon the state, which is the nation's ser-

vant. There is no country in the world that derives so many advantages from the practical application of scientific improvements as England, and yet there is no country in which the authors of the theories from which those improvements have sprung, are treated with so much indifference and inattention. It is a great disgrace to us, that until the appearance of the little work now upon our table, we have had in our language nothing like a full and well digested life of one of the greatest ornaments of our country, and a man of whom any country might well be proud. It is scarcely two years ago, since the duty devolved upon us of vindicating his memory from the misrepresentations of M. Biot, whose account of Newton's life in the Biographie Universelle, was in some respects a tissue of falsehood. We are glad to find that our labours on that occasion attracted the notice of Dr. Brewster, as they may possibly have contributed to stimulate him to the performance of the task of which he has so well acquitted himself in the present publication.

To common readers, the assertion must seem almost incredible, that 'this is the only Life of Sir Isaac Newton, on any considerable scale, that has yet appeared,' and yet it is strictly true. Short and imperfect biographical sketches of that immortal philosopher, are to be found in dictionaries and encyclopædias, and other such works of reference; but hitherto, no regular biographical account of him has been produced, proportioned in its extent to the importance of the subject. For a life of Newton ought not to be a mere diary, containing his birth and education, and the ordinary occurrences of his every-day existence. The pursuits by which he has been distinguished, and which he followed up with a degree of success that has rarely been given to human inquiries, constitute an essential portion of his life, and ought to be interwoven with it as much as possible. Indeed, without frequent reference to his optical and astronomical labours, a memoir of Sir Isaac Newton, although the number of his years much exceeded the ordinary lot of mortality, would be but a dull and common-place affair. Let those labours be but even partially incorporated with the memoir, and it becomes a touching and sublime record of the heights to which the human mind has scaled, in attempting to discover the secret laws of that order and beauty, which prevail throughout the system of the universe.

So far as the mere personal history of Sir Isaac was concerned, Dr. Brewster's task was attended with some difficulty, as the materials for it, in themselves scanty enough, in consequence of the uniformity of the philosopher's habits, were rendered still more scarce from the neglect of his contemporaries. The Biographia Britannica has been the author's principal resource: some aid he has received from the letters to Oldenburgh, and other papers in Bishop Horsley's edition of Sir Isaac's works, a little more from Turnor's collections for the history of the town and Soke of Grantham, from Biot's Life, and Lord King's late memoir and correspondence

of Locke. To these, the kindness of Lord Braybrooke has enabled him to add some letters hitherto unpublished, which throw a satisfactory light upon a passage in the philosopher's career, that has given rise to a good deal of conjecture and misrepresentation. But by far the most valuable portion of the present work, in our estimation, is that in which the author has presented us with a succinct and popular analysis of Newton's optical researches, his mode of constructing reflecting telescopes, his observations on the refrangibility and nature of light, and, above all, of his discoveries in the distant fields of astronomy. Such an analysis no living writer was better calculated to make than Dr. Brewster. His style is always so comprehensive, so appropriate, so free from technicalities, and so transparently clear and intelligible, that we may fairly consider the present number of the Family Library as the best compendium we possess in our language of the Newtonian philosphy.

The outlines of Sir Isaac's life are so well known, that they would scarcely bear repetition. A few of the remarkable circumstances connected with it may be briefly mentioned. He was not only a posthumous, but a premature child; he was so small when he was born, that, as he himself often heard his mother say, he might have been put into a quart mug. The little hamlet of Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, about six miles south of Grantham, had the honour of giving him birth.* At school he was an idle lad, until he was one day treated with marked indignity by the boy immediately above him, and he nobly resolved on revenging himself by getting his enemy's place. He soon passed him, and became the head of his class by a systematic assiduity, the habit of which never afterwards left him. Out of school hours, instead of engaging his leisure in play, he devoted it to mechanical pursuits, at which he readily became an adept. He constructed a windmill, a water-clock, and a carriage, which was put in motion with a handle wrought by the person who sat in it. He had a contrivance by means of which the machinery of his windmill was set a-going without the assistance of the element, when necessary, and this was a wire wheel, like that which is attached to squirrel cages, and in the inside of which he confined a mouse. His kites were always the best in the school, both in form and proportion, and he astonished the natives by sending them up in the night time, with paper lanthorns containing lights, which the rustics doubtless mistook for comets. Of drawing, too, he was extremely fond, and in his youth, it appears, he was a poet, but the imaginative faculties were not those in which he was destined to cut a figure. It was his mother's wish that, upon quitting school, in his fifteenth year, he should attend to the duties of a farm which she held; but nothing could wean his mind from his studies, and his mechanical operations. 'The perusal of a book, the execution of a model, or the superintendence of a water-wheel of his own construction, whirling the glittering spray from

* On the 25th December, O. S. 1642, exactly one year after Galileo died.

some neighbouring stream, absorbed all his thoughts when the sheep were going astray, and the cattle were devouring or treading down the corn.' His mother was soon convinced that he never would shine as a farmer, and she therefore very wisely determined that he should be allowed to follow the natural bent of his mind, and she sent him to Trinity College, Cambridge, into which he was admitted on the 5th of June, 1660, in the eighteenth year of his age.

It is strange enough, that the delusions of judicial astrology seem first to have led his mind to the study of mathematics, which at once enabled him to detect the falsehood of that flattering imposture. Without any assistance from his tutor, he made himself master of Descartes's Geometry; in 1664, he purchased a prism for the purpose of testing that philosopher's theory of colours; in 1669, he succeeded his friend, Dr. Barrow, as Lucasian professor of mathematics, and it was then that he may be said to have entered upon that course of discovery which has ennobled his name. The first of these appears in the grand conclusion, which he drew from a series of prismatic experiments, "that light was not homogeneous, but consisted of rays, some of which were more refrangible than others." This discovery he immediately applied to the improvement of optical instruments, and although he did not succeed in rendering them as complete as he wished, nevertheless, he laid down principles, by means of which chiefly, those instruments have since been brought to a wonderful degree of perfection. Dr. Brewster gives a detailed account of the different stages of excellence through which the manufacture of telescopes gradually passed, until they were taken up by the Herschels and the Dollonds, for which we must refer the reader to the volume itself. We cannot, however, omit one melancholy fact which he states, but for which we cannot agree with him in thinking that the government is blameable. After mentioning the gigantic telescope, forty feet long, with a speculum forty-nine and a half inches in diameter, which was finished by Dr. Herschel in 1789, under the patronage of George III., he proceeds to say:

'The genius and perseverance which created instruments of such transcendent magnitude were not likely to terminate with their construction. In the examination of the starry heavens, the ultimate object of his labours, Dr. Herschel exhibited the same exalted qualifications, and in a few years he rose from the level of humble life to the enjoyment of a name more glorious than that of the sages and warriors of ancient times, and as immortal as the objects with which it will be for ever associated. Nor was it in the ardour of the spring of life that these triumphs of reason were achieved. Dr. Herschel had reached the middle of his course before his career of discovery began, and it was in the autumn and winter of his days that he reaped the full harvest of his glory. The discovery of a new planet at the verge of the solar system was the first trophy of his skill, and new double and multiple stars, and new nebulæ, and groups of celestial bodies, were added in thousands to the system of the universe. The spring tide of

knowledge which was thus let in upon the human mind, continued for a while to spread its waves over Europe; but when it sank to its ebb in England, there was no other bark left upon the strand but that of the Deucalion of Science, whose home had been so long upon its waters.

'During the life of Dr. Herschel, and during the reign, and within the dominions of his royal patron, four new planets were added to the solar system, but they were detected by telescopes of ordinary power; and we venture to state, that since the reign of George III. no attempt has been made to keep up the continuity of Dr. Herschel's discoveries.

'Mr. Herschel, his distinguished son, has indeed completed more than one telescope of considerable size;—Mr. Ramage, of Aberdeen, has executed reflectors rivalling almost those of Slough;—and Lord Oxmantown, an Irish nobleman of high promise, is now engaged on an instrument of great size. But what avails the enthusiasm and the efforts of individual minds in the intellectual rivalry of nations? When the proud science of England pines in obscurity, blighted by the absence of the royal favour, and of the nation's sympathy;—when its chivalry fall unwept and unhonoured;—how can it sustain the conflict against the honoured and marshalled genius of foreign lands?'—pp. 35—37.

It is undoubtedly much to be lamented that no systematic measures have been adopted for 'keeping up the continuity of Dr. Herschel's discoveries.' But we should like to know for what purpose we have such an institution as the Royal Society, if it possess neither the means nor the disposition to accomplish objects of this nature? Unhappily, personal jealousies exercise a great deal too much influence upon that body, and in many instances, we fear, wholly paralyse their faculties. Of this society Newton became a member in 1672; and it was against some of its most distinguished members that he had to contend with all the energies of his mind, in order to establish the simple and beautiful theory of light which he had first discovered. Such was the rancorous and personal style in which they carried on their controversies against him, that he was at length disgusted not only with the men, but with the very researches which brought upon him so much of their bitterness and odium. Is it not mortifying to our nature to read in one of his letters addressed, towards the close of 1675, to Leibnitz, such a sentence as the following one?—"I was so *persecuted* with discussions arising from the publication of my theory of light, that I blamed my own imprudence for parting with so substantial a blessing as my quiet to run after a shadow." This and many similar complaints had Newton to make chiefly against the members of the Royal Society, who were already envious of his rising fame, at the very time when he was engaged in laying before that body some of the most interesting parts of his doctrine of colours, which he had deduced from his prismatical experiments. The leading points of that doctrine, as *popularised* by Dr. Brewster, may be shortly stated:—

'If the objects of the material world had been illuminated with white light, all the particles of which possessed the same degree of refrangibility,

and were equally acted upon by the bodies on which they fall, all nature would have shone with a leaden hue, and all the combinations of external objects, and all the features of the human countenance, would have exhibited no other variety but that which they possess in a pencil sketch or a China-ink drawing. The rainbow itself would have dwindled into a narrow arch of white light,—the stars would have shone through a grey sky,—and the mantle of a wintry twilight would have replaced the golden vesture of the rising and the setting sun. But he who has exhibited such matchless skill in the organization of material bodies, and such exquisite taste in the forms upon which they are modelled, has superadded that ethereal beauty which enhances their more permanent qualities, and presents them to us in the ever-varying colours of the spectrum. Without this the foliage of vegetable life might have filled the eye and fostered the fruit which it veils,—but the youthful green of its spring would have been blended with the dying yellow of its autumn. Without this the diamond might have displayed to science the beauty of its forms, and yielded to the arts its adamantine virtues;—but it would have ceased to shine in the chaplet of beauty, and to sparkle in the diadem of princes. Without this the human countenance might have expressed all the sympathies of the heart, but the "purple light of love" would not have risen on the cheek, nor the hectic flush been the herald of its decay.

'The gay colouring with which the Almighty has decked the pale marble of nature, is not the result of any quality inherent in the coloured body, or in the particles by which it may be tinged, but is merely a property of the light in which they happen to be placed. Newton was the first person who placed this great truth in the clearest evidence. He found that all bodies, whatever were their peculiar colours, exhibited these colours only in white light. When they were illuminated by homogenous *red* light they appeared *red*, by homogenous *yellow* light, *yellow*, and so on, "their colours being most brisk and vivid under the influence of their own daylight colours." The leaf of a plant, for example, appeared *green* in the white light of day, because it had the property of reflecting that light in greater abundance than any other. When it was placed in homogenous *red* light, it could no longer appear *green*, because there was no green light to reflect; but it reflected a portion of red light, because there was some red in the compound green which it had the property of reflecting. Had the leaf originally reflected a pure homogenous green, unmixed with red, and reflected no white light from its outer surface, it would have appeared quite black in pure homogenous red light, as this light does not contain a single ray which the leaf was capable of reflecting. Hence the colours of material bodies are owing to the property which they possess of stopping certain rays of white light, while they reflect or transmit to the eye the rest of the rays of which white light is composed.—pp. 78—80.

It would be beside the object of this article to enter with any degree of minuteness into the various optical researches of Newton, particularly those of a minor description, in which his mind was engaged, or rather amused, for some years. There is, however, one deduction at which he arrived, by the process of close philosophical reasoning, which bears some slight analogy, from its simplicity, as well as its truth, to the grander proportions which he was after-

wards enabled, by a similar process, to establish in astronomy, and which, therefore, we shall notice in passing. One of the nicest problems in optics is, to distinguish the forces which reflect from those which refract light. Newton found by experiment, that those forces are very nearly proportional to the densities of the bodies on which the rays of light fall, with the exception of unctuous and sulphureous bodies, 'such as camphor, olive oil, linseed oil, spirit of turpentine, and *diamond*, which have their refractive powers two or three times greater in respect of their densities than the other substances in the table, while among themselves their refractive powers are proportional to their densities, without any considerable variation.' Hence, Newton concluded, without any assistance from chemistry, that diamond "is an unctuous substance coagulated," an abstract inference, the truth of which has since been demonstrated by actual experiments, a summary of which we shall here subjoin, from Mr. Murray's curious memoir on the diamond :—

"The event has amply verified this conjecture, and the Tuscan philosophers and the Honourable Mr. Boyle ascertained the fact. The first grand experiment to prove the combustibility of the diamond took place in the presence of Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, wherein the diamond being exposed in the focus of the great lens (still in the Grand Duke's laboratory at Florence), it was entirely volatilized. Guyton de Morveau, and others, consumed the diamond, and it was readily dissipated in the focus of the great mirror of Tchirnhausen, as we believe it subseqently was in that of Parker's burning lens. In the year 1771, Macquer observed the diamond to inflame. Guyton de Morveau had proved that the diamond was destroyed when projected into red-hot nitre; and it was also burnt by means of melted nitre in a gold tube, by Mr. Tennant. When fragments of diamond were introduced into the brilliant arch of flame, evolved between points of charcoal in the galvanic batteries of the Royal Institution, consisting of 2000 double plates, and exposing a surface of 128,000 square inches, they rapidly disappeared, being completely volatilized. The diamond may be easily consumed by being placed in a cavity of charcoal, and urging on it the flame of a spirit lamp, by means of a stream of oxygen.

"So far the combustibility of the diamond was completely ascertained, but its nature remained still undetermined. Lavoisier had proved and pointed out that carbonic acid gas was evolved as a product both in the combustion of the diamond and that of charcoal, and thus their identity was inferred. The researches of Clouet, Messrs. Allen and Pepys, and others, have confirmed this conclusion. Sir George Mackenzie converted iron into steel by powdered diamonds. Mr. Children's immense battery consisted of twenty triads, each six feet long, by two feet eight inches broad, exposing a total surface of thirty-two feet; when iron, with diamond powder interposed, was exposed to its influence, the iron was converted into steel, and the diamond disappeared; and Mr. Smithson Tennant, having placed a diamond in a gold tube, supported in a state of incandescence, a stream of oxygen, by means of gentle pressure, was made to traverse it, and the result proved that the oxygen was transformed into an equal volume of

carbonic acid gas, which was found in an opposite receiver resting over mercury. Sir Humphry Davy, when at Florence, made some experiments with the Grand Duke's burning lens, on the combustion of the diamond. He found that when the gem was introduced into a glass globe, supplied with oxygen, and kindled by the lens, it continued to burn after it was removed from the focus—the oxygen was supplanted by an equal volume of carbonic acid gas, while there was no deposit of aqueous vapour. On the other hand, when plumbago and charcoal were consumed under similar circumstances, there was a sensible diminution of volume, and also a formation of watery vapour, clearly proving that the latter contained hydrogen.* Experiment has thus unequivocally demonstrated that the diamond is pure crystallized CARBON."—pp. 16—18.

But the pedestal upon which Newton's fame chiefly rests, and from which it never can be shaken, is composed of his astronomical discoveries, 'those transcendent deductions' as Dr. Brewster justly styles them, 'of human reason, by which he has secured to himself an immortal name, and vindicated the intellectual dignity of his species.' It would be unjust to affirm, that for these signal achievements, Newton was indebted solely to his own faculties and researches. Great is the merit undoubtedly of several of the distinguished astronomers by whom he was preceded, and by whose labours his way may be said to have been cleared, and renowned especially are the memories of Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and Galileo, of whose contributions to the science the author has given compendious sketches, which are executed in his happiest style, and add greatly to the variety and value of this little work. From Copernicus, Newton learned the arrangement and general movements of the planetary bodies; from Tycho Brahe, the inequality of the moon's motion; from Kepler, the motion of the planetary bodies in elliptical orbits, and from Galileo, the whole system of planets of the secondary order. The question still remained to be solved, what was the principle that gave motion to the heavenly bodies, and retained them in those paths from which they are not known ever to have deviated, since they have been first observed by the eye of man? Some astronomers said it was the principle of *attraction:* Newton demonstrated that it was *gravitation,* and it is this discovery that has encompassed his name with a halo of never-fading glory.

Driven from Cambridge by the plague in the year 1666, he happening to be sitting alone in his garden at Woolsthorpe, when, to follow the popular story, he saw an apple fall from a tree. The incident turned his attention to the nature of gravity, and he reflected on that remarkable power which causes all bodies to descend towards the centre of the earth. This power he found to be as operative at the tops of the highest mountains, as at the bottoms of the deepest mines; he therefore conceived that it must extend

* 'Phil. Trans. Part II. 1814.'

much farther than was generally supposed,—probably, he thought, even to the moon! The result we must state in Dr. Brewster's language, which it will be necessary for the reader to peruse with some attention, as from the nature of the subject it may not appear at first quite so free from obscurity, as upon a little reflection he will find it.

'That her motion must be influenced by such a power, he did not for a moment doubt; and a little reflection convinced him that it might be sufficient for retaining that luminary in her orbit round the earth. Though the force of gravity suffers no sensible diminution at those small distances from the earth's centre at which we can place ourselves, yet he thought it very possible, that, at the distance of the moon, it might differ much in strength from what it is on the earth. In order to form some estimate of the degree of its diminution, he considered, that, if the moon be retained in her orbit by the force of gravity, the primary planets must also be carried round the sun by the same power; and by comparing the periods of the different planets with their distances from the sun, he found, that, if they were retained in their orbits by any power like gravity, its force must decrease in the duplicate proportion,* or as the squares of their distances from the sun. In drawing this conclusion, he supposed the planets to move in orbits perfectly circular, and having the sun in their centre. Having thus obtained the law of the force by which the planets were drawn to the sun, his next object was to ascertain if such a force emanating from the earth, and directed to the moon, was sufficient, when diminished in the duplicate ratio of the distance, to retain her in her orbit. In performing this calculation, it was necessary to compare the space through which heavy bodies fall in a second at a given distance from the centre of the earth, viz. at its surface, with the space through which the moon, as it were, falls to the earth in a second of time while revolving in a circular orbit. Being at a distance from books when he made this computation, he adopted the common estimate of the earth's diameter then in use among geographers and navigators, and supposed that each degree of latitude contained sixty English miles. In this way he found that the force which retains the moon in her orbit, as deduced from the force which occasions the fall of heavy bodies to the earth's surface, was *one-sixth* greater than that which is actually observed in her circular orbit. This difference threw a doubt upon all his speculations; but, unwilling to abandon what seemed to be otherwise so plausible, he endeavoured to account for the difference of the two forces, by supposing that some other cause † must have been united with the force of gravity in producing so great a velocity of the moon in her circular orbit. As this new cause, however, was beyond the reach of observation, he discontinued all farther inquiries into the subject, and concealed from his friends the speculations in which he had been employed.

'After his return to Cambridge in 1666, his attention was occupied with

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* "But for the duplicate proportion, I gathered it from Kepler's theorem about twenty years ago."—*Newton's Letter to Halley, July 14th*, 1686.

† 'Whiston asserts that this cause was supposed by Newton to be something analogous to the vortices of Descartes.—*See Whiston's Memoirs of Himself*, p. 231.'

those optical discoveries of which we have given an acconnt in a preceding chapter; but he had no sooner brought them to a close than his mind reverted to the great subject of the planetary motions. Upon the death of Oldenburg in August, 1678, Dr. Hooke was appointed secretary to the Royal Society; and as this learned body had requested the opinion of Newton about a system of physical astronomy, he addressed a letter to Dr. Hooke on the 28th November, 1679. In this letter he proposed a direct experiment for verifying the motion of the earth, viz. by observing whether or not bodies that fall from a considerable height descend in a vertical direction, for if the earth were at rest the body would describe exactly a vertical line, whereas if it revolved round its axis, the falling body must deviate from the vertical line towards the east. The Royal Society attached great value to the idea thus casually suggested, and Dr. Hooke was appointed to put it to the test of experiment. Being thus led to consider the subject more attentively, he wrote to Newton, that wherever the direction of gravity was oblique to the axis on which the earth revolved, that is, in every part of the earth except the equator, falling bodies should approach to the equator, and the deviation from the vertical, in place of being exactly to the east, as Newton maintained, should be to the south-east of the point from which the body began to move. Newton acknowledged that this conclusion was correct in theory, and Dr. Hooke is said to have given an experimental demonstration of it before the Royal Society in December, 1679.* Newton had erroneously concluded, that the path of the falling body would be a spiral; but Dr. Hooke, on the same occasion on which he made the preceding experiment, read a paper to the Society in which he proved that the path of the body would be an eccentric ellipse in vacuo, and an ellipti-spiral, if the body moved in a resisting medium.†

'This correction of Newton's error, and the discovery that a projectile would move in an elliptical orbit when under the influence of a force varying in the inverse ratio of the square of the distance, led Newton, as he himself informs us in his letter to Halley,‡ to discover "the theorem by which he afterwards examined the ellipsis," and to demonstrate the celebrated proposition, that a planet acted upon by an attractive force varying inversely as the squares of the distances, will describe an elliptical orbit in one of whose foci the attractive force resides.

'But though Newton had thus discovered the true cause of all the celestial motions, he did not yet possess any evidence that such a force actually resided in the sun and planets. The failure of his former attempt to identify the law of falling bodies at the earth's surface with that which guided the moon in her orbit, threw a doubt over all his speculations, and prevented him from giving any account of them to the public.

'An accident, however, of a very interesting nature induced him to resume his former enquiries, and enabled him to bring them to a close. In June, 1682, when he was attending a meeting of the Royal Society of London, the measurement of a degree of the meridian, executed by M. Picard, in 1679, became the subject of conversation. Newton took a memorandum of the result obtained by the French astronomer, and having

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* 'Waller's *Life of Hooke*, p. 22.' † 'Id. id.'

‡ 'July 27th, 1686, *Biog. Brit.* p. 2662.'

deduced from it the diameter of the earth, he immediately resumed his calculation of 1665, and began to repeat it with these new data. In the progress of the calculation he saw that the result which he had formerly expected was likely to be produced, and he was thrown into such a state of nervous irritability that he was unable to carry on the calculation. In this state of mind he intrusted it to one of his friends, and he had the high satisfaction of finding his former views amply realized. The force of gravity which regulated the fall of bodies at the earth's surface, when diminished as the square of the moon's distance from the earth, was found to be almost exactly equal to the centrifugal force of the moon as deduced from her observed distance and velocity.

'The influence of such a result upon such a mind may be more easily conceived than described. The whole material universe was spread out before him:—the sun with all his attending planets;—the planets with all their satellites;—the comets wheeling in every direction in their eccentric orbits;—and the systems of the fixed stars stretching to the remotest limits of space. All the varied and complicated movements of the heavens, in short, must have been at once presented to his mind as the necessary result of that law which he had established in reference to the earth and the moon.'—pp. 148—153.

Such was the origin of the celebrated *Principia* of Newton, a work which Dr. Brewster truly describes as 'memorable not only in the annals of one science or of one country, but which will form an epoch in the history of the world, and will ever be regarded as the brightest page in the records of human reason.' He then proceeds to give an analysis of the three books of which it is composed, the first and second being devoted to the "motion of bodies" in general, the third to the "system of the world." Important as were the subjects comprehended in this treatise, simple as was the system which it unfolded, and unanswerable as was the reasoning and irresistible the evidence by which that system was supported, yet was it scarcely ushered into the world, when it met with such a tide of prejudice, that Newton almost again repented that he had parted with "so substantial a blessing as his quiet, to run after a shadow." His whole theory was pulled to pieces, and of those astronomers who did not oppose it, several claimed particular portions of the new doctrine as their own. This, cried one, is "my thunder," and this, cried a second and a third, is mine; and so they went on, each stripping Newton of something which they contended did not belong to him, until it became evident to all men that the great perambulator of the Heavens had really made no discovery at all! Such is uniformly the fate of the most distinguished minds. Assailed by prejudice, underrated by insolent ignorance, they seldom enjoy in their life-time the reputation which is, in most cases, the only reward they can obtain for their labours. For Newton, however, a happier fate was reserved. His existence was prolonged beyond the ordinary period assigned to men, as if for the express purpose of affording him that grateful compensation for his noble toils; and he had the satisfaction, before his death, of

seeing his philosophy not only ascribed to its real author, but triumphant over all its opponents.

The mathematical writings of Newton, and the celebrated controversy respecting the invention of fluxions, afford to Dr. Brewster materials for a chapter, which, though highly interesting in a scientific point of view, we must pass over, in order to make room for some notice of a passage in the personal history of the great astronomer, which has been much misrepresented by M. Biot. The misrepresentation has already been exposed in this Journal (vol xi. for 1829, p. 591): but Dr. Brewster has placed the vindication of Newton's sanity in a still more satisfactory point of view, in consequence of the hitherto unpublished evidence which he has been enabled to produce. The story of the destruction of some papers by the overturning, by his dog *Diamond*, of a candle which he had left burning in his room, while he attended chapel one morning in winter, is well known, and the loss thus supposed to have been incurred, is said by M. Biot, upon the authority of a note found among the manuscripts of Huygens, to have so much distressed the mind of Newton as to have removed it for a season from its throne. This event is alleged to have occurred towards the close of the year 1692: but Dr. Brewster has given an extract from a diary kept by Mr. de la Pryme, who was a student in Cambridge in 1692, from which it appears that the accidental destruction of the papers in question must have taken place previously to the 3d of January in that year. The statement in de la Pryme's Diary is as follows:—

'"1692, *February* 3*d*.—What I heard to-day I must relate. There is one Mr. Newton, (whom I have very oft seen,) Fellow of Trinity College, that is mighty famous for his learning, being a most excellent mathematician, philosopher, divine, &c. He has been Fellow of the Royal Society these many years; and amongst other very learned books and tracts he's written one upon the mathematical principles of philosophy, which has got him a mighty name, he having received, especially from Scotland, abundance of congratulatory letters for the same; but of all the books that he ever wrote, there was one of colours and light, established upon thousands of experiments which he had been twenty years of making, and which had cost him many hundred of pounds. This book, which he valued so much, and which was so much talked of, had the ill luck to perish, and be utterly lost just when the learned author was almost at putting a conclusion at the same, after this manner: In a winter's morning, leaving it amongst his other papers on his study table whilst he went to chapel, the candle, which he had unfortunately left burning there too, catched hold by some means of other papers, and they fired the aforesaid book, and utterly consumed it and several other valuable writings; and, which is most wonderful, did no further mischief. But when Mr. Newton came from chapel, and had seen what was done, every one thought he would have run mad, he was so troubled thereat, that he was not himself for a month after. A long account of this his system of light and colours you may find in the Transactions of the Royal Society, which he had sent up to them long before this sad mischance happened unto him.'"—pp. 228, 229.

The phrase that "every one thought he would have run mad," proves, as Dr. Brewster justly remarks, that no such effect was produced, and the addition that "he was so troubled thereat that he was not himself for a month after," merely indicates that distress of mind which might be sufficient to prevent a person from attending to his occupations with his wonted assiduity and cheerfulness for a while, and nothing more. It cannot, however, now be doubted, that there was some ground for the report that was conveyed to Huygens, the extent of which, the letters supplied by Lord Braybrooke have enabled Dr. Brewster to ascertain. The first of these letters, dated the 13th of September, 1693, is addressed by Newton himself to Mr. Pepys, then secretary to the Admiralty.

'"Sir,

'"Some time after Mr. Millington had delivered your message, he pressed me to see you the next time I went to London. I was averse; but upon his pressing consented, before I considered what I did, for I am extremely troubled at the embroilment I am in, and have neither ate nor slept well this twelvemonth, nor have my former consistency of mind. I never designed to get any thing by your interest, nor by King James's favour, but am now sensible that I must withdraw from your acquaintance, and see neither you nor the rest of my friends any more, if I may but leave them quietly. I beg your pardon for saying I would see you again, and rest your most humble and most obedient servant,

'"Is. Newton.'"—p. 232.

Whatever Newton may have meant here by the *usual consistency* of his mind, it is very well known that it was during the twelvemonth thus referred to, he wrote his four celebrated letters to Dr. Bentley, on the Existence of a Deity. Mr. Millington was a fellow of Magdalene College, and the mention of him is supposed to have been connected with an application that was made by some of Newton's friends to the government, for an appointment that might render his circumstances more comfortable. The letter produced a strong impression upon Pepys, at which we do not wonder, for it must be confessed that it contains several awkward expressions; he very naturally requested from his friend Millington further explanations, as to Newton's actual condition, stating that he had lately received a letter from him "so surprizing to me for the inconsistency of every part of it, as to be put into great disorder by it, from the concernment I have for him, lest it should arise from that, which of all mankind I should least dread from him and most lament for,—I mean discomposure in head, or mind, or both." Millington's answer is satisfactory, and really places the whole affair upon its true foundation.

Coll. Magd. Camb.

'"Honor'd Sir, *Sept.* 30, 1693.

'"Coming home from a journey on the 28th instant at night, I met with your letter which you were pleased to honour me with of the 26th. I

am much troubled I was not at home in time for the post, that I might as soon as possible put you out of your generous payne that you are in for the worthy Mr. Newton. I was, I must confess, very much surprised at the inquiry you were pleased to make by your nephew about the message that Mr. Newton made the ground of his letter to you, for I was very sure I never either received from you or delivered to him any such; and therefore I went immediately to wayt upon him, with a design to discourse him about the matter, but he was out of town, and since I have not seen him, till upon the 28th I met him at Huntingdon, where, upon his own accord, and before I had time to ask him any question, he told me that he had writt to you a very odd letter, at which he was much concerned; adding, that it was in a distemper that much seized his head, and that kept him awake for above five nights together, which upon occasion he desired I would represent to you, and beg your pardon, he being very much ashamed he should be so rude to a person for whom he hath so great an honour. He is now very well, and, though I fear he is under some small degree of melancholy, yet I think there is no reason to suspect it hath at all touched his understanding, and I hope never will; and so I am sure all ought to wish that love learning or the honour of our nation, *which it is a sign how much it is looked after, when such a person as Mr. Newton lyes so neglected by those in power.* And thus, honoured Sir, I have made you acquainted with all I know of the cause of such inconsistencys in the letter of so excellent a person; and I hope it will remove the doubts and fears you are, with so much compassion and publickness of spirit, pleased to entertain about Mr. Newton; but if I should have been wanting in any thing tending to the more full satisfaction, I shall, upon the least notice, endeavour to amend it with all gratitude and truth. Honored Sir, your most faithfull and obedient servant,

'"JOH. MILLINGTON."'—pp. 234, 235.

We may easily conceive how such a distemper as the one here alluded to, might have given rise to the rumours of Newton's insanity, which reached Huygens. Having given these explanations, we shall no farther trouble ourselves with the subject.

Newton's appointment, first (in 1695) as Warden, and subsequently (in 1699) as Master of the Mint, through the influence of his friend Mr. Charles Montague, furnished him, throughout the remainder of his long life, with an honourable competency, which no man ever better deserved, or made a more liberal use of. He had already sat for Cambridge in the Convention Parliament, and was again elected in 1701. In 1703 he was chosen President of the Royal Society, and in 1705 was knighted by Queen Anne. His works upon chronology and theology are so well known, that we need do no more than refer to Dr. Brewster's account of them, and to add, that upon whatever part of Newton's illustrious life and writings the reader desires to obtain the most authentic as well as the most satisfactory information, he will be sure to find it in this excellent number of the Family Library.

ART. VIII.—*What will the Lords do?* 8vo. pp. 33. London: Ridgway, 1831.

AT the period when this pamphlet was first published, that is to. say, about the beginning of the last month of September, the motto inscribed by the author in his title page contained an accurate description of the then state of the public mind. *Non tumultus—non quies; sed quale magni metus, et magnæ iræ, silentium est;*—which may thus be paraphrased. There were no meetings of the people, and yet they cannot be said to have looked on the progress of the Bill with apathy; their silence, so far as the House of Lords was concerned, was the silence of apprehension, and of unuttered anger! But what a difference in the aspect of that people in the latter days of the same month! Their faithful organs—and of these no one has been more zealous, or more distinguished for its ability, than *the Times*—informed them that *the Bill* was in danger, that the Lords might possibly either reject it altogether, or modify its enactments in such a manner as to deprive it of all its value, and forthwith they began to rise in every part of the country, meeting in hamlets, parishes, towns, cities, and counties, to assert their unimpaired determination to have the House of Commons reformed, and they have already resolved and petitioned in millions for that purpose, being, moreover, fully prepared to take such further measures as the case may require, in order that their *will* shall be carried into complete effect. Some self-deluding politicians, who, by a species of jaundice with which they are afflicted, see only the most agreeable colours in the objects around them, have expressed their belief that the people had *cooled* towards the Bill. A more courageous assertion than this was never made in either House of Parliament; one more destitute even of the semblance of a foundation never fell from the lips of man. It is very possible that the debates upon the measure, for the last month, were read with less eagerness by the people generally than those which attended its early stages, but these politicians could not, it seems, for a moment suppose, that this result was, in a great degree, to be imputed to themselves, to their interminable harangues, their stupid repetition night after night of the same arguments, their want of ability in conducting their ineffectual opposition, and the apparent impossibility of their uttering a solitary sentence, which any human being, of the slightest pretension to education, could feel the faintest shadow of delight in perusing. We were indifferent indeed; we, the people, had *cooled* undoubtedly, we were indifferent to the rigmaroles of Sir Charles Wetherell, we had *cooled* to the pompous nothings of Sir Robert Peel, but to the Bill we had pledged our hearts, our homes, our families, our honour, all that was dear and valuable to man, and it will soon be seen whether we are not pre-

pared to redeem those sacred pledges, if it be necessary, at the hazard of our lives.

Cooled to the Bill! The very imputation is a tocsin which we hear, while we write, ringing throughout the empire, because it is felt, not as a libel upon the people, but as an indication that a deep conspiracy is going forward against the most precious interests of the country, in which the chief traitors would not have ventured to engage, if they had not laboured under the grossest delusions as to the real state of the public mind upon this question. We thank them for the phrase: it has betrayed their designs, it has opened to the world their midnight plots, and clearly shown that their object is to injure the great measure by some alterations, which, even they have found out the country never would endure, unless it had in fact ceased to feel as it had felt, and had become careless as to the consequences of all the exertions which, for the last fifty years, and especially for the last twelve months, they have made in the cause of reform. By this token may we know the designs which the traitors have in hand. By this standard may we measure the depth of their schemes, and by it shall we know how to augment, and how to direct the force of our resistance.

Cooled to the Bill! Why what a petifogging set of statesmen those Peels and Wetherells, and their followers, must be, to imagine for a moment that the people of England are the weak, vacillating, capricious race of coquettes, which those sages would wish them to be. Did they suppose, that for every ridiculous attack which they brought forward against the Bill, while it was going through the ordeal of the committee, a fresh public meeting was to be held to express the popular indignation?—that every one of the wild phrases of the ex-attorney-general was to be canvassed out of doors with the utmost gravity, instead of being laughed at?—that the ill temper shown by some of the opponents of the Bill, shamed as it was by the dignified calmness of Lord Althorp, ought to have been encountered by similar bursts of passion on the part of the people? How miserably mistaken they must have been all this time! The country certainly never perhaps looked on, during the discussion in Parliament of an important question, with so much quietness, as they have done upon this occasion; but was that quietness the quietness of apathy? Far from it. The people had performed with the most happy success the part which the constitution assigned to them, in securing the object of their wishes; they had carried the Bill, so far as the House of Commons was concerned, by the manner in which they constituted that house at the late general election, and well knowing how hopeless were the efforts of the opposition, they have waited with a becoming calmness for the result. They probably very generally hoped, that on such a question as this, which was strictly one of popular privileges, the Lords would not seriously think of interposing to throw out, or even to modify the provisions of, the Bill, and they knew that it

had already received the unofficial sanction of the king. Therefore they expected that no real obstacles would be opposed to their just desires, and they left the matter to take its natural course. But the blind Tories could not understand this obvious state of things. They had eyes and could not see, ears and could not hear, hands and could not feel, feet and could not walk. Had the Bill remained in the committee another week, we have no doubt that these men would have flattered themselves with the hope, that the people were universally burning with the desire of running once more into the embraces of Gatton and Old Sarum, and of revelling upon their charms!

But *what* will the Peers do? There's the rub, that is now the question, which every body asks, and to which nobody can as yet give a satisfactory answer. *What* will they do? Will they throw out the Bill? We think not. Mr. Croker, who is doubtless in the councils of the enemy, and who, by the way, has displayed more talent than all of them put together, has clearly informed us that the Bill would come back to the House of Commons. It would indeed come back stripped of all its utility, but back it would come. Now we must say that we would infinitely prefer that the Lords should reject the Bill *in toto*, than send it down to the other house so disfigured as that none of its friends should be able to recognize it. Should the Peers at once reject the Bill upon the second reading, or rather had they rejected it, as Lord Kenyon is said to have suggested at a moment peculiarly favourable to wise resolutions, upon its first introduction into the House, the Parliament would probably have been prorogued for a short period, a number of peers would have been created in the interim sufficient to carry the measure, the same Bill would be speedily brought forward, and as speedily carried, and there would be an end of the question. But the question will have no end, if the Bill be sent back with amendments to which the House of Commons cannot agree, for this supposes a series of debates which will absolutely inflame the people to a degree of excitement, such as has not existed in this kingdom since the time of the civil wars. These protracted debates will shew the majority of the peers in their true character, will betray their intellectual imbecility, their selfish dispositions, their narrow views, and, above all, their desire of interfering with the just privileges and rights of the people, and they will persevere in their mad career until they render their whole order contemptible in the eyes of the nation. John Bull respects the man who fairly differs with him in opinion upon a debateable question: but if a man haggles with him about what he knows to be his rights, and to be the justice of the case, he will turn on his heel, and leave him, though the haggler were a prince, to his own meditations.

Now this very state of contempt is the very worst state into which the peers, as a body, could fall. There are some, though consider-

ing the numbers of the peerage, only a very few, individuals among them, such as Lords Grey and Brougham, Plunket, Lansdowne, Holland, the Dukes of Sussex, Bedford, Wellington, the Earl Fitzwilliam, and perhaps Lord Harewood, who would be respectable and much respected men in any station of life in which we could suppose them to be placed. But for the rest, the Kenyons, the Eldons, the Ellenboroughs, the Londonderries, the Mansfields, the Farnhams, *et hoc genus omne*, strip them of their peerage, and what are they? As a body, allowing always for the few exceptions which we have made, the peers have been for many years gradually becoming less and less venerated. Their education is by no means so well attended to as it had been in former times; in this respect they are excelled even by the mechanical classes, not to speak of the wealthy ranks which interpose between the latter and the peerage, those ranks from amongst which our best statesmen, our most able politicians, and those distinguished men who constitute the pride of our country in the eyes of foreign nations, have sprung. And then look at the *morality* of the peerage. Have they entitled themselves to a great increase of respect in that way? Do they, generally speaking, even know what morality means? Have we forgotten the scenes of unblushing vice disclosed in the history of Lord Ellenborough's divorce from his wife? Do we not see frequent instances of the most scandalous depravity in the conduct of the female part of the peerage towards their own servants, towards artists whom they employ in their houses for the purpose of gratifying their passions, and towards theatrical persons whom they openly patronize? Do we not see the most profligate women on the stage, raised by inconsiderate and unworthy marriages to the peerage, and have not common prostitutes, in the same manner, come to wear coronets? Is it not well known that the routs, masquerades, and fetes champetres, which are given by the nobility, are very much used as the most convenient occasions for deeds of debauchery, to which we must forbear even to allude? To such a pitch have gambling and other crimes in high life carried the extravagance of expenditure, that there is hardly an estate in the possession of a peer which is not mortgaged beyond its value; numbers of them have not the means of paying their tradespeople; and more than three-fourths of them would now be living in the King's Bench, if their privilege had not protected them from arrest; had they been within the meaning of the bankrupt laws, they would not have a bed to sleep upon. It wants but a national earthquake to level this artificial fabric of the peerage to the earth: at the first real shock it must fall to ruin. And we do believe that this is the destiny which awaits it.

For if they attempt to haggle with us about our rights, we shall very probably inquire into theirs; if they venture to rob us of our privileges, we shall question theirs with a voice of thunder. And then let us see whether they will be able to resist us. The author

of the little pamphlet before us, who reasons his subject well, and with a degree of tranquillity which we almost envy, puts this point in a view which cannot be mistaken.

'In social life, as Landlords, Magistrates, and Lieutenants, they are generally respected and praised. Those who are within the sphere of their acquaintance consider themselves honoured by their notice, and those who are their dependants, are often proud of the connexion; but yet how small are the diverging ripples of this influence in comparison to the vast ocean of British society. In a few remote districts, the large territorial Peer may have some weight; but, in the living *foci* of our towns, marts, and ports, he is as nothing. The wide and compact chain of middle life runs its circle through the shipping, banking, manufacturing, mining, trading ranks, with scarce a connecting, much less an influential link between itself and the Peerage. In the Army and the Navy, the Church, and the higher Law, the influence of the Lords is considerable; but the two first of these professions have happily small political weight; the third is at this moment in a state to require rather than to afford aid; and the stirring talent of the poorer followers of the Law, is more than a match for the well patronized, and well paid occupants of the higher seats.

'Thus, then, it seems, that the Peers, in their private capacities, act with a short lever on the mighty mass of British opinion; and, we might be tempted to say, that, if they are weak as individuals, they cannot be strong as a body. But this assumption might not be true; for there is a venerable dignity, a calm glory, an acknowledged benefit, a conservative principle in the constitution of the third, or noble estate of the realm, which is distinct from the merits and influence of the Peers themselves;—*it is the value of a Peerage in a limited monarchy.* I shall not stay to discuss this value, but proceed at once to assume it as acknowledged and cherished.

'Our Peers, then, have this solid basis for their authority, the acknowledged necessity of their existence as a distinct body under our form of government. This is their security—their constant power; and to this may be added, the varying accessories of individual influence, arising from large possessions, high name, great exploits, and commanding talents, together with the other still more valuable and available force, springing from the collective acts and sentiments of their order, being in accordance with the spirit of the age in which they live.

'But firm as is the above stated basis for their authority, yet the Peers must be told, and with no unfriendly feeling, that this acknowledged necessity for a third estate is general and not particular: it pleads as much for a House of Senators as for a House of Lords. Therefore, in these critical times, our Peers must look to their own peculiar safeguards, and these are their *individual and collective popularity.*

'Now, as individuals, I speak of course generally; they are, I believe, as worthy of esteem as they have been at any period of our history; but while this measure of esteem is granted to be not less, it cannot be denied that the illusion, the reverential deference with which the person and dignity of a Peer have hitherto been regarded, is considerably abated. I do not mention this as an evil, I state it as a well known fact. But there is a lamentable attendant evil, which is, that while this conventional veil has been removed, by the increased and more general intelligence and independence of the people, the Peers, themselves, have been slow to use a

like diligence. In the dark ages their forefathers placed themselves in the front of war, and nobly won their coronets; but alas! in our days, in the glorious march of intellect, the descendants or substitutes of these indefatigable warriors have supinely lagged behind. Others have occupied the post of honour, where, when the halo of adventitious respect had been dispelled, our Peers should have been found circled with the brighter and more enduring rays of superior industry, liberality, attainments, wisdom, and virtue. The scaffolding has been removed, and the temple found incomplete. There have been, and are many bright exceptions; men of grateful dispositions and philosophic minds, who, in the midst of every means of indulgence, have, with a wise industry, lived as if they believed that the tenure by which they held their proud stations in the world, was the attainment and diffusion of knowledge, the promotion of happiness, and the guardianship of the people; men, who considered that the law which constituted them hereditary legislators, called upon them, under an awful responsibility, carefully to qualify themselves for their high and arduous functions. But such exceptions render more glaring the general rule of those who seem to think pleasure and amusement the sole fit object of their lives, and that industry would derogate from their nobility.

'This lagging behind the intellect of the day, has alienated much of the affections and respect of a large portion of the community, while the place-hunting propensities of some noble families, who have addicted themselves to politics, have fearfully detracted from a belief in public honour and patriotism. Now, while such has been the conduct of individual Peers, the enactments of their collective wisdom have not been of a nature to call forth love and honour. The Lords have sedulously obeyed every Minister, and harshly adopted every coercive act of each successive Cabinet. No one liberal, reforming, popular measure, has originated in their House; many, of such a nature which the Commons have sent up, have been by them rejected or defeated, while they have carefully abstained from exercising this their restrictive privilege, by softening the rigour, abating the extravagance, or enlarging the policy of any one of those unpopular acts in which the Commons have too frequently indulged. Once, and once only, did the Peers give way, and wisely; for they retrieved, as far as in them lay, the evils of their previous opposition, regained credit with all good men, and saved Ireland from a convulsion. May they now, when the question at issue is the peace of the whole Empire, go and do likewise. Still this one wise act of grace is a solitary exception to their favourite pursuit of a restrictive policy, which, however irritating, has hitherto proved not the less vain; for the people have gained ground, and the Peers now witness the consequences of a thwarting opposition, coupled with niggard and reluctant concession. They see, on the part of the people, an appetite for reforms, heightened by delay; and they acknowledge, while they complain of a daily decay of respect towards themselves as individuals, and of their public influence as a body.

'But their individual and collective popularity form, as I have shewn, their peculiar safeguards in the hour of danger. And now, with these their fortresses of defence, thus found crumbling and dilapidated, with scarce an ally, certainly not an efficient ally, how is this declining order of men, who, by their habits of life, and tenure of property, are peculiarly unfitted for an arduous struggle—how are they to bear themselves successfully through the coming conflict?'—pp. 3—8.

Should that conflict really arise, that is to say, should the peers, of whose character and strength this author has given perhaps the most favourable view that could be taken of it, commit the gross folly of setting themselves up against the will of the nation, then the question will come to be treated, "what will the people do?" Will they suffer the peers to carry on their opposition to the end of time? Will they allow it even for another session of parliament? Is it to be supposed that the people will passively suffer themselves to be trampled upon by the aristocracy? No, undoubtedly they will not. They will interrupt all other pursuits until they accomplish this great object, the result of which will be that the commerce of the country, as it has been well and pointedly stated in the London resolutions, will be thrown into utter confusion; many tradesmen and operatives will be deprived of employment, and riots will ensue, such as never before destroyed or even threatened the tranquillity of this country. Then let us see further with the author, how the peers are to carry on the contest, in which they shall have so madly engaged.

'At the very onset I am prepared to grant the general, though partially concealed hatred, of a vast majority of the House of Lords to the present Reform Bill, indeed to all Parliamentary Reform. The practices to which it tends to put an end have been precisely those illegal means by which the Peers have endeavoured to supply that hold on the State, which they have loosened, by their unpopular acts as a body, and their lack of industry, and attainments as individuals. And yet, in truth, not a small portion of this loss of real power is attributable to the practice of these very means, and the false confidence it has inspired. But I fear it would be time thrown away, to attempt persuading the Anti-Reformers to receive this truth. And yet, why will they not perceive, that a small junto of Boroughmongers, and their adherents, who have been long usurping the patronage of the State to the palpable detriment of the Peerage at large, are now seeking to cover their own sordid and selfish opposition, by an alliance with the more disinterested of the Tories, and most timid of the Whigs. Why will not those Peers, whose sole share of the Boroughmongering system has been a full portion of its obloquy? Why will they not perceive, that they are about to be made the tools of a cunning and selfish faction? Why will they sully the purity of their own ermine, by asserting, that it is best defended by the corruption of a brother Peer's rotten Borough? Strange perversity! One might smile at the short-sighted dexterity of the Boroughmongers, so wise in their generation, did one not foresee the fatal consequences that may result from the success of their cajoleries.

'But are we then to expect, that the Peers, deficient both in energy and power, will madly place themselves in the breach, and bid defiance to the present current of royal and popular opinion? No; this would be an act of devotion, worthy only of the Hindoos, and their Juggernaut. I cannot believe, that a body of staid, sober, wealthy, elderly Gentlemen, fathers too of large and affectionate families, should, for the sake of an opinion, meditate a proceeding, so nearly approaching to a political *felo-de-se*. And I am the more inclined to this charitable opinion of their discretion, when I see, that their object, if their object be to defeat the Bill, can be as effectually gained by side-winds, and flank movements, as by direct opposition.

Half measures will here, for once, be as effectual as whole; and, from their nature, are peculiarly fitted for the affections and exigencies of weak bodies. To these then, I fear, they will have recourse: willingly, would I believe, that they would, with a manly courage, and patriotic candour, accede to the honest demands of their countrymen; that they would, magnanimously, place themselves within the circle of the interests and the affections of their native land. But, I much fear, that without a struggle, they will not do so; and I more fear, that, after a struggle, it will no longer be in their power to do so.

'I now proceed to trace the melancholy lines of the struggle; happy shall I be, if any feature of the outline catch the eye, and arrest the vote of any Noble Lord. If a doubt should arise in his mind, surely, as a man, and as a Christian, he will lean to the side of concession and peace; he will remember *who resisteth the proud;* he will weigh *immediate* perils in nicer scales than *remote* evils; he will ward off, as far as he may, present danger, and leave the future to time, and God's good providence. Let him read of these impending evils, and consider, while he reads, that his may be the vote that may let loose or enchain them for ever. Let him pause, while there is yet time. He is on the Rubicon—even beyond the Rubicon; and, after victory, and seas of blood, there came the Ides of March. But here, I would more especially address one Bench of their Lordship's House. I would ask the chiefs of that religion, whose essence is peace, charity, and good will towards man, what, if they should be found arrayed in support of a rule by corruption, founded on a distrust of the people, would people think, what would they say? Certainly, they would not blasphemously impute such scandal to the purest, the meekest of faiths: therefore, most assuredly, would they lay it at the feet of its professors. So, if the Bishops desire a Radical Reform in the Church, they can adopt no method more effectual, for the accomplishment of their object, than upholding the perjuries, the drunkenness, and corruption of elections. They may thus collect, conduct, and point against themselves the dark electric cloud, that now lowers over the country. Surely, they will not so flatly contradict their faith.

'But I am lingering on the threshold;—no more. I pass over the consequences of positive rejection; because, though they might be more sudden, and severe in their operation, they would not be different in their nature. I assume, then, that we shall hear of motions for adjournment till after Christmas, and for various essential modifications and perversions of the Bill. There will be no doubt as to the covert intent of such proceedings, however much disguised by outward protestations. They will be received and met by the country, and the Ministers, as direct attacks on the Bill itself. The day of trial will come. The speeches will have been made, the votes given. Who have it? The Ayes; joy, reconciliation, peace. The Noes? A dead silence! At that moment some Peer may wish he had voted otherwise; but, too late, the struggle has begun, the first blow has been struck.'—pp. 10—14.

We do not at all agree with the able author of this brochure, that it would be a necessary consequence of this vote, that Lord Grey and his cabinet should resign. As long as they continue to possess the confidence of the House of Commons, the word resignation should be banished from their vocabulary, for it is in that house that the real power of the country resides. It would be an act of

the most consummate folly, in our opinion, for a cabinet so justly popular, so justly honoured with the confidence of the king, to abandon the helm of the state at the moment their exertions would be most required to save the vessel from shipwreck. We therefore contemplate no such proceeding, and shall not waste a word upon it. If it be necessary, the parliament, as we have already intimated, must be prorogued for a few days; the measure will then be brought before both houses *de novo*, and a sufficient number of peers must be created for the purpose of carrying it. It is said that this alternative is one to which Lord Grey has strong and even rooted constitutional objections. If so, he is not the man we take him for, he is not the man for such a crisis as this, and he must yield his position to some individual who is. But this need make no great alteration in the present cabinet, even if such a misfortune were to happen, as his lordship's secession from it would be felt by the country. We cannot, however, imagine that he would really interpose his notions of delicacy on such an occasion, when they would be productive of more injury than he could ever hope to repair. We must then take it for granted that he would not, if eventually driven to it, refrain from calling to his aid the prerogative of the crown, and if in the course of a little time after the Bill shall have become a law, any real inconvenience should grow out of the numbers of the peerage, we see no reason why the course so well pointed out by the author should not be adopted, in order to get rid of that inconvenience.

'Meanwhile, the voice of the country would support him, and he would secure a large and permanent majority in a House, where he must expect nearly as many secret as declared opponents. But the Bill, once passed, the people would remember their refractory Lords; and the more so, as complaints would resound from all quarters, but chiefly from the Peers themselves, and most of all from the youngest creations; from the Londonderry's, the Ellenborough's, the Wynford's, should we hear protestations against the overgrown state of the Peerage, and the late stretch of prerogative. Then would the question, now quietly flowing in the under currents of opinion, gradually rise to the surface; and we should hear it asked, why the Peerage of England should not be assimilated to that of Scotland and Ireland? And Lord Grey himself, quoting as precedents, the disfranchisement of Peers that attended the Union of these kingdoms with England, might boldly declare, that an elective Peerage, from an heriditary Nobility, was in accordance with the Constitution; that it would remove the evils of an overgrown House; would set free the Irish and Scotch Lords, now daily intriguing for the more permanent value of an English coronet; while, at the same time, it would efface the legitimate absurdity of an heaven-born race of hereditary Solons; thus consolidating, and replacing, within the circle of modern conformity, the antiquated, though venerable temple of the English Peerage. A refractory House of Lords, by rejecting all Reform in the Commons, might, in this way, draw down upon themselves a Reform they little contemplated.

'But the fountain of honour is in the throne of the country; and it may well be a consideration with Lord Grey, and with that illustrious and patriotic Prince, who is at once the ornament and the safeguard of his Crown, how far, in these days, it may be expedient to have recourse to this undoubted exercise of the prerogative; and still more, how far it might be prudent to usher the black rod of Reform within the bar of the House of Lords, so soon after its exercise in the Commons.

'But whatever may be the advice Lord Grey may think it his duty to give the Crown on this subject, the Tory Lords may rest assured, that no manœuvres of theirs will ever win him to a compromise of his word; he is pledged to the Bill; and, such as it is, he will carry it, either in the present House of Lords, or an enlarged House of Lords, or he will resign. Even were it contrary to his interest, his own high mind would bind him to such a line of conduct. But he knows full well, that were he, with a white heart, to waver now, that he would be lost. He, and his party, are committed in an arduous struggle; they lead, but do not command public opinion; and were they to submit to an important modification of the Bill, or to an adjournment, the real object of which would be obvious, even to the blindest mole, they would be driven from the helm; public opinion, like a mighty river, would press onwards in its course, bearing others more adventurous on its bosom, while it left them hapless wrecks on its shores.'—pp. 19—21.

The idea of Lord Grey's cabinet resigning, and of being succeeded by a Tory administration, is a mere chimera, with which some foolish ex-official gentlemen may sometimes have deluded their fancies. But it is very far from being equally clear, that if the wishes of the people be thwarted, they will not rise from day to day in their demands, until even Lord Grey's cabinet shall have been left behind in the race of passion that will then have been excited, and considered a great deal too *moderate* for the age. This is the true point of danger to which we are to look, and against which the Lords, if they have any prudence at all, will even for their own sakes take care to guard. Here also the author of the pamphlet speaks out in the voice of wisdom.

'Lord Grey would be compelled to resign. His place would be occupied by men more adventurous—possibly, less conscientious; a fatal impulse would have been given to the spirit of the people; they would have been called upon, during the change of Ministry, for a display of their strength; they would have shewn it; and having tasted the dangerous sweets of its exhibition, they would be tempted to continue its support to their new Members, who would come into office pledged to more vigorous measures, or, at least, a more vigorous enforcement of them. And against whom? Against the order that had rejected their Bill—against the House of Lords!

'Here, then, should we have the people led on by one part of the State against another. Frightful consequence of ill-timed obstinacy! Fresh and fresh force would rapidly be acquired by the stream of public opinion; which, running on with self-accelerating velocity, would soon outstrip the reforming speed of its new rulers; who would, ere long, be cast aside for others and others, more and more rash, whom the stream, now become a torrent, should cast up from its foul beds in the hurrying eddies of

its rapids. We will not follow this St. Lawrence to its Niagara; the course is fatally sure.

'Popular opinion, once allowed to take the lead, soon runs riot; it appoints its own rulers; it dictates to them; it deposes them; and nothing but great temperance, and mutual forbearance, and final union on the part of the early and more moderate parties, can check its destructive career. If that bugbear of our childhood, the French Revolution, must always be cited, let us refer to it, as an example to warn us from those errors of the leading parties in its early scenes, who suffered hatred and jealousy of one another; the narrow spirit of party, and the cursed love of self and self-opinion, to blind them to the consequences of disunion. By splitting into sub-divisions, they exposed themselves to be successively beat in detail by that fatal series of men, who added each their tribute of destruction to the institutions of their country; while they, themselves, were, in fact, not the rulers, but the passive representatives of each transitory grade of public opinion, in the descending scale of national disorganization; it reached its apogee in the reign of terror, and was succeeded, as usual, by a tyranny.

'This is an example not to fright us from Reform, but to teach us, that when a great question has been actively and publicly debated, and been as publicly accepted by a vast majority of those masses, in which essentially resides the force of a nation, that it is tempting fate, contemning example, and courting revolution to oppose the *speedy, final, and full* settlement of the matter at issue. The longer the delay, the greater the price of the Sybylline books. Those, therefore, who most hate revolution, should, in proportion to that hatred, now cling to this Bill, and nothing but this Bill: they ought to prefer it even to a modification, not from any fondness for the Bill, but from a love of order and fixedness of purpose; from a wise determination to prevent further discussion out of doors; and still more, to prevent the habit of such discussion from without, operating too strongly on the decisions within. These are considerations, particularly addressed to those who profess conservative principles; and they are called upon, in proof of their sincerity, to act up to their professions. They confess, that the hour for defeating Parliamentary Reform, in the abstract, is gone by; nay, they go farther, and profess a desire for some Reform—a moderate Reform. Then, in this case, also, as in the case of concession, it is a question only of degree. They consent to the substance, but demur to the quantity. Then will they, upon a mere question of this or that Bill of Reform, supposing they could carry theirs, and still more, that it would be final—Will they, for comparatively so trifling a difference, hazard the long train of endless, unknown, perhaps, even unthought of innovations, that may follow their resistance? Why will they play so dangerous a game? Why hazard such unequal stakes.'—pp. 22—25.

Should the people once get a taste for extreme measures, it is impossible to say where or how they shall end. We do not imagine that they will, under any circumstances, have recourse to physical violence; they understand their power too well to mar it by any such folly, for they well know that their's is a moral force, which, steadfastly and carefully applied, is infinitely superior, in point of efficacy, to all the bayonets in the empire. What we most apprehend is, that, if the Reform Bill be now rejected by the

Lords, the people will be so much disgusted with that branch of the legislature, that it can never redeem itself in their eyes, and that even after, by a considerable increase of the peerage, the Bill shall be carried, the question will remain to be considered, whether their Lordship's house, as at present constituted, be, upon the whole, a necessary and indispensable branch of the legislature. We have seen, and may still possibly profit from, the example which has been recently given by France, of cutting off, at one blow, all the entails of the titles and privileges of the peerage; thus rendering it a mere personal possession conferred by the king, and terminating with the life of the holder. So careful have the parliamentary conductors of this important measure been to render the peerage a mere life enjoyment, that even the sons of peers cannot, *eo nomine*, be called to the upper chamber; they must, in order to be qualified to receive the favour of the king in that respect, be qualified as members of some of the classes to which the king's choice is strictly limited; and we may, without difficulty, predict that in a very few years there will be in France no aristocracy, save that of wealth and personal character,—the only aristocracy, we must add, which virtue sanctions, and of which reason approves.

Matters are tending to a similar issue in this country. The very suspicions that at this moment attach to the House of Lords, have raised up against it a degree of odium, which even the prompt adoption by it of the Bill could hardly wipe away. We much doubt whether that odium can be much augmented by their rejection of the Bill, or whether the final result which the author of this pamphlet contemplates, may not very quickly overtake the Lords, whatever the fate of the Bill may be.

'It is rejected! Will the people of England sit patiently down? Will they hang up their harps on the willows of despair, till it is their Lord's good pleasure that the people's representatives should be the representatives of the people? I think not. Then, what will they do? Will they carry their favourite Bill, their Bill of Rights, by force of arms? No—the days of brute force are gone to sleep with the nights of ignorance; there are measures more consonant to the present times. Association, unanimity of design, resistance within legal bounds,—these the people will employ, and with, as one voice, they will say, "The present House of Lords will not pass our Bill; but our Bill must be passed—our Commons desire it—our King sanctions it; and we are pledged to it. Another House of Lords—another third estate must be found, who will pass our Bill." Thus, and more dangerously may they reason. Noble Lords may start—may frown—may imprecate—may threaten; but the energies of this mighty empire are not to be put down by a sneer, or a vote; they may suddenly spring up, as in a night, and scatter their opponents, as mists from before the face of the morning. The people may ask, can there be men with intellects so dull, so inobservant, and so inexperienced, who, though born, and bred, and living in the light of this century, can yet see only with the twilight perception of the dark ages? men, whose notions of revolutions are formed from the traditions of days, when the art of reading

and writing was a distinction, a printing press a curiosity, and a journey from York to London an epoch in life? Are there men, who, with the recent experience of the last twelve months, can read of Birmingham, and of Glasgow, and of a thousand and one other Unions—who can hear of the avidity with which the public papers are sought for in every corner of the kingdom, and who can witness the feverish excitement of the public mind, and yet, forsooth, loll upon their hereditary Seats, and fancy a frown from a weak majority of the weakest portion of the State, can frighten the great mass of their fellow-subjects from the pursuit of their legitimate desires? If there be such men, an excited people may add, they are no longer fit to be our legislators; the House of Lords must be adapted to the present stage of civilization. We will no longer——'

The blank may be easily filled—"We will no longer have a House of Lords, at least not of lords made legislators by the accident of birth. The peers of the three kingdoms shall be placed upon an equal footing; and as those of Scotland are elected by their fellow peers only for each parliament, the rule ought to be a general one, since that which is good for one part of the United Kingdom, must be equally good for another. We know that the king's prerogative is precluded from adding to the peerage of Ireland, unless a vacancy shall have been first created by the death of three peers. This rule if good for Ireland must be equally so for England, where the prerogative might be reduced still farther with great advantage. Some principle of popularity it will be absolutely essential to introduce into the upper house, otherwise we shall be engaged in perpetual broils with it. The reform of the House of Commons is but the beginning of those changes which must take place in every public institution of the country; our systems of parochial assessment and expenditure must be brought into harmony with the new state of things, and the people must appear prominently in every proceeding, whereby money is levied from them, and expended for their use. In other words, the democratical branch of the Constitution must be strengthened as much as possible; and, in order to accomplish that object, we must have a contest with the Lords, either now or within a very few years. At least, it will be only postponed, and, if it must be fought some day or other, the sooner it is begun the better." It is thus that the people will argue amongst themselves, and it is thus they will conclude. We therefore strongly advise the peers to make unto themselves friends of the mammon of iniquity while yet they may, and to lay up a goodly store of popularity, which shall save them on the evil day that surely awaits them, and which, if it cannot prevent their fall, may serve at least to break it.

ART. IX.—*Memoir of Count Lavalette, written by himself.* In 2 vols. London: Colburn and Co. 1831.

IT would have been more conformable to the spirit of truth and candour, to have called these volumes "More Last Words of Napoleon." They are principally filled with illustrations of his life and character—and present but a very small portion, indeed, of the materials which the title of the work would warrant us in confidently expecting. We take this circumstance, however, as in some measure a proof that the public is now completely saturated with the contributions which, from divers quarters, have been formed for the purpose of unravelling the mysterious career of Buonaparte.

It is scarcely necessary that we should remind the reader who the author of the present volumes was, and by what casualty his name became familiar to every British ear. We need only observe, that as a passive sharer in a scene of conjugal heroism, which shames almost the generosity of ancient chivalry, Lavalette was the object, for a season, of the tender sympathy of every heart to which the tidings of his critical redemption had been conveyed. As the husband of Madame Lavalette, and as the object of the courageous, and to himself most dangerous protection, of an Englishman, the author of these volumes can never be an object of indifference in Great Britain. How far the interest with which his name is thus surrounded, will be allowed to extend itself over the other transactions of his life, must, in this free and impartial country, greatly depend on the nature of the transactions themselves, and to these we shall now call the attention of the public, with as much brevity as the subject will allow.

It was not without much curiosity that we sought for some allusions in a preliminary narrative of his life, to that critical period of Lavalette's career which had made his name so extensively known. Whatever justice was in the decree, it seems now pretty evident that, but for his happy escape from prison, Lavalette would have had to encounter the extreme penalty of the law. He had made up his mind to this fate, and he appears to have drawn from the turnkeys in his den, a complete description of the humiliating ceremonies, through which, as a capital convict, he was condemned to pass. He made these messengers of death repeat the horrible details, until his imagination was entirely absorbed by them. During the influence of these gloomy impressions, his sleep was disturbed by frightful dreams; and one of these terrific visions had such an effect on him, that he never could, for any long interval, banish the recollection of it from his mind. The narrative, as delivered by himself, is as follows:—

'One night while I was asleep, the clock of the Palais de Justice struck twelve, and awoke me. I heard the gate open to relieve the sentry; but I fell asleep again immediately. In this sleep, I dreamed that I was stand-

ing in the Rue St. Honoré, at the corner of the Rue de l'Ecbelle. A melancholy darkness spread around me—all was still—nevertheless, a low and uncertain sound soon arose. All of a sudden, I perceived at the bottom of the street, and advancing towards me, a troop of cavalry, the men and horses however, all flayed. The men held torches in their hands, the red flames of which illumined faces without skin, and bloody muscles. Their hollow eyes rolled fearfully in their vast sockets, their mouths opened from ear to ear, and helmets of hanging flesh covered their hideous heads. The horses dragged along their own skins in the kennels, which overflowed with blood on both sides. Pale and dishevelled, women appeared and disappeared alternately at the windows, in dismal silence; low, inarticulate groans, filled the air, and I remained in the street alone, petrified with horror, and deprived of strength sufficient to seek my safety by flight. The horrible troops continued passing in a rapid gallop, and casting frightful looks on me. Their march, I thought, continued for five hours; and they were followed by an immense number of artillery waggons, full of bleeding corses, whose limbs still quivered; a disgusting smell of blood and bitumen almost choked me. At length, the iron gate of the prison shutting with great force, awoke me again. I made my repeater strike; it was no more than midnight, so that the horrible phantasmagoria had lasted no more than two or three minutes; that is to say, the time for relieving the sentry and shutting the gate. The cold was severe, and the watch-word short. The next day, the turnkey confirmed my calculations. I, nevertheless, do not remember one single event of my life, the duration of which I have been more exactly able to calculate, of which the details are more deeply engraven on my memory, and of which I preserve a more perfect consciousness.'—vol. i. p. 32.

The history of the early life of Lavalette consists of little more than details of detached scenes in which he was engaged, and which were immediately connected with the breaking out of the revolution. His evidence tends to throw into still stronger relief than ever, the savage cruelty by which the French populace was at that period characterized. He relates that in a journey from Paris to the country, he stopped at a village in his way to Autun, which was situated in the midst of woods, and the inhabitants of which obtained their livelihood by making wooden shoes. The villagers had only two days before murdered a bishop and two of his grand vicars for the sake of their money, and having once experienced the advantages of plunder, they seemed resolved to make it a permanent occupation. When Lavalette and his party entered the village, they were instantly set down by a little hunchbacked attorney as very promising victims. They were all accordingly forced to the municipality, where the attorney having taken the chair, determined as a measure of prudence and necessity, that the gentlemen's knapsacks ought to be examined. The audience applauded the decree, and were proceeding to carry it into effect, when D'Aubonne, one of Lavalette's fellow travellers, mounted the table. He was a tall man, very clever at making verses, and had the whole slang dictionary at his fingers' ends. He commenced by

a bold invective, which greatly surprised his hearers, then raised his style, and rung the changes on country, liberty, sovereignty of the people, so that the termination of his speech was followed by unanimous applause. D'Aubonne, not satisfied with the impression which he made, ordered the other fellow traveller of himself and Lavalette to get upon the table. This was Le Clerc de la Ronde, a man of the most grotesque shape, and as dark as an African. D'Aubonne then said to the assembly, "You shall soon know whether or not we are republicans coming from Paris," and turning to his companion, he desired him to answer the republican catechism, "what is God? what are the people? what is a king?" The other, who appears to have been a capital mimic, answered with a contrite air, a nasal voice, and winding himself about like a Harlequin, "God is nature, the people are the poor; a king is a lion, a tiger, an elephant, who tears to pieces, devours, and crushes the poor people to death." This speech was decisive. The travellers were applauded and caressed; it became a point of rivalship between the inhabitants at whose house the strangers should be lodged, and it was finally not without difficulty that they got away from the village.

Lavalette joined the army of the Rhine in 1796, when it was pursuing its victorious career over the allied enemy. He gives graphic sketches of a few of the generals by whom that army was conducted; Kleber, who lost his life in Egypt afterwards, was one of the most famous of these leaders. His stature was gigantic, his voice sonorous, and his whole appearance was sufficient to call to the mind of the beholder the figure of one of the heroes of the Iliad. He was, of all the generals in the army, the man whom the soldiers remembered with the most affection, for he always sympathized with them, and consoled their privations or sufferings with his good humour. The description of Desaix, another premature victim to the expedition to Egypt, is well drawn. This general is said to have looked more like a savage from Oroonoko, than the commander of civilized troops; his appearance was awkward, and he always betrayed the greatest degree of bashfulness and want of knowledge of the world. But this account applies only to the exterior of Desaix, who was besides a man of the purest mind, and the utmost simplicity of manners. Lavalette declares that this leader was totally exempt from the faults so common with the frequenters of camps: he was never known to utter an indecent word, or even a vulgar expression. He scarcely ever appeared in the uniform of his rank, but usually wore a blue coat divested of all ornament, and so short and spare as to justify the raillery of the officers about him. Desaix frequently mounted his horse to visit the outposts, completely unarmed. The impolicy of this practise was impressed upon his mind on one occasion, nearly at the sacrifice of his life.

'One night,' writes Lavalette, 'having ordered an attack on the con-

vent of Marienborn, near Mentz, which the enemy occupied in force, he suddenly found himself without arms in the midst of a surprized body of infantry, which was defending itself with the bayonet amongst the vines. Desaix, perceiving that he had forgot his sword, pulled a vine-prop out of the ground, and continued fighting as if he had had Orlando's sword in his hand. Savary, who was then his aid-de-camp, threw himself before him just in time to save his life, and killed a Hungarian grenadier that was about to pierce him with his bayonet.'—vol. i. p. 161.

The account which Lavalette gives us of General St. Cyr is interesting not only from the nature of the materials themselves, but also from the circumstance of that venerable warrior having taken a large share in transactions which are so recent, as to be familiar to every one in the present day. St. Cyr began his career as the captain of a body of the Parisian mob, who volunteered to join the army of the Rhine, for the purpose, they contemptuously declared, of teaching the army the right step. This corps consisted of all the vagabonds from the purlieus of Paris. They proceeded with their leader to the camp, where General Custines had them surrounded and disarmed. St. Cyr then remained without employment, but having been an artist in his youth, and still fond of his pencil, he set himself one day to sketch the position of Oekheim, near Mentz. While engaged in this employment, General Custines perceived him, and as St. Cyr wore the uniform of the disbanded corps, the general rode up in great wrath, and tore the paper from the hands of the artist. He was struck with the draught, and upon examining it carefully, he found it to contain proofs of merit, such as deserved his protection. The result was, that St. Cyr was appointed an officer of the staff, and in a few months afterwards was made a general of division. He ever afterwards was left in charge of the centre of the army, and was always regarded as its shield.

In speaking of the character of the generals of the time to which he is alluding, (the early period of the French republic,) Lavalette gives us a most amiable picture of the simplicity of their lives, and the frank cordial terms of their intercourse! Jealousy and intrigue were unknown amongst them, their only ambition being to excel in their profession. He vindicates those leaders from the charges which have been often repeated against them, that they were obscure and uneducated persons, and that they could not possibly have obtained the necessary acquisitions which they were supposed to possess, during the time that they had at their command for that purpose. Lavalette assures us that most of these generals had studied the military art early in life, and that their education had been as well attended to as that of the nobility. The patience and fortitude which these men exhibited under their privations at the commencement of the republican war, prove them to have been possessed of no ordinary share of intellectual discipline. The commonest enjoyments were placed beyond their reach—they were

miserably poor—the amount of their pay, which happened universally to be the extent of their whole income, being no more than eight francs a month. This was the nominal sum, but as the officers were paid in assignats, the eight francs were reduced to a miserable trifle indeed.

Lavalette presents us with a most forcible description of the state of Paris in 1794, when he had revisited it after an absence of two years. The people, he observes, were no more than a vile rabble, destitute of energy, and shrinking beneath the scourge that chastised them. Throughout the morning, wretched women and children presented themselves in thousands before the doors of the bakers' shops, waiting their turn to receive a dearly-bought morsel of bread. More than half the population of Paris lived on potatoes: confusion reigned every where—all distinctions of rank were confounded, or perhaps, more properly, were inverted, for the fashions were led by persons whose native vulgarity only rendered themselves ridiculous. During this moral interregnum, however, the class of artists seem to have been in a situation of favourable contrast with their countrymen. The thirst for amusement, and excitement, of every kind, called into activity all the ingenious minds which had been devoted to the arts. But even here the taste for licentiousness, the predominant passion of the day, asserted its empire. The young men dressed their hair *en victimes*, that is, raised up at the back of the neck, as the executioner arranges it for the victim immediately before the dreadful catastrophe. The women outdid their rivals of the other sex, in the extravagance of their contempt for all decency. After a vehement but just invective against the conventional assembly, to which he attributes the origin and promotion of all these disgraceful disorders, Lavalette concludes his observations on that body with the following impressive reflections:

'Of all the lessons given by the history of human passions, there is one especially on which the moralist must insist with force. I mean the impossibility, which the most honourable men will ever experience, of stopping, if once their passions draw them into the path of error. Surely, if, a few years before so many crimes were committed, they could have been pictured before the eyes of the most barbarous among their perpetrators, I fear not to say, that all, even Robespierre himself, would have recoiled with horror. Men begin by caressing theories—heated imagination presents them as useful and easy of execution: they toil, they advance unconsciously from error to faults, and from faults to crimes, till the contaminated mind corrupts sensibility, and adorns, by the name of state policy, the most horrible outrages.'—vol. i. p. 177.

Lavalette admits that the convention in some measure had a right to consider itself justified in the sanguinary course which it pursued, since the historians of the country, in all ages, have been prone to waste the most unbounded praises on the great scourger of mankind. He blames Bossuet for the enchanting aspect which

that eloquent orator impressed on the character of Cromwell—Montesquieu, too, defended the crimes of Richelieu. No wonder then, that in a nation where such examples were held up to admiration, numerous and determined imitators of them should be found.

Lavalette confirms the statement, which appears now to rest on very adequate authority, that Buonaparte was only accidentally engaged in the French service, just as he was about to quit Paris perhaps for ever. Napoleon, after having been dismissed the service, notwithstanding the conduct he displayed at the siege of Toulon, proceeded to Paris, where he solicited in vain for his re-establishment. Disgusted and vexed with disappointment, he sought permission to accompany a troop of cannoniers to Turkey, to teach the Mahometans the use of artillery. Just as he was about to depart, Barras sent for him, the committee to which the latter belonged being then in some difficulty. At the interview to which Buonaparte was admitted, he displayed so much information and resolution, that he was left master of all the arrangements for the defence of Paris. As soon as order was established, which was chiefly the work of Buonaparte, the citizens of Paris were commanded to give up their arms. No favour seems to have been shewn to any person on this occasion, a circumstance which gave rise to an incident of no limited influence on the fortunes of Napoleon. The widow of General Beauharnais, then in the capital with her son, Eugene, who had scarcely attained his thirteenth year, was about to deliver up to the commissioner the sabre of her late husband. The spirited boy seized the weapon, and resolutely declared, that whoever would take that sword should first take his life. The commissioner referred them to the general in chief, who was no other than Buonaparte.

'Eugene flew to his house: the deep emotion the child evinced, his name, his interesting appearance, the ardour and simplicity with which he expressed his wishes, touched the general. He embraced him, allowed him to keep the dearly beloved sword, and visited Mad. Beauharnais. She was young, amiable, and more than pretty. He fell in love with her, and soon after married her: so that their union, which was so long a happy one, had its origin in an amiable trait of filial piety.'—vol. i. p. 195.

Lavalette has a right to be considered as an unexceptionable witness on this point, for he was an aid-de-camp to Napoleon in Italy, where the general was under the necessity of spending the honey-moon after his marriage. It was at Milan, that the celebrated portrait of Buonaparte on the bridge of Lodi, was painted by Gros. The artist, it seems, could never obtain a sitting beyond a few minutes' duration, and Lavalette has been present at three sittings, when the general could only be kept quiet by being held by Madame Buonaparte in her lap.

Amongst the eminent persons who figured in the scenes of the French revolution, we find some mention of the Prince Talleyrand, the waywardness of whose political life forms so curious a fact in

the study of man. Lavalette says that this personage left France in 1792, as Bishop of Autun, and returned in four years afterwards a republican. The directory readily grasped at him as being a man who, from his birth, station, and fortune, had an interest in the permanency of the old regime, but who sacrificed these advantages, and professed the principles of republicanism.

'When M. de Talleyrand,' says Lavalette, 'entered the ministry, dissension was at its greatest violence. He gently discarded his old friends, who were struggling in the councils against the majority of the directory, by feigning to believe that they all wished for the return of the Bourbons, and he remained a cool spectator of their disasters. The chief point he had in view was to keep his place and re-establish his fortune, which had been destroyed by former disorders and public events, He quickly obtained his aim, from which nothing could divert him, neither the clamour raised by his enemies nor the reproaches of his masters, to which he constantly offered a calm, patient, and I may almost say, a careless resignation. I witnessed some instances of it, and I felt that ambition cannot fail to create disgust when bought at such a price.'—vol. i. p. 262.

The account of the war in Italy, and of the expedition to Egypt, is given in a very lively manner by Lavalette, but we have gone over the same ground too often to think of tracing it again, even with so pleasant a guide as our author. The details of sanguinary battles and of the operations of the plague, are now and then interspersed with remarks on customs and manners, or by singular anecdotes. Lavalette states that when Buonaparte left Cairo, he himself was directed by the general to traverse the city in all directions, in company with the police Aga or Cadi, to see if all were quiet. The Aga at the time was a Greek, and his name was Berthelemi. In going the rounds of the city together, Lavalette saw that they were accompanied by the guards of the Aga, as also his servants—but what gave him most surprize was that the executioner appeared also as one of the retinue. It was strange to behold how the crowd of pedlars, and all others whose consciences declared against their conduct, retired at the approach of the solemn procession. In one of the streets the Aga stopped opposite a coffee-house, when his stick-bearer seized a man who was by, and dragged him along with great force. A few questions were put to the unfortunate prisoner, when after a short pause, the Cadi made a horizontal motion with his hand, after which the party continued their walk. They had proceeded about thirty paces, when Lavalette turned round, and was struck at seeing a crowd still collected before the coffee-house. He returned, and found the executioner in the coolest possible manner, turning the head of the unhappy prisoner into his bag, whilst upon the ground, he beheld the decapitated corpse. "What's the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Lavalette. "Oh," answered the Cadi, with the most perfect indifference, "that fellow had a share in the rebellion of Cairo, and escaped my vengeance."

Buonaparte, in following Kleber from El-Arisch to Kanjonnes, was accompanied only by his staff, and fifty guides. They approached a village which the general thought he might pass with perfect safety, as he believed it had been just traversed by Kleber. In this expectation he was disappointed. Two of the horsemen forming his vanguard were seen, as they were about to enter the village, to turn their horses' heads, and ride back in consternation. The truth was, that the camp and cavalry of Abdallah Pasha were observed on the opposite side of the village. Buonaparte shewed instantly his usual presence of mind. He drew up his men in a single line, so as to make the enemy think that they were more numerous than they really were. The stratagem succeeded, and the enemy raised his camp, and retired.

We pass over all that portion of Lavalette's memoir which traces the subsequent career of Napoleon from his return to France, after the expedition to Egypt, to his last abdication. We are induced to make this extensive bound over a world of events, because they are already sufficiently before the public, and particularly that we may have room for a few particulars of that critical incident in his life, which has given rise to all the interest and importance that he has excited amongst us.

It was shortly after the departure of the emperor from Paris, that Lavalette was arrested whilst sitting at dinner with his family. He was placed in one of the cells of the prison of the prefecture. Having contracted an inflammatory complaint in this prison, Lavalette was conveyed to the Conciergerie. Here he was placed in a long and narrow room, terminated by a window, which was covered so as to allow very little light into the apartment. He was cut off during the first six weeks from all personal communication with his family. The tremulous hand-writing of his wife, and the interesting condition which she happened to be placed in at that time, added to the sufferings of Lavalette. A few weeks after his imprisonment, he saw Marshal Ney in the prison, and this was the first intelligence he had of the marshal having been arrested. This distinguished general was afterwards placed above the apartment where Lavalette was confined, and amused himself by playing on the flute. Lavalette heard him frequently play a waltz, which remained deeply impressed on his memory, and when he some years after that time heard the same air played at a bal champêtre on the borders of Lake Starnberg, the recollections which crowded in his mind forced him to retire, by the strength of the emotions which they produced. Lavalette did not allow his wife to visit him for some time after she received permission to do so, such was the delicate state of her health and her incapability of bearing the shock of an interview in such a place. He was at a great loss to fill up his time, and sent for Hume's History of England, in which he read of the calamitous end of so many kings. The contemplation of the misfortunes of such men abated the keen sense which

he felt for his own. Time went on a-pace; Madame Lavalette was delivered of a son, and, as might be expected from the state of her health during pregnancy, the child very shortly died in her arms. Lavalette gives a graphic description of his trial, which, as most of our readers are aware, terminated in a sentence of death against him. The news was brought to Madame Lavalette, and it had a terrible effect on her. She solicited an interview with the king, who promptly received her. She fell on her knees at the feet of Louis, who said, "Madame, I have received you immediately to give you a proof of the interest I feel for you." The lady was then raised, and left the chamber. Every body concluded that Lavalette's pardon was now certain, but they were disappointed. Repeated attempts were now made by appeals to the king, or by motions in the courts of law, to avert the sentence passed on Lavalette, but all to no purpose; and on the last day but three before that of the intended execution, Madame Lavalette determined to leave nothing undone in order to save her husband. She repaired to the palace, and after having set at nought all the form of introduction which court etiquette required, she placed an eloquent memorial in the hands of the king, who gave her a firm answer to the effect that he must do his duty. She strove to place another of the same description in the hands of the Duchess D'Angouleme, who effectually evaded the offer. Madame Lavalette went immediately to the apartments of the duchess, where she was refused admission; she then proceeded to the grand vestibule of the Tuilleries, but there she was likewise repulsed. In a state of complete exhaustion, she sat down on the stone steps which lead to the court-yard, where she remained an hour, and finding that there was no chance of her being permitted to see the duchess, with a weary heart she turned her steps to the dungeon where her husband lay,

'My wife,' continues Lavalette, 'came at six o'clock to dine with me. She brought with her a relation, Mademoiselle Dubourg. When we were alone, she said, "it appears but too certain that we have nothing to hope; we must therefore, my dear, take a resolution, and this is what I propose to you. At eight o'clock, you shall go out dressed in my clothes, and accompanied by my cousin. You shall step into my sedan-chair, which will carry you to the Rue des St. Peres, where you will find M. Baudus with a cabriolet, who will conduct you to a retreat he has prepared for you, and where you may await without danger a favourable opportunity of leaving France.

'I listened to her, and looked at her in silence. Her manner was clear, and her voice firm. She appeared so convinced of the success of her plan, that it was some time before I dared to reply. I looked however upon the whole as a mad undertaking. I was at last obliged to tell her so: but she interrupted me at the first word, by saying, "I will hear of no more objections. I die if you die. Do not therefore reject my plan. I know it will succeed. I feel that God supports me."'

Madame Lavalette would listen to no remonstrance, and her hus-

band consented to carry her plan into effect, if she would only change that part of the arrangement which placed the station of the cabriolet at such a distance from the prison. This she agreed to alter, and the next day was appointed for the momentous experiment. The same evening, this indefatigable woman called on the Duke de Richelieu, from whom, after the most importunate perseverance, she obtained a promise that he would lay a memorial before the king the next morning. But she was resolved not to wait the result of this application; and, faithful to her appointment, she visited her husband at five o'clock on the day appointed, accompanied by her daughter Josephine. Madame had on a pelisse of merino, richly lined with fur, which she was accustomed to put on over her light dress on leaving a ball room; and in her reticule she brought a black petticoat—she then charged Lavalette what he was to do on going out—and enjoined him, particularly as he was passing through the doors, which was very low, to take care and not break the feathers in the bonnet, a circumstance that would have at once given rise to suspicion. "Do," she repeated, "all I tell you. Remain calm. Give me your hand, I wish to feel your pulse. Very well. Now feel mine. Does it denote the slightest degree of emotion?" Lavalette perceived that she was in a high fever. She then proceeded to dress her husband, and in three minutes his toilet was complete.

'We all advanced in silence to the door,' continues Lavalette, 'and I said to Emilie,—"the jailor comes in every evening after you are gone. Place yourself behind the screen, and make a little noise as if you were moving some piece of furniture. He will think it is I, and will go out again. By that means I shall gain a few minutes, which are absolutely necessary for me to get away." She understood me, and I pulled the bell. "Adieu!" she said, raising her eyes to Heaven. I pressed her arm with my trembling hand, and we exchanged a look. If we had embraced, we had been ruined.—The turnkey was heard:—Emilie flew behind the screen:—the door opened:—I passed first, then my daughter, and lastly Madame Dutoit.'

Lavalette then passed through the various apartments, surrounded and stared at by turnkeys, and officers of all sorts; and when he got beyond the precincts of the prison, no chair, as had been thought provided, appeared. Lavalette concluded that the plan was doomed to fail; but a chair was soon procured—Lavalette was raised in it—and carried to the Quai des Orfevres, where a trusty friend was in readiness, who conducted him to a cabriolet. He jumped in, was driven over one of the bridges, and it was not until the vehicle had reached the Odeon Theatre, that Lavalette recognized in his driver Count Chassanon, who had placed in the cabriolet four double barrelled pistols well loaded. The fugitive was received into a garret in the fauxbourg St. Germain, and was afterwards conveyed out of the kingdom in a manner which is familiarly known to every Englishman. The cruel treatment which Madame

Lavalette met with in the prison afterwards, received the execration of every feeling mind. After six years of outlawry, Lavalette returned to France, where his letters of pardon were registered, and where, by his attentions, he had the happiness of consoling his wife, then occasionally subject, from her long sufferings, to fits of melancholy.

ART. X.—*Historical Memoirs of the House of Bourbon.* In two vols. fcp. Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library. London: Longman & Co. 1831.

THE design of this work is excellent: its execution wants dignity, and betrays on many occasions partiality, prejudice, and ignorance. The main object of the author, manifestly a Frenchman of the new school, whose manuscript has been done into very prosaic English, is to point out the evils which the house of Bourbon has inflicted upon his country. We wish that the work had come out much sooner, or much later. It looks, at this moment, like heaping fresh insults upon the living members of that devoted race, who are, it must be confessed, already plunged sufficiently deep in the abyss of adversity. No one can read this account of their ancestors, without feeling that they are in some measure expiating the crimes of those princes, which indeed have been numerous and atrocious enough to demand the penitential sufferings of hundreds of their generations. At the same time, while these victims of past centuries, and of their own follies, remain within the shade of our hospitality, we could have desired that their feelings had been spared, and their misfortunes respected.

But since the author has left us no alternative upon this point, since he has produced his work before the world, it becomes our duty to notice it among the current publications of the day, and to draw from it a few of the Historical Lessons with which it abounds. The times in which we live are times of change. Every thing around us seems preparing to put on a new aspect. The great serpent of the globe appears to be putting off his old skin, and already partially shining in a new one. Amidst these vicissitudes, the voice of history will sometimes teach us how we are to shun great dangers, and to obtain important advantages; it will teach us to call things by their right names, and to preserve ourselves from being imposed upon by false appearances. Above all, it will shew us the influence which has frequently been exercised upon the destinies of nations, by the kings and leading men who have ruled over them, and in disclosing the dreadful scenes of war, plunder, tyranny, and crime, of every description which that unfortunate influence produced, it will warn us to rely more upon ourselves. It will impress more upon our minds the inevitable necessity of abandoning forms, and of looking only to substantial truths; of putting aside the suggestions of vanity, the love of show, the ridicalous delicacies of ancient usage, and of conforming our notions

in all things relating to political government, simply to the dictates of common sense.

Passing over for the present the chronological order of the history before us, let us advance at once to the reign of Louis XIII., which naturally divides itself into two parts. But how are these parts distinguished one from the other? The first period presents 'eleven years of low intrigues, of quarrels, of invasions of authority, and of the horrors of civil war and anarchy. The second is marked by eighteen years of the tyranny of a man, tormented by the most unbridled ambition, devoured by an inextinguishable thirst of power, and who, in order to satisfy these passions, abandoned himself to the most audacious and criminal intrigues.' Much has been said of the disorders that occasionally prevailed in ancient and modern republics. But in truth, the most fruitful sources of disorder of every kind, public and private, have been found in the ancient and modern monarchies, in which the national welfare has seldom been thought of, and the passions of the king and of his minions, have been the only rule of government. Sometimes those minions lost the favour of the sovereign, and were dismissed from court; this turned them into patriots and traitors, for still they counted the people as nothing, themselves as every thing, following the example of the shameless debauchee who sat upon the throne. What an astounding picture does history furnish us with, when it comes to paint, in their true characters, such men as the Prince de Condé, the Duke de Guise, a d'Ancre and a de Soissons!

'The intrigues of the marquis d'Ancre, of the count de Soissons, of the prince de Condé, of the duke de Bouillon, of the duke de Guise, and others; the cabals which they formed against the court; the measures of deception, the impostures, the menaces which they made use of to strengthen their party, and to weaken that of their adversaries; the contemptible motives of so many agitations, the civil wars which ensued; those acts of bad faith, those basenesses rewarded,—was all this calculated to edify the public, or to diminish the corruption of morals? Those men, when they seek to conceal their vices under the veil of pompous titles, of decorations, and of riches,—to dazzle the eyes by the glare of gold, by magnificent equipages, and by a numerous suite of servants,—after having presented so many bad examples, do they not give an improper direction to public opinion? Do they not teach the multitude of their fellows to honour and respect vice thus clothed? Do they not incline them to prefer to real merit a merit which is purchased, a merit which a successful robber may procure? It is impossible to have good morals, it is impossible not to have great corruption, where gold and where birth preserve their possessors from infamy and the scaffold, where that metal is preferred to talent and virtue.

'When the prince de Condé, then count de Soissons, and others, demanded of the intimidated court such places, such governments, such a pension, such a sum of money,—and demanded them with threats of taking arms against it,—did their conduct differ much from that of the brigand, who, with the menace of death, demands his purse of the travel-

ler? Did not these brigands find illustrious models for their conduct in that of these princes? What a model of morality did that Luynes afford, who assassinated the marquis d'Ancre, and who shamelessly inherited the dignities and property of his victim!'—vol. ii. pp. 1—3.

The fair of St. Germain, which at that period (1611) was a mart of the greatest importance to numerous merchants, was forbidden by Mary de Medicis to be held on one occasion, thereby ruining the fortunes of some, and seriously injuring those of others of the traders of that day, because, forsooth, a misunderstanding prevailed between certain of the leading men of France, and it was likely that they would render the fair the scene of an open rupture! With such men as these, the violation of a promise, or a deliberate falsehood, was not deemed dishonourable, while the slightest departure from the fantastic forms of etiquette was deemed a justifiable cause of war. The repose of France was threatened at one time by one of the most trifling incidents that can be imagined. Two brothers, the Prince de Conti and the Count de Soissons, were going in state to the Louvre; their carriages met at the cross of Trahoir, and the streets being crowded, it was necessary that one of the two coaches should stop to allow the other to pass. The groom of the count not knowing the coach of the prince, desired his people to draw back, but they, on the contrary, pushed on. The count learning the real state of the affair, sent immediately his excuses to his brother, but they were spurned, and the prince as he passed put his head out of his carriage window, and said, "*A demain, pourpoint bas!*" For this silly accident a brother challenges his brother! The affair alarmed the whole court. All the inhabitants of Paris were ordered to be in readiness to take up arms, and to throw chains across the streets. In the progress of the negociations for a settlement of this fraternal dispute, the Duke de Guise acted as peace-maker. But he was himself very near being drawn into a separate quarrel, for happening to pass by the hotel de Soissons with a large retinue of cavaliers, the count took umbrage at this, saying that they were paraded before his residence in order to intimidate him! The daring ambition of a Richelieu preserves his crimes from the ridicule which attaches to meanness and triviality of action; but was it less pernicious to the state?

'To seize upon the supreme authority, in how many immoral intrigues, impostures, and manœuvres had he not to involve himself! and, in order to maintain himself in that high degree of power, what iniquities had he not to commit! The greatest crimes, when he judged them necessary, did not stop his ambitious march. Violence, perfidy, corruption, all the infernal resources of machiavelism, were the familiar instruments which he knew how to handle with ability. After exile, the dungeon, and the scaffold, *espionage* was one of his most powerful means. This art, so useful to tyrants, so fatal to public morality, was carried by this cardinal to a degree of perfection which it had never before attained: he gave it a fatal exten-

sion. Terror with some, the hope of a salary with others, procured him satellites; dukes, valets, marshals of France, soldiers, monks, wives, mistresses,—he succeeded in corrupting all; all, in order to serve him, were obliged to betray their duties, their fellows, and their conscience.'—vol. ii. pp. 11—12.

This high-priest of a Christian church was so blinded by his ambition, that he scrupled not to confer upon himself the double office of high admiral of France and generalissimo of its forces! We cannot wonder in such times as these, to find the tribunals of justice polluted by every species of corruption. A writer of that day, speaking of the judges, says, "you will see them condemn a man either to death or to some other punishment, but for money. If you ask justice, they will ask you if you belong to a party. If you say 'no,' they will acquit the culprit; if you say 'yes,' they will inform themselves if you have wherewithal to pay the expenses of the procedure; and they will condemn the poor wretch to the gallies, or to be whipped before your gate. They take the little rogues, and the great ones they allow to remain at large."

All public offices were openly purchased from the king himself, his mistresses, or the other minions of his court. The consequence of this was that official corruption was universal; any thing might be had for money, the officers necessarily being compelled to reimburse themselves by taking all the bribes they could get. There were laws, for instance, decreed against gaming-houses, which were at all times over-abundant in Paris; but 'these laws remained unexecuted; the agents of justice sold themselves to the guilty.' Marriages, particularly those among the noblesse, were considered merely as the means of mending their ruined fortunes. Abductions of rich widows and heiresses were frequent.

We have already alluded to the Prince de Condé, who, in the eyes of many careless readers of history, is the very beau ideal of chivalry. The author before us, who spares nobody, paints the great Condé as in truth a very contemptible person. His ambition drove him, at one time, to side with the Court, at another with the Fronde. Several assassinations and massacres, particularly that of the Place de Grève, are said to have been perpetrated by his order. Having met with disappointments at home, he went over to the Spaniards, then the most violent enemies of France, and for eight years conducted the war against his own country! This fact alone ought to be sufficient, we should think, to strip him of his title of *great*. But, generally speaking, the nobles of France in the reign of Louis XIII., and the minority of Louis XIV., were a most despicable race. The civil wars had restored to them all the vices of feudalism; they conducted themselves as the enemies alike of the king and the people; and their ferocity in the provinces equalled their baseness at the court. Among them were found some men of valour; there was not among them a single man of worth; they were the slaves of Mazarin, and of the superintendents Bullion and Fouquet.

The Marshal de Villeroi, who was governor of Louis XV., used to say, "*Il faut tenir le pot de chambre aux ministres tantqu'ils sont en place; et le leur verser sur la tête quand ils n'y sont plus.*" He added, "Whatever minister comes into place I declare, in advance, that I am his slave, his friend, and even, in some sort, his relation."

The court of the regent Orleans may be said to have been the forerunner of the revolution. The extreme debauchery by which it was characterized demoralized all France. The Duchess Dowager lived openly with Law; the Duchess de Bourbon with Du Chayla; the Princess de Conti with her own nephew, La Valliere; the young Princess de Conti with La Fare; and other female members of the royal family were equally well provided. The regent himself was a worthy ruler of this courtly Pandemonium. He surrounded himself with dukes, counts, valets, actresses, dancers, duchesses, princesses, ladies of honour, almost all of whom either ministered directly to his passions, or employed themselves in seeking out, for this sultan, new victims for his seraglio. Such was the licentiousness of his circle, that the Countess de Sabran said one night, in a full supper party, with much point, though with an inexcusable blasphemy, that "God, after having created man, took a remnant of dirt, of which he formed the souls of princes and lackeys." It was no uncommon accident for the duchesses and princesses of this epoch to get drunk. The elevation of the infamous pander, Dubois, to the Archbishopric of Cambrai, would of itself be sufficient to mark the wickedness of the regent's court. It was very natural, after this, that a prostitute out of the streets, who had free entrance to his house, should appear before him and request that he would make her Abbess of Montmartre!

The court of Louis XV. was little better, in any respect, than that of the regent. All the world knows that he and his kingdom were, for many years, governed by the Marchioness de Pompadour, the most favoured successor of a long line of other mistresses. We must forbear to allude to the orgies which he carried on in his secret harem, at the hermitage of the Parc aux Cerfs. The memoirs of Madame du Hausset, of which we gave a full account, in a former number of this journal, display the depravities of that resort of vice, and indeed of the whole court, in the most intelligible language.

It does undoubtedly appear very strange to our contemplation, that the most civilized nation of Europe should have been, for so many centuries, made the footstool of a race so generally corrupt as the house of Bourbon. Some few exceptions there were indeed in this long line of kings, whose names are still honoured, and justly honoured, for the benefits which they have conferred upon mankind both by their example and their precepts. He who was particularly distinguished by the title of St. Louis, according to all the testimony of history well deserved that distinction. He

was faithful to his word, attentive to the interests of his subjects, a sincere and zealous observer of all the charities of private life, and of all the duties of religion. When we come to compare the character of such man as this with the much vaunted character of Henry IV., whose prowess in war, and whose magnificence in peace, are the perpetual theme of history and song in France, we find that the claims of the latter are but as the tinkle of the cymbal, a loud but an empty sound, scarcely worthy of reaching the ear. In truth, it would appear, we apprehend, upon a full investigation, that Henri Quatre was not a whit better than the infamous Regent Orleans, or the debauched and voluptuous Louis XV. The list of his mistresses is almost as long as that of Don Giovanni himself;

'Henry married, in 1752, Marguerite de Valois, sister of the king of France; which did not prevent him from having for mistresses the Greek Dayelle, and Charlotte de Beaune de Samblançai, wife of Simon de Fizes, baron of Sauves, both maids of honour of Catherine de Medicis, whom that queen, in 1578, according to her usual line of policy, brought into Gascony to seduce the king of Navarre.

'He had also many other mistresses of divers conditions; such were the demoiselles Tignonville, de Montaign, and l'Arnaudine, Catherine de Luc, demoiselle d'Agen, Fleurette, daughter of the gardener of the château de Nérac; the demoiselle Rebours, and François de Montmorency, maids of honour to the queen his wife: he had also, while he was in Gascony, another demoiselle called the Leclain.

'Bassompierre thus continues the list of mistresses of Henry IV.:— "After his marriage (with Marguerite de Valois) he fell in love with madame de Narmoustier. After that, being at Pau, he was smitten with the widow of the count de Grammont, named the countess de la Guiche; and the desire of seeing her again made him lose all the advantages which he might have drawn from gaining the battle of Coutras. During that passion he came to the crown; and having seen, in passing, the countess de la Roche-Guyon (marchioness of Guercheville) he fell in love with her; and, in order to go to see her, he made foolish and hazardous journeys, in which he was very near being taken by his enemies. This lady was one of those to whom this prince paid his addresses, who had the honour to resist him; she said to him, 'I am too poor to be your wife, and of too good a family to be your mistress.'

'"Having seen Gabrielle d'Estrée," continues Bassompierre, "he became so enamoured of her that he forgot the countess de la Roche-Guyon."

'Soon after the death of Gabrielle, Henry took another mistress, Henriette de Balzac d'Entragues. The favours of this lady had cost him, according to the *Œconomies Royales* of Sully, a hundred thousand crowns; she further extorted from him a promise of marriage, which Sully had the courage to tear to pieces in presence of the king himself.

'In 1599, Henry succeeded in dissolving his marriage with Marguerite de Valois, who consented to the divorce; and in 1600 he espoused Mary de Medicis. Although provided with this new wife, he continued his old habits. He became enamoured, but without success, of the duchess de

Nevers; he was more fortunate with the demoiselle la Bourdaisière, whom he quitted for an attachment to the wife of a counsellor named Quelin. He then loved, without success, the wife of the master of requests, Boinville. The countess de Limoux was less severe.

'He contracted a more lasting liaison with Jacqueline du Breuil, whom he created countess de Moret. Presently, however, he sought to console himself for her infidelities in the affections of the demoiselle des Essarts, whom he created countess de Romorantin, and by whom he had two daughters legitimated. This woman, after the example of the countess de Moret, was guilty of several infidelities towards the king, particularly with Louis de Lorraine, cardinal and archbishop of Rheims.

'Henry IV. had also for his mistress a lady of honour of the queen his wife, called Foulebon.

'At last he became desperately enamoured of the princess de Condé, and this was his last love.

'The manifold gallantries of Henry IV. would have had consequences less fatal to morality, if he had taken care to withdraw them from the notice of the public; but he seemed persuaded that his irregularities were a right of royalty; or perhaps he considered them as a just indemnification for what he had suffered in order to arrive at the throne, and re-establish peace in France. However that may be, he did not give himself the trouble to disguise his weaknesses. It is an important and lamentable fact that heroes in all ages, with few, very few, exceptions, have shewn a strong disposition to break the tenth commandment; and by no means the least, that part of it which relates to their neighbours' wives. We call this fact important, because it exemplifies the tendency to disregard the rights and feelings of others which war is apt to generate. We could cite many, too many, illustrious examples, both in ancient and modern times, of the truth of this observation.

'Henry was so taken with Gabrielle d'Estrées, that he never quitted her, not even in the most important state affairs; he carried her with him into the public assemblies, into the great solemnities; she was by his side in the councils; she figured in the assembly of the states held at Rouen in 1596. "*Il la baisait devant tout le monde*," says L'Estoile, "*et elle lui dans tous les conseils.*"

'What an insult to the common decency and common sense of mankind!'—vol. i. pp. 205—209.

To these bright deeds of virtue, Henry added the still more laudable practice of gambling, which he carried on to the extent of losing six hundred thousand francs at a sitting! It is not for us to search into the inscrutable designs of Providence: but it may perhaps be allowed us to observe, that the Bourbons would seem to have been raised up in France, as if for the purpose of shewing by what imbecile and depraved *things* a throne may be occupied through many generations of the same family, and as if further it were the object to disgust mankind with the system of monarchical government.

We have seen, at an advanced period of civilization in the character of the *great* Prince de Condé, a specimen of the *patriotism* which the leading men of France were sometimes found capable of

displaying. Let us go somewhat farther back, to the days of chivalry, the middle ages, when gallantry is said to have nerved every brawny arm, and beauty to have tamed into adoration every savage beast, and see whether, even in that golden period, the princes and leaders of the people were of that exalted species to which they are generally supposed to have attained. Amongst many superficial remarks, and adventurous assertions, in which the author of these volumes is, perhaps, too prone to indulge, it would be unfair not to admit that he frequently gets upon the right scent, though like an ill-trained dog, he as often, from his bad habits of roving, slips away from it again. We must instance, as among the least questionable of the truths which he has elicited from the records of history, his description of the heroes of the age of chivalry, of whom King John (of France) had so little reason to be proud in his contests with our Black Prince.

'John had but an indifferent opinion of the knights of his day. He accused them of having become insensible to honour and fame; and on hearing the song of Roland, exclaimed, "*Il y a long temps qu'on ne voit plus de Roland en France.*" The truth is, the men of that day, deceived like ourselves by romances, looked back with admiration to the imaginary valour, virtue, and wisdom of their ancestors. Imaginary, for the evidence of history proves that this was the brightest period of the ages of chivalry; a few years after, the use of gunpowder gave chivalry its death-blow. Arrayed in their armour of proof, the knights could track about among the defenceless and comparatively unarmed *canaille*, with very little detriment to their own persons; but cuirasses, it appeared, even though of "Milan steel," were not bullet-proof. They did their utmost to render them so; made them thicker and thicker, heavier and heavier, till at last, *il n'y avait homme de trente aus qui n'en fut estropié.* But all would not do, and the flowers of chivalry abandoned the field of Mars, and the defence of their country to plebeians.

'So much for the valour of the heroes of the age of chivalry; one word more as to their gallantry, their devotion to the fair part of the creation. Good treatment of women is one of the surest marks of high civilization; but good treatment of women does not consist in worshipping them as idols, or in regarding them as trinkets to be worn for display. Such treatment may be a proof that they are valued, but valued exactly as beautiful trinkets; and such a sort of value is quite compatible with perfect indifference as to their happiness or misery.

'The heroines of romances are always beautiful; yet it may be inferred by tolerably close analogy, that there were ugly women on the earth in those days as well as in the present. Now, woe be to them, in an age when every knight, who had to maintain at the point of his lance that his lady was the most beautiful lady in the whole world, and whose brain was not affected in a manner similar to Don Quixote's, would naturally attach himself to some fair one with rather more pretensions to beauty and grace than Dulcinea del Toboso! The consequence would be, that a small number of beautiful women would engross the admiration and the vows of all the knights; and that the large and unattractive majority, the treatment of whom is the test of civilization, would be altogether neglected.

'Moreover, "the age of chivalry," says M. Rœderer, "was, for the women as well as for the men, a period of degradation and misfortune. Not regarding the happiness of the Seigneurs who oppressed the nation, as part of the happiness of the nation, or as a compensation for its misery, no more do I include the glory of the *châtelaines* in the account of the French women of the same time. The latter lived in oppression, like their fathers, their husbands, and their children." '—vol. i. pp. 20, 22.

Perhaps the most ludicrous appendages of royalty and nobility which have come down to us from the chivalrous age, are the titles by which they are severally distinguished. On this subject we have not a word to add to the just and pungent remarks of the author:—

'In the thirteenth century, kings began to be called *very redoubted* (*très-redoubtés*): this title was, in 1336, given by William, bishop of Noyon, to Philip de Valois. All the feudal nobles soon appropriated it; they all wished to pass for redoubtable; and, in place of the real merit which they did not possess, they substituted the fictitious merit of proud and lofty attributes, which they exaggerated even to the ridiculous—still more—even to profanation. They usurped the honours rendered to the Divinity; they claimed a participation in the incense which was burned upon the altars; they adorned themselves with the titles ascribed to the Supreme Being. God, from the most remote antiquity down to the present time, has received and receives the apppellation of Lord; the nobles made themselves be styled lords. In other countries, this practice has, perhaps, been carried still farther than in France. In England, for example, we have our lords commissioners, lords wardens, &c., and even our lord mayors. In Scotland it was carried to an extent truly ridiculous. Every thing there, clothed with a little brief authority, rejoicing for the moment in the pompous insolence of office, has been honoured with the *lordly* appellation. Besides their lord provosts, they have their lords of session, their lord advocates, and formerly they had their "lords of the articles,' &c., &c.

'There is also a pretty strong parallel between the ancient nobility of France and Scotland in this respect,—that both followed the profession of highwaymen. Many of those Scottish families who, at the present day, are invested with all the insolence of power, wealth, and title, are indebted for their greatness to the industry (if we may be allowed so to prostitute the word) of the *chevaliers d'industrie* of those enlightened ages.

'God is styled *most high;* the nobles made themselves be called *most high.*

'God is also styled *omnipotent;* the nobles assumed the title of most powerful (*très-puissans*) or, as the style ran in English, *most high and mighty.*

'God is for the wicked an object of fear: the nobles added to their preceding qualifications, that of most redoubted; a qualification which they merited, by reason of their excessive tyranny and inclination to evil. Thus, in the fourteenth century, men almost entirely brutalized by ignorance, error, and their vices,—men whose luxury was pampered by oppression exercised on the people,—men degraded by the exercise of the profession of thieves, dared to set themselves up as the rivals of Heaven, to

assume the semblance of the Divinity, taking the title of most high and mighty and redoubted lords.'—vol. i. pp. 39, 40

All this is certainly very ridiculous, as shewing the degree to which this poor frog man is swelled up by the possession of a little day or two of empty authority. However undignified it might appear, it would nevertheless be most conformable to truth, in most instances, to treat heroes in most parts of the world, and in almost all ages, historically speaking, rather as *chevaliers d'industrie* than as conquerors entitled to our admiration and applause. What was the celebrated Constable de Bourbon, for instance, but a traitor turned brigand, in order to recover the property which, by his perfidy, he had forfeited to the state. He confesses as much in a passage which we shall immediately cite: but before we come to it, we must exhibit to the reader the appalling picture of distress which this ruffian brought upon the city of Milan by his proceedings. That city, after having surrendered to the troops under his command, had some right to protection. But for two months it was subjected to plunder, and to every kind of insolence and atrocity which an undisciplined rabble of armed robbers could commit. A deputation of the citizens, clad in mourning, and bearing all the emblems of grief, waited upon the traitor chieftain, who was now serving the enemy of France, and after enumerating the services which they had rendered to the emperor, they remonstrated with him in the following touching language:—

'"These are our services; what has been the reward of them? We shudder with horror even to think of it. If we were guilty of the greatest crimes, the most severe judge would not dare to condemn us to the torments which we have endured. We have suffered, and seen our wives and children suffer, all the excesses of the most infamous licentiousness; our most distinguished citizens, plundered of every thing, have been thrown into prison, loaded with chains, and undergone the chastisement of the vilest slaves. Our situation is such, that there is not a single citizen among us, however elevated he may have been by birth, dignities, and fortune, who would not accept as a boon the permission to depart hence naked on foot, and to abandon his country, his family, his friends, his property, and all that men hold most dear. But if the power, or the will, to deliver us from so many evils is wanting to you, destroy us all at once; a prompt death will be less painful than a slow and studied punishment. We shall receive it as a benefit, and shall be able to pardon even your soldiers, provided they tear from us, at a single blow, a life which they have rendered so miserable."'—vol. i. p. 139.

We believe that neither ancient nor modern history can furnish a more dreadful picture of distress—of the distress of respectable and virtuous citizens—than that which is contained in this pathetic passage. Even Bourbon is said to have been melted by it to tears, although, encumbered as he was with an army of brigands, he could not, or would not, after all, leave the city, unless they gave him the required contribution of thirty thousand ducats. It was a

part of the just punishment which he deserved, that whatever he had hitherto gained by his war against his country, he was wholly stripped of it by his incorrigible and mutinous followers; and he appears to have been actually reduced to the possession of a solitary horse, his arms, and a scarf, when he addressed his army in these words:—

'"Friends and companions in arms, none of you is ignorant that I enjoyed, in France, a very considerable property. It belonged less to me, than to the brave men who attached themselves to my fortunes. Hatred and envy robbed me of it; though I only regret its loss, as depriving me of the power of rewarding valour. Do not then suppose that you behold, in me, a rich and powerful prince; I am only a poor knight, without domains, and without a country, to whom nothing remains but his sword. If, in the condition to which I am reduced, you expect of me a regular pay—a secure subsistence,—you are in error; seek rather another chief, or return to your country. But if my misery does not dismay you—if you consent that our interest and our destinies shall henceforth be inseparable, I promise to make you all rich for ever! Victory and an immense booty await you in the country whither I propose to lead you. Deliberate on the part you are to take."

'He had scarcely ceased, when the most deafening applause arose on all sides. "No," cried these brigands, intoxicated with hope, "we will have no other leader but you; we will overturn the whole world under your command!"'—vol. i. pp, 146, 147.

This scene was but an anticipation of the camp of Wallenstein, to whom the Constable, in many of his proceedings, may be supposed to have furnished a pernicious example. Is it not inexplicable to reflecting minds, to find men of any understanding, plunging themselves into such depths of guilt, without, for a moment, thinking of the enormous responsibility which they incur? Cities sacked, families scattered, virgins robbed of their honour, lives sacrificed, temples desecrated; these are the *glories* of war—of war produced by the pride and the love of vengeance, by which kings and their ministers have been actuated, and whom, therefore, it is but just to set down amongst the most inveterate enemies of the human race. Let those who rejoice in what is called military glory, contemplate the sack of Rome, after its infamous conqueror had fallen.

'It has been too much the practice of historians to dwell upon the bright points of war, until "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" has passed into a poet's byword. By bright points here we mean those which appear such to the weak and ignorant, for to all others war has no bright points. Conquerors and kings, and the instruments of kings, be they generals or statesmen, have spread ravage and desolation over the earth, and recorded their fame in characters of blood. And poets and historians have sought immortality in records more horrible even than these; for by dwelling upon the bright points, by bringing forward the gaudy equipage, the gorgeous drapery, "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," and throwing into the shade its horrible and revolting fea-

tures, they have tended to keep up the scourge, to perpetuate the curse, to carry down the degradation through all ages, through all generations of the earth. Upon the former, the curse which they dealt out to mankind will return, and rest for ever upon their unhallowed and blood-stained name; but it is the lattter that will be visited with the highest measure of punishment, and upon them most assuredly will fall the deepest execration of their species. The minions of war and chivalry, Francis and his courtiers, might, as dissolute and mischievous buffoons, have exercised an evil influence on their own age; but such imbeciles could have exercised none on any other, if there had not been found to exist, men so blind and so degraded, as to attempt to hold up such creatures as they, to the admiration of posterity. We trust that the time is past, or at least passing away, when such men could be found on the face of the earth. Let any man, elevated ever so little by knowledge and civilization above the brutes, fix his attention upon the following picture, and say if he would choose to risk the bare possibility of subjecting himself and all that is dear to him, to so frightful a destiny. The detail is horrible, but it must not, and shall not, be passed over. The hand may shrink from tracing, and the mind from contemplating it, even as the firmest nerves will shrink from the application of the cauterising steel, in which lies the only hope of safety; but the steel and the fire must do their office, or the patient must die.

'It would almost defy the imagination to conceive the infamous extravagances, the horrible excesses, which men, released from the only restraint to which for long they have been accustomed, military discipline, and who acknowledge no other law, human or divine, are capable of perpetrating. Of such a character were the indignities which Rome had to endure from the soldiers of Bourbon, more avaricious, more cruel, more dissolute, and more impious than the Goths and Vandals who had formerly conquered her. Beauty, youth, innocence, and weakness tortured, and abandoned to ignominy; the most shameful outrages committed on women of the highest rank, and on those consecrated to the service of religion,—the former dishonoured in the presence of their husbands and families, the latter violated on the very altars; churches profaned, plundered of their ornaments, and converted into stables; in one part, old men, bishops, and cardinals mounted, with their faces to the tails, on asses and mules, paraded in the public places, exposed to hootings, to insults, and to blows; in another, processions of soldiers' boys, dressed in sacerdotal robes, counterfeiting the chaunting and ceremonies of religion, having their train borne by the prelates, reduced to the condition of footmen and lacqueys; here, groups of women and girls weeping, dragged with violence by the brigands who had carried them off; there, citizens loaded with irons, lacerated with blows, mutilated and put to the torture, till they discovered the place where they had concealed their treasures; such were a few of the scenes presented on this occasion by the captured city, and enacted by those followers of fame, those renowned foster-babes of gore and glory.

'It was whether the Spaniards, so skilful in the art of tormenting their victims, or the Germans, almost all furious Lutherans, should signalize themselves most by outrages against religion, decency, and humanity. The former, more practised, carried off the prize of cruelty and debauchery.

They did not spare the foreigners who were in the city, any more than the natives; and they exercised towards the Spanish and German prelates, the most devoted to the emperor, the same treatment, as to the ministers and courtiers of the pope. In a word, this horde of barbarians extended their fury, even to the finest monuments that had escaped the injuries of the Goths, of the Vandals, and of time.'—vol. i. pp. 157—160.

It were much to be desired that our own history were treated somewhat upon the plan which the author of these volumes has sketched out. His compilation bears all the marks of haste; he has not afforded himself sufficient time for giving a finished and artist-like appearance to his plan, which embraces most of the principles that ought to enter into modern historical composition. It is high time for us to get rid of all that conventional nonsense, which has misled historians in general, to sink the defects, and sculpture, in strong relief, the fancied perfections of their heroes. What we want is truth; truth undisguised; truth that disdains the passions, and rises into a pure atmosphere which they cannot reach; truth that prefers virtue even to valour, and puts vice to the blush, even when it is encircled by a diadem.

NOTICES.

ART. XI.—*Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society*, Vol. III. Part I. 4to. pp. 169. London: Parbury, Allen and Co.

WE see, with great pleasure, this valuable accession to our stores of Asiatic History, Science, and Literature. The first article consists of letters from the late Sir William Jones to the late Mr. Samuel Davis, F. R. S. They relate to India, and throw light on some parts of its early history. A plate at the end of the volume, engraved under the direction of Mr. Davis, illustrates the astronomical remarks contained in the letters. It represents the Hindoo zodiac, and the lunar mansions. It is observable, that it differs much from the zodiac contained in the second volume of the Asiatic Researches.—The second article contains extracts from the Mualdjat David Shekohi; a compilation in three folio volumes, extending through not less than 3338 pages, in discourses on the diseases to which the human frame is subject, with their corresponding remedies; and on many other subjects. It was begun in the year 1642, and was completed in four years from that time. It may be considered as a kind of Indian Encyclopædia. The articles here given were selected and translated by Major David Price, from a copy of the work in his possession. This is supposed to be the only one in Europe, unless it be that which was made about thirty years ago, by M. Bruys, formerly a French resident at Surat, for the library of the King of France.—The third article contains a discourse on Budd'ha and the Phrabal, by Captain James Low. It is chiefly derived from Baily and Siamese books. The Phrabal is the divine foot of Budd'ha, impressions of which are shewn in different places in India. This article is extremely curious.—In the fourth article by William Marsden, Esq. an interesting account is given of

New Guinea, an island less known to Europeans than almost any other part of the eastern archipelago. The notices are not sufficiently ample, and we anxiously look for further information on the subject. —The fifth article contains notices of China, by Padro Serra. He was a missionary of the college of San Josi de Macao, and assistant in the imperial observatory. He resided at Peking from 1804 till 1827, during which period matters of great secrecy came to his knowledge. We do not find much important matter in this communication, but we hope the society will favor us with other communications from the Jesuit missionaries in China. The character of the information coming from them, has, during the last fifty years, been always on the increase as to its authenticity and accuracy; and their accounts of the early antiquity of the Chinese, and the early civilization and science of that people seem at present to be generally acquiesced in.—The sixth article contains a curious comparison by Lieut. Col. James Todd, of the Hindu and Theban Hercules.—In the seventh article, Mr. Hodgson has favored the public with an important disputation respecting Castes, by a Buddhist, in the form of propositions, supposed to be put by a Saiva, and refuted by the disputant.—The volume closes with the eighth article, containing an account, by the late Col. Colin Mackenzie, of the marriage ceremonies of the Mahometans, as practised in the southern provinces of India.

Viewing together the whole contents of this volume, we think it does great honour to the society, and should stimulate its members to further exertions. We earnestly wish that Mr. H. T. Colebrooke, Col. Davis, or some other gentlemen properly qualified, would favor us with a critical account of the present state of our acquaintance with Indian science and literature. The advances which have been made in the knowledge of these, since the formation of the Asiatic Society, have been very great, and must surprise those who remember that institution in its infancy.

That civilization, the arts, and the sciences, have immemorially existed in Asia, seems now to admit of no doubt. It may be asserted, with great confidence, that, in different parts of that country, a people once existed who had made great progress in science, literature, and the arts of government; that the Sanscrit was their vernacular language; that they were divided into four castes, and that a portion of them separated from the other part, and received the appellation of Buddhists; that from some circumstance or other, the Sanscrits have disappeared; and the Sanscrit language ceased to be spoken; that vestiges of their knowledge and language remain; that we trace their scientific memorials to a period of about 300 years after the birth of Christ; that they were then in a high state of advancement, and consequently this era must have been preceded by many ages of progressive improvement. It seems certain, that in the year 750 after Christ, more algebra was known in India than was known in Europe in 1650. This is surprising, but it is equally so, that from the time we have mentioned, till the present, Indian knowledge has been stationary. We may, however, mention from authority, entitled to great respect, that there is reason to believe, that greater advances in science have been made in India, than is generally supposed. It is even whispered, that something like the *integral and differential calculus* has been found among them; and that

an account of it will soon appear in England will not surprise us, as we have long been found among the number of those, who think it evident that the sciences and arts came to us from the East; that the portions of them which have reached us, are fragments of earlier knowledge than we are yet acquainted with, and that there is reasonable ground of hope, that the zeal now displayed by Europeans for literary and scientific discoveries in the East, will be repaid by ample spoil.

In the notice that follows this, we shall introduce to the reader a valuable translation, under the auspices of the Asiatic Translation Society, of an important work on Geometry. We beg leave to submit to the consideration of that society, and also to that of the other Asiatic institutions, that the most valuable present which the learned of the East can make to the learned of the West, would be a translation of the *Surya Sid'hanta*. The Orientalists of Germany and France are actively employed on translations and researches in every branch of Asiatic literature; we hope that in this honourable career of emulation our countrymen will not be outdone.

We shall conclude by adverting to one branch of knowledge, which, perhaps, has been too much neglected—we mean the *Astrology* of the East. None are persuaded more than we are of the vanity of astrological predictions. Still we think it probable, that in the formation or construction of horoscopes, nativities, conjunctions, and aspects, some astronomical notions may be traced, which will lead to curious, and perhaps important discoveries. It has been observed, that some of the tricks by which children find out the number of eggs carried by an old woman to market, might lead to quadratic equations. One for finding a card thought of, has a place in Professor Saunderson's Algebra.

ART. XII.—*The Algebra of Mohammed Ben Musa.* Edited and translated by Frederick Rosen. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund; and sold by Murray, Parbury, Allen and Co., London: Thacker and Co., Calcutta: Treuttell and Wuertz, Paris: and Fleischer, Leipzig. 1831. Octavo.

THIS is a work of great importance, as it is a considerable addition to our present stock of Oriental literature. The only known copy of the original is in the Bodleian library at Oxford. A full notice of it is given by Mr. Henry Thomas Colebrook, in one of his notes to the *dissertation* prefixed to his invaluable work, "Algebra with Arithmetic and Mensuration, from the Sanscrit of Brahnugupta and Bhascara." (London. 1817. 4to., pages lxxv.—lxxix.) It is also mentioned in the catalogue of the Bodleian manuscripts.

Ben Musa lived in the reign of the Caliph Al Mamun, and wrote the work at his command. The publication of it, therefore, preceded the year 800 of the Christian æra. Ben Musa was for a long time considered as the original inventor of algebra. As such he is mentioned by the celebrated *Cardan*. But it is most certain that he was not the inventor of the art. Several Oriental writers speak of him as the first Mohammedan writer upon it;—the contrary appears from the work itself; as the author of it expressly says, that the "Caliph Al Mamun" encouraged him to write a *popular* work on Algebra. This expression seems to us to imply that treatises, generally, at least, of a profound nature, were then already extant. A

formula for finding the circumference of the circles seems to intimate that part of the information comprised in this volume was derived from an Indian source. Mr. Rosen mentions that *Musa* had abridged, at Al Mamun's request, but before his accession to the Caliphat, the *Sindhind*, an astronomical work of an Indian philosopher who visited the Caliph *Almansur*, in 773.

The work of *Mohammed Ben Musa* does not extend beyond quadratic equations, including problems with an affected square. These he solves by the rules followed by Diophantus; and there is a striking similitude in their manner. It does not however appear that the work of Diophantus was known to the Arabs before the middle of the fourth century after the Hejira, when it was translated into Arabic.

Between the manner of the Hindus and that of our author, there is no resemblance; and it is now quite evident that the Hindus were much farther advanced in the knowledge of Algebra than our author. This may be thought to afford an argument in support of the Grecian origination of the Algebra of the Arabs.

The translation is preceded by a well written preface, accompanied by some short notes. These are so good, that we greatly wish they were much more numerous. The work itself then follows.

At the end of the publication the regulations for the Oriental Translation Committee are printed, with a list of the works printed for the Translation Fund, and those now in the press. We are glad to find among these the *Shanama*, the celebrated Persian poem, which comprised the history of Persia from its first king to the year 636 after Christ.

ART. XIII.—*Palestine, or The Holy Land, from the earliest period to the present time.* By the Rev. Michael Russell, L.L.D. 12mo. pp. 448. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1831.

THIS is the fourth number of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, which, we should suppose, has already made its way to popularity, notwithstanding the formidable multitude and ability of its rivals. Looking merely to the admirable style in which it is got up, the clearness and beauty of the type, the excellence of the paper, the number and character of the engravings, the quantity of letter-press, upwards of four hundred pages given in each volume, and its neat half binding in cloth, we must award to it the palm of being the cheapest publication that ever issued from the press of this country. The subjects, too, have hitherto been well chosen, and excuted in the most satisfactory manner. The first volume embodies the whole of the actual state of our knowledge of the Polar regions; the second and third perform the same office with respect to Africa and Egypt, and in the volume now before us, we have a complete epitome of all that ancient and modern authors have written concerning Palestine. Dr. Russell has happily combined in his plan a history of the Hebrew people, of their government, literature, and religious usages; accurate and occasionally very beautiful descriptions of those scenes in the Holy Land which have been rendered most remarkable either under the new law or the old; an animated sketch of the crusades, and a minute account of the natural peculiarities and productions of the country. The author has had the good sense, so far as we have been

able to judge, to steer perfectly clear of all religious prejudices in treating the sacred portion of his subjects. We cannot, therefore, conceive a more useful, or a more engaging work than this, for the instruction of young persons, before the Bible is put into their hands. We feel assured, that even many who have arrived at maturity, will read that Great Repository of the faith and the hope of all Christians with increased delight, after they shall have made themselves acquainted with the valuable facts, and local descriptions, which are collected in the work before us. It is accompanied by a very good map of Palestine, and eight engravings representing Jerusalem and other places distinguished in Holy Writ.

ART. XIV.—*The Monastic Annals of Teviotdale.* By the Rev. James Morton, F. S. A. E., in medium 4to. London: Longman and Co. Edinburgh: Blizars, and also Hamilton. 1831.

WE hail the appearance of this publication with the most sincere satisfaction; the only regret we feel with respect to it, is that it was not commenced a century or two ago, as most of the edifices whose history it will have to tell, and whose beauties it will have to describe, have been so long in ruins, or disguised by additions, that it has become difficult either to relate the one or to delineate the other with the requisite degree of accuracy. For instance, the Abbey of Jedburgh, which, before the *Reformation*, was one of the finest build in Scotland, has long since been deprived of almost every trace of its once magnificent altar, a part of the choir, and of the whole of its cloisters and chapter house. Its architectural grandeur is still attested by two Norman doors, which, for richness and beauty, are not excelled by any thing of the kind in Great Britain. Mr. George Smith, the architect, remarks with great truth, that 'the west end of the nave has been fitted up in a most barbarous style as the parish church, which has completely destroyed the character of this part of the edifice.' It has not, he adds, even the merit of being a comfortable place of worship, and he shews the justness of his taste by recommending its restoration, as far as the ruins will admit, to its original state. Mr. Morton has acquitted himself very creditably as the annalist of this once noble abbey; his labours in this department demand a great deal of research, to which he appears to have applied himself with an assiduity that proves him zealous in the cause. We observe that the work is to be completed in six monthly parts, of which we have here the first, containing, besides nearly fifty pages of letter-press, three engravings, one a view of Jedburgh Abbey from the south-west, the second a drawing of one of the fine Norman doors to which we have alluded, the third a ground plan of the original building. We cordially wish every success to the undertaking, and hope that the author's solicitation of assistance from all who may take an interest in the subject will not have been made in vain.

ART. XV.—*The Principles of English Composition: illustrated by Examples, with Critical Remarks.* By David Booth. 12mo. pp. 351. London: Cochrane & Pickersgill. 1831.

WE look upon this as the best work of its kind which has yet appeared in our language. It combines the

precepts of grammar, with examples which not only elucidate them, but impress them on the memory; and to these are added a series of critical observations upon every department of composition, which are marked by a correct taste, a sound judgment, and an extensive acquaintance with the best models of which our literature affords. The varying caprices of modern innovations upon the true idiomatic style of our dialect, the corruptions of the "well of English undefiled," are skilfully detected and uniformly reprobated with becoming indignation: while the accurate course of attaining a pure and elegant diction, free from all pedantry, is pointed out in a manner that is intelligible to the most ordinary capacity. But the great merit of the work is that it is not merely didactic; it has none of the frowns of the schoolmaster. Mr. Booth is at once the tutor and the companion; his work, besides being valuable for its rules, is rendered entertaining by its extracts from different writers, most, if not all, of which he has selected according to his own judgment, without depending upon that of authors who have preceded him in this indispensable branch of education. In this respect, his volume may either be substituted for, or used as an introduction to, Blair's admirable Lectures. We need scarcely add that Mr. Booth is already known to the public as the author of the "Analytical Dictionary."

ART. XVI.—*The Commercial Vade Mecum.* pp. 280. Glasgow: Allan and Co. 1831.

HAVING survived the age of expansion, when poems of a few hundred lines, and manuscripts of a few closely written pages, were diffused by all the ingenuity of art over ample quarto volumes, we may now be said to have arrived at the age of compression, when art is taxed to its utmost efforts in order to combine copious information with the most frugal economy. Here is a specimen of the latter kind, which is quite a curiosity in its way; a little manual, comprising a calendar for the next twenty years, a complete calculate, tables of interest, and of commission brokerage, a list of the principal commercial cities in the world, an alphabetical list of the cities and towns of Great Britain, with the counties, market days, population, and distance from London; a similar list of the principal cities and towns of Ireland, with their counties and distance from Dublin; the days of the fixed fairs throughout England, Wales and Scotland; the principal travelling routes throughout the three kingdoms, and tables of weights and measures; all compressed in a volume, that would hardly be more obvious than a silver snuff-box in the waistcoat pocket. The mere enumeration which we have given of its contents, will be sufficient, assuredly, to recommend this Vade Mecum to every person who may have occasion for ready information upon all, or any of the subjects which it embraces. It is printed in a beautiful pearl type, and is really a bijou, which well deserves the patronage of the commercial classes, for whose size it is chiefly designed. We perceive by a specimen sent us, that the same publishers have in preparation a Gazetteer upon a similiar principle.

ART. XVII.—*Standard Novels, No. VII. The Scottish Chiefs.* By Miss Jane Porter. In two vols. 12mo. London: Colburn and Co. 1831.

THE distinguished author of this popular novel, has adopted the ori-

ginal idea of dedicating this *last* edition of it, not only to the living, but also to the dead! Be it so. We see no reason why her voice should not be heard beyond the tomb: it is pleasant to flatter ourselves with the hope that our little interests in this world sometimes find their way to the thoughts of those dear friends who have long departed from amongst us. Indeed, the author informs us, in a new introduction to the present volume, that it was under the impulse of a votive sorrow she conceived the idea of writing, "The Scottish Chiefs." Criticism upon a production now so well established as this is, in the public favour, would be ridiculous. We need only add, that it gratifies us to see it comprised in a class of works, among which it deserves, and long we hope, will maintain a conspicuous place.

Art. XVIII.—*Family Classical Library.* Nos. XX. and XXI. Thucydides. 12mo. London: Valpy. 1831.

The translation here given is that of Dr. Smith, Dean of Chester, which, though upon the whole sufficiently faithful, is very frequently defective in point of idiom and elegance as an English composition. Very many sentences are put together in a most slovenly way; and we are much surprised that Mr. Valpy has not taken the slightest trouble in correcting them. Of the general series of these translations of the Classics we have often spoken favourably.

Art. XIX. — *The Cabinet Cyclopædia.* Eminent British Statesmen. Vol. I. London: Longman and Co. 1831.

Sir James Mackintosh had already anticipated, in his History of England, much of the matter which he has here reproduced as the Life of Sir Thomas More. This is followed by a memoir of Cardinal Wolsey, a very impartial and well-executed biography of Cranmer, and also of Lord Burleigh. As a collection, this volume and those which are to follow, will be eminently useful in the way of ready reference; but to criticism they can offer no field, as they must, for the most part, be little better than abridgments of larger works already familiar to the public.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Intemperance. — According to the last report of the American Temperance Society, there are in the United States 200,000 paupers, 150,000 of whom it could be clearly shown, were reduced to poverty by intemperance.

Consumption of Silk.—It has been calculated that no less than fourteen thousand millions of silk worms annually live and die to produce the quantity of silk which is consumed every year in England alone!

A Candidate for a Seat in Parliament.—A Mr. Chadwick, who has offered himself for the representation of the West Riding of Yorkshire after the passing of the Reform, sums up his qualifications in these words; "I am no man of family: I am no man of business: I have never been used to it: but I can shout, laugh, hawk, and spit, and cough, stamp, hiss, hoot, and huzza, and what more can be wanted for an M. P.?"

Meteorology.—It was lately men-

tioned by a public lecturer at Portsmouth, that Jupiter's attraction of the atmosphere of our earth was much greater than astronomers generally supposed. He says, that when the Moon is near Jupiter, he has so powerful an attraction for our atmosphere as to draw it up into the form of a spheroid. This effect produces the further results of electrical attraction and condensation, the immediate cause of rain. It is not to be wondered at, that if we admit the attraction of the heavenly bodies at all, that Jupiter should exercise it to a considerable extent on our earth, compared with which, the former planet is 1312 times as large.

The Tea Plant in Great Britain.—Mr. J. Roukey, of Bristol, has found the Chinese Green Tea Plant to be more hardy than some other shrubs which endure the open air. He has tried it on the Welch Mountains, and succeeded. He planted it also in Brecanshire, not far from the Source of the Usk, about 1000 feet above the level of the sea, and higher than the limits of the native woods, consisting of Alder and Birch. It endured the last winter, and was not affected bv the first of May. It has already sent forth vigorous shoots.

Copper Slag.—A specimen of this rich stone has lately been subjected to an experiment, from which it appears to be, on account of its extreme hardness, the best material of which roads can be made. That which was hitherto deemed the most impenetrable of road materials, called Mount Sorrel Sienite, Its number in the order of hard substances is 100—the Copper Slag is as high as 234.

Wheat.—A new kind of Buck Wheat has been lately introduced into Germany. It was found in use amongst the Italian peasantry by the name of *Le blè d Italie Sauvage.* This sort of Wheat suffers less from the changes of the atmosphere, it is more productive, and yields a whiter meal, and a more savoury grain than the common Buck Wheat.

Destruction of Weeds.—At the Mint of Paris, where the court-yard was overrun with weeds, the ground in which they grew was watered with the following mixture, and the process was attended with speedy and complete success. Water 100lbs., lime 20lbs., flowers of sulphur 2lbs., mix, and boil in an iron vessel; let the mixture stand for a short time, then pour off what is clear, and mixing less than equal parts of water with it, it is fit for use. It may be poured out of a watering pot.

Life Preserver.—A simple and very effective life preserver is now in extensive use at Yarmouth, and has been introduced at other ports. It is merely a double cotton shirt, without sleevss, fitted tightly to the trunk. A reed or tube is inserted between the coats, so as to enable the wearer to *blow out* the external shirt, and thus to render himself perfectly buoyant. The shirt should be made of close cotton, and should not be blown into until it has been immersed in the water, and then it becomes completely impervious.—This is an admirable apparatus for bathers, as it may be worn with ease, and may be inflated at the discretion of the wearer.

Rus in Urbe.—As a proof of the important consequences which may result from experiments boldly and perseveringly collected, we may mention that in some of the thickest parts of London, bee-hives are now productively managed. A shopkeeper in Holborn, who has a few hives which thrive uncommonly well, is now paying the greatest attention to the natural history of these insects. After minute inves-

tigation, he has just discovered that his bees frequently visit no less distant a place than Sydenham Common, about seven miles from London. Having some reason to suspect that the insects frequented this place, the shopkeeper on a morning shook flour on the bodies and wings of the bees as they left the hives, and proceeding in the course of the day to the common above-mentioned, he recognized numbers of them revelling amongst the blossoms which it contains.

The Winter's Wreath.—This well established annual is generally the first in the field of competition. We have already been favoured by the editor with proof copies of all the engravings which are to illustrate his forthcoming volume, and we must do him the justice to say, that many of his subjects have been selected with his wonted felicity of taste. The 'Visionary' strikes us as a highly *spiritual* performance, whether we regard the design, or the delicate style of its execution. The 'Vintage Feast' presents a gay scene, well suited to a work of this description. The 'Fortress of Lessing Gray' reminds us of the gems which are comprised in the landscape illustrations of the Waverley Novels; and we do not know that we could pay the engraver, Brandard, a higher compliment, than by adding, that it is worthy of being ranked with them. The foaming torrent, and the distant misty hills, indicate the touches of a master. From the burin of the same artist, we have an engraving of the Lake Nemi, near Rome, which is not near so good. The ladies, young and old, will, we apprehend, vote in favour of 'The Village Suitor's Welcome,' as the conosure of the new Winter's Wreath. It is from a charming painting by Stothard. The only demure persons in the scene are the two lovers: *there* is a suppressed smile of satisfaction at the appearance of the suitor depicted in the countenances of the damsel's father and mother, which must be seen to be sufficiently admired. 'Evening, near the Bavarian Alps,' is another beautiful production. Our proof of the 'Reply of the Fountain,' looks as if the plate had not been *finished*; probably it is only an imperfection in the printing. Architectural engravings seldom succeed in the narrow limits of these books; but the view of Abbeville is here an exception; the dark shade, and delicacy of the light, which falls with such harmonious effect upon the towers of the cathedral, render it the master-piece of the whole in our opinion. It confers an equal measure of credit upon the painter, D. Roberts, as upon the engraver, Freebairn. We are no lovers of shipwrecks and storms, either in reality or in representation. In the latter way they are seldom effective, though we must admit that Miller has done the best he could with such a subject.

Lord Byron.—Murray is about to publish a complete and uniform edition of Lord Byron's Works, his letters, journals, and life, in the size of the Waverley novels, with illustrations. We have before us a specimen of the first volume, containing a most splendid engraving of Marathon, after the style that has been so successfully adopted in Rogers's Italy. The whole is to be comprised in fourteen volumes, the copyright alone of which, Murray says, cost him more than 25,000*l.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a whole pile of announcements of new works, either ready for the press, or for publication. We beg leave, once for all, to say, that no communications of this description can be inserted in our journal; their proper place is in the sheet dedicated exclusively to advertisements.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1831.

ART. I.—*The Library of Entertaining Knowledge.—Insect Miscellanies.* 12mo. pp. 414. London: Knight. 1831.

IT was obvious that Mr. Rennie's former volumes, those upon Insect Architecture, and Insect Transformations, could not well have comprised all the matter which, in the course of his inquiries, he must have accumulated upon his hands. He reserved, therefore, for a miscellaneous volume, many interesting chapters, which in either of those works would have been altogether out of place, and has thus contrived to make the history of those wonderful objects of creation as popular and amusing as possible. He may well endure the cold and contemptuous sneer, with which his labours have been received by those, who hold that science can never be communicated unless in a pedantic form, and that it was never intended for the use of the people. We believe that his productions, printed under the superintendance of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, have done a great deal of good, and have induced many persons to give their attention to natural history, who, but for these cheap and widely-circulated books, would never have bestowed a thought upon it.

We have read with particular pleasure the Chapter (XIV.) in the present volume, on the collection and preservation of insects for the purposes of study, which abounds in the most useful suggestions. The author here clearly and admirably lays down a principle for the guidance of our inquiries, which ought never to be lost sight of, namely, that 'an insect can never be found in any situation, nor make any movement, without some motive, originating in the instinct imparted to it by Providence.' Such a principle as this is not only founded in truth, but capable of conferring a great moral interest upon every step we take in the course of our investigations. Even if he be not acquainted with any systems of classification, it will not be difficult for any intelligent person to become a good naturalist, merely by dint of actual observation.

Insects of many kinds are constantly crossing his path, whether he remains at home, or ranges through the woods and fields. Let him fix for a while, as the author recommends, upon one of these, 'mark its progress from the egg till its death, its peculiar food, the enemies which prey on it, and the various accidents or diseases to which it is liable,' and he will possibly be able to communicate interesting and valuable additions to the history of animated nature.

An illiterate labourer, at Blackheath, has done this to a considerable extent, and any person may do it without knowing the name even of a single insect. He may number them, or class them in alphabetical order; he will find them wherever leaves or flowers grow, in running and stagnant waters, on the earth and in the air, in countless multitudes. The best apparatus for keeping them is a common tumbler glass filled with the materials, from amongst which the insect has been taken. Its operations may thus be easily inspected from day to day. The top of the glass may be covered with gauze, or it may be inverted, taking care to secure the admission of air round the edge by inserting slips of card at intervals. Small paste-board boxes may be used for the same purpose. With this simple machinery, and the knowledge of a few leading rules, which Mr. Rennie has clearly and judiciously laid down, every man may become a naturalist to an extent quite sufficient to afford him delightful occupation for his leisure hours, and especially to bring him, as it were, constantly into the presence of the Deity, by inducing him to contemplate the varieties of insect existence, that perpetually court his observation.

For instance, will it not open to him a new and most interesting view of the provisions of creative wisdom, if he can discover that the wings of insects are furnished with nerves, by means of which they are capable of directing their flight, without receiving any assistance from their eyes? We do not consider this as a fact proved merely by the curved or circular course, which bees are generally supposed to take in returning to, and departing from their hives; for, according to our present information, we might with equal probability assume, that such a course may be suggested to them by that natural instinct, which teaches them to conceal their treasures from the depredation of their enemies, as much as they can. The carrier pigeons are also said to prefer a similar mode of flight, both in departing from an unknown station, and in arriving at their home from a distance. Perhaps the true cause of this may be, that they experience less resistance from the atmosphere in adopting that course, than if they were to pursue a straight line. But the facts mentioned with respect to Spallanzani's bats are calculated, it must be owned, rather to favour the supposition that, so far as bats are concerned at least, there is a delicacy of touch in their wings, which serves them instead of eyes. From several cruel experiments which he made, he found that 'bats, when blind-folded, and even when their eyes are destroyed altogether, and leather glued over the sockets, can fly nearly as well as before,

and can avoid in their flight the smallest threads and other objects hung up to interrupt them. They can even dart through a hole in a net or curtain, large enough to admit their passage, and that without previous examination. They can likewise thread the mazes of a cavern, without hurting themselves on the walls, and go directly to their nest holes. When Spallanzani destroyed the ears and nostrils, as well as the eyes of bats, he found that they could direct their flight equally well.' Cuvier has explained these facts, by shewing that the wing of the bat is analogous to the hand, being one continued tissue of exquisitely sensible nerves, covered with a fine skin, which is furrowed like that on the human fingers. Such an instrument of locomotion as this is peculiarly useful to the bat, whose excursions in search of moths are uniformly made in the twilight or the night, and thus our inquirer will see throughout, the care of a Providence always adapting the means to the required end.

It seems to be pretty well ascertained, that many insects are delicately sensible to changes of temperature. Previously to bad weather, ants are always seen very careful in securing their eggs from its effects, and let the day be ever so apparently fine, they will not place their eggs at the top of the nest, if there be the least chillness in the air. Increased heat, arising from the agitation of bees in a hive, is said by Huber to be the cause of those emigrations from the parent hive, which periodically take place. He adds, that, even upon ordinary occasions, they are so much afraid of bad weather, that a single cloud passing over the sun will make them suspend their labours, and retreat homewards. It was observed by D'Isjonval, that spiders had a good knowledge of weather, that when it was wet and windy they spun only very short lines; but that "when a spider spins a long thread, there is a certainty of fine weather for at least ten or twelve days afterwards." Kirby considers this statement in the main accurate, and thinks that a very good idea of the weather may be formed from attending to these insects. Mr. Rennie concludes from his own observations, that this theory can only be supported as far as the winds are concerned at the time the framework, that is to say, the collection of stay-ropes, of the web is constructed, but no farther. Our acquaintance with the operations of this most interesting and ingenious of all insects, rather induce us to incline to the opinion of Kirby, the more particularly, as Mr. Rennie's dissent from it is founded upon the theory, that the spider's lines are floated in the air, and that it is by mere accident that they catch the object to which the insect intends that they shall be attached, in order to secure the support of the future web. We are convinced that this theory is altogether erroneous, and that the spider itself attaches both the extremities of the line to the objects to which it is found adhering. By what process this object is accomplished, is a question upon which natural philosophers have put forth different opinions. Our own

observations, for we have frequently watched the proceedings of these creatures, would lead us to believe that, having fastened one end of the thread to a branch of a tree, or any other object, they let themselves down to the ground by means of that thread, and then direct their steps to the object to which they wish to fasten the other extremity. They then pull the rope as tight as they may find necessary, in some cases allowing for a curve in the line, such as we see in chain bridges, and gathering up all the useless portion of the line, they leave it upon an adjacent leaf or twig. They then return by the line thus fastened to the spot whence they set out, and so form the whole of the outworks of the web. We have seen threads of this kind, of four or five yards and more in length, in very fine weather, connecting the back wall of a house with a shrub at some distance from it, under circumstances which shewed that it was impossible for the floating doctrine to apply.

We can add our testimony to the statement made by Mr. Rennie, that the spiders are seldom seen making or mending a web during bright sunshine. They are generally found most busy at that work during cloudy weather, the reason, probably, being that it is then, while the scorching rays of the sun are absent, the geometrical lines of the web can best be glued to each other. It is well known that spiders hunt with most success at night, the unfortunate flies then in motion not being able to discover so easily the toils which are prepared for their destruction. It is remarkable that some insects appear only during particular hours of the day; for instance, the clouded yellow butterfly does not fly before ten, and retires to rest soon after four o'clock. The red underwing moth is only to be seen about six or seven o'clock in the morning, and never at any other time. Some of the smaller beetles swarm only before noon, when they disappear; generally also, unless the evening be more than usually bright and warm, the gnats after dancing their quadrilles an hour or two, vanish at sunset. The history of plants furnishes several facts analogous to these. It is conjectured that insects are peculiarly sensible to electric changes in the atmosphere, but it is admitted that there is not evidence to reduce this conjecture to any thing like a certainty.

We believe that nobody who has even paid any attention to the habits of insects, can doubt that they possess in a high degree the sense of taste, although that sense is in many cases governed by rules with which we are not acquainted. Mr. Rennie, in proof of this, mentions a fact that came within his own notice in Scotland, 'where the midge, a very small kind of gnat, was so very troublesome to a party of haymakers, that it was with difficulty they could continue their work; yet, notwithstanding the general attack made by the insects, wherever they could find a spot of uncovered skin, one individual among the haymakers was never touched, while the skin of his companions was covered with bites as if scourged with nettles.' In the same manner of two individuals, who had been

together for a whole day nutting, and who slept in the same bed-chamber, one was found next morning covered all over with red blotches, from the attacks of the harvest bug, while the other was quite untouched. It is within the experience of every body who has had the misfortune of sleeping in a bed infested by fleas and bugs, that both these abominable insects evince a decided preference for women and children, and that when they can satiate themselves upon these victims, they seldom attack the stronger sex.

Naturalists have discovered in more than one species of insect vessels which supply them with saliva; and it is a curious fact, ascertained by observation, that when a fly is about to devour sugar left in its way, it first emits upon the sugar a small drop of fluid, in order to melt it, and thereby render it easy to be sucked up.

There can be no doubt that insects very generally are endowed with the sense of smelling. What is most curious in this part of their history, is the probability that many of them have the means of employing offensive odours, which nature has enabled them to discharge, in order to avert the pursuit of their enemies. Thus the small green beetle, which is not uncommon near London, defends itself by a kind of artillery, from which it discharges both noise and smoke. There is another species called the bombardier, known by its head and thorax being brick red, and the rest of the body of a blackish hue. 'When we attempt,' says Mr. Rennie, quoting Rolander, 'to catch it, we are surprised by a discharge resembling a pop-gun, accompanied with a sort of smoke, of which it is furnished with a bladder sufficient to fire off twenty shots in succession. If this chance to get into the eyes, it will make them smart as if they had been bathed with brandy. Its chief enemy is a beetle larger than itself, which hunts it without mercy. As it finds it impossible to escape by speed of foot, it stops short, and awaits its pursuer; but just as he is about to seize it, he is saluted with a discharge, and while he is for a moment stupified with surprise, the bombardier endeavours to gain a hiding place.'

Shakspeare, to whom the whole volume of nature seems to have been opened, was aware that insects had also the faculty of hearing. Mamilius in the Winter's Tale, says:—

> '—— "I will tell it softly,
> You crickets shall not hear it."'

The information collected by Mr. Rennie upon this subject, is amusing as well as curious:—

'It is well known to every boy that the field one, of a fine green colour, which during the summer months is by no means sparing of its stridulous music, instantly ceases to crink the moment it hears a foot fall; and hence it is not easy to discover the spot where it is, unless it be approached in the most cautious manner, for it is silent if a person approach within several yards of it. Brunelli, an Italian naturalist, tried some experiments upon

this insect, more satisfactory than the preceding ones of Bonnet. He kept several in a chamber, which continued their crinking song through the whole day; but the instant they heard a knock at the door, they were silent. He subsequently invented a method of imitating their sounds, and when he did so outside the door, at first a few would venture upon a soft whisper, and by and bye the whole party burst out in chorus to answer him; but upon repeating the rap at the door, they instantly stopped again as if alarmed. He likewise confined a male in one side of his garden, while he put a female on the other at liberty, which began to leap as soon as she heard the crink of the male, and immediately came to him, an experiment which he frequently repeated with the same result. It is remarkable that the males alone of these insects are musical; for "the females," as Swammerdam long ago observed, "of locusts, grasshoppers, and others, make no noise." We may, in passing, request our readers to remark that Brunelli's insect has very long antennæ.

'It seems to be not illogical to infer, from the variety of sounds produced by insects, that, in the instance in question, as well as in many others, they are intended for signals to their companions, who, of course, must possess organs of hearing. The drum or instrument by which the last-mentioned insect produces its loud music has been described by De Geer, and subsequently by Lichtenstein. "Our male green field-hoppers," says the former, "in that part of the right wing-case which is folded horizontally over the trunk, have a round plate, made of very fine transparent membrane, resembling a little mirror or piece of talc, and as tense as a drum. It is surrounded by a strong and prominent nervure, but is concealed under the fold of the left wing-case, where also there are strong nervures corresponding to what may be called the hoop of the drum. It is exceedingly probable that the quick motion with which the insect rubs these nervures against each other, produces a vibration in the membrane, whence the sound is augmented." By alternating the motion rapidly from right to left, the sound is produced in an almost continued strain, as we have remarked in those we have kept in our study; while in the crickets, who alternate the motion more slowly, the sound is omitted at interrupted intervals, a remark which any person may readily verify.

The grasshoppers and locusts produce their chirp by applying the hind shank to the thigh, rubbing it smartly against the wing-case, and alternating the right and left legs. They have also a drum like the preceding family for augmenting the sound. "On each side," says De Geer, "of the first segment of the abdomen, immediately above the origin of the hind thighs, there is a large deep opening, somewhat oval in form, and partly closed by an irregular flat plate or lid, of a hard substance, but covered by a flexible, wrinkled membrane. The opening left by the lid is in form of a half-moon, and at the bottom of the cavity is a white membrane, shining like a mirror, and tensely stretched. On the side of the opening, towards the head, there is a small oval hole, into which the point of a pin may easily pass; and when the membrane is removed, a large cavity is brought into view. The whole of this apparatus seems to contribute much both to produce and to increase the sound caused by the insects."

'We have examined the hole mentioned by De Geer, in a number of individuals, and have been struck with its resemblance to the hole in a military drum, as well as in violins and guitars. We found, indeed, upon

stopping up this hole with a bit of wafer, that the insect could no longer produce its peculiar sound, but only a sort of muffled scraping. Swammerdam was acquainted with this instrument, though he does not mention the hole. "The grasshopper," he says, "has two peculiar small drums, like the drum of our ear, which being struck by the help of two lunulated cartilages vibrate the air in such a manner as to produce the sound."

'The crickets, another family of this order of insects, are well known for their chirping-song, which, associated as it is either with the snug chimney-corner, or the sunshine of summer, affords a pleasure which certainly does not arise from the intrinsic quality of its music. "Sounds," it is well observed by White, "do not always give us pleasure according to their sweetness and melody; nor do harsh sounds always displease. Thus the shrilling of the field-cricket, though sharp and stridulous, yet marvellously delights some hearers, filling their minds with a train of summer ideas of every thing that is rural, verdurous, and joyous."

> "Sounds unharmonious in themselves and harsh,
> Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
> And only there, please highly for their sake."
>
> COWPER, *Task*, book i.

'This circumstance, no doubt, causes the Spaniards to keep them in cages, as we do singing-birds. White tells us, that, if supplied with moistened green leaves, they will sing as merrily and loud in a paper cage as in the fields; but he did not succeed in planting a colony of them in the terrace of his garden, though he bored holes for them in the turf to save them the labour of digging.

'Swammerdam entertained a different notion of their music. "I remember," says he, "that I once saw a whole field full of these singing-crickets, each of which had dug itself a hole in the earth two fingers deep, and then, sitting at the entrance thereof, they made a very disagreeable noise with the creaking and tremulous motion of their wings: when they heard any noise they immediately retired with fright into their little caverns."

'The hearth-cricket, again, though we hear it occasionally in the hedge banks in summer, prefers the warmth of an oven or a good fire, and thence, residing as it were always in the torrid zone, is ever alert and merry, a good Christmas fire being to it what the heat of the dog-days are to others. Though crickets are frequently heard by day, yet their natural time of motion is only in the night. As soon as it becomes dark, the chirping increases, and they come running forth, and are often to be seen in great numbers, from the size of a flea to that of their full stature. Like the field-cricket, they are sometimes kept for their music; and the learned Scaliger took so great a fancy to their song that he was accustomed to keep them in a box in his study. It is reported, that in some parts of Africa they are kept and fed in a kind of iron oven, and sold to the natives, who like their chirp, and think it is a good soporific. Milton chose for his contemplative pleasures a spot where crickets resorted:—

> "Where glowing embers through the room
> Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
> Far from all resort of mirth,
> Save the cricket on the hearth."—*Il Penseroso.*

'We have been as unsuccessful in transplanting the hearth-cricket, as White was with the field-crickets. In two different houses we have repeatedly introduced crickets, but could not prevail on them to stay. One of our trials, indeed, was made in summer, with insects brought from a garden wall, and it is probable they thought the kitchen fire-side too hot at that season.

'The instrument upon which the male-cricket plays (for the female is mute) consists, as in the preceding case, of strong nervures or rough strings in the wing-cases, by the friction of which against each other a sound is produced and communicated to the membranes stretched between them, in the same way that the vibrations caused by the friction of the finger upon the tambourine are diffused over its surface.'—pp. 76—82.

The hum of bees, Swammerdam supposes, proceeds from the motion of the wings alone, particularly the small membraneous wings at the shoulder, which is increased by the internal air propelled from the air tubes that lie beneath them. White, the justly celebrated naturalist of Selborne, remarked frequently, in hot summer days, on a down in his neighbourhood, a sound like that of many bees humming in the air, though not one of these insects was to be seen at the time. Mr. Rennie observed the same humming in the neighbourhood of London, which he could no more explain than White, until he saw, upon one occasion, a troop of swallows busily hawking high overhead where the humming was heard, a circumstance from which he reasonably inferred that the noise proceeded from insects invisible from the distance at which they were collected. The same sound may be heard in the summer evenings by any person who chooses to walk into the fields that lie between Kentish Town and Hampstead. We have often listened to it, mingled with the lowing of cows, the occasional barking of dogs, and the confused murmur that now and then is borne on the air from the metropolis, with feelings of mystic delight. Mr. Knapp confirms this explanation. "That purely rural, little noticed, and, indeed, local occurrence," he says, "called by the country people hummings in the air, is annually heard in one or two fields near my dwelling. About the middle of the day, perhaps from twelve o'clock till two, on a few calm sultry days in July, we occasionally hear, when in particular places, the humming of apparently a large swarm of bees. It is generally in some spacious open spot that this murmuring first attracts our attention. As we move onward, the sound becomes fainter, and by degrees is no longer audible. That this sound proceeds from a collection of bees, or some such insects high in the air, there can be no doubt; yet the musicians are invisible. At these times, a solitary insect or so may be observed here and there, occupied in its usual employ, but this straggler takes no part in our ærial orchestra."

Naturalists differ much as to the vision of insects, some maintaining with Bidloo that no animal is naturally blind, others that several species of insects are altogether deprived of eyes. Latreille

mentions two species of very small ants, in which he could never discover any organ of vision. One of the classes of the white ants is generally considered to be blind. According to some naturalists the bee is very short sighted; according to others, the sight of that insect is the most perfect of all others. The former notion seems to have been adopted by Mr. Rogers, when he wrote the following lines in his "Pleasures of Memory:"—

> "Hark! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,
> Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.
> O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
> And many a stream allures her to its source.
> 'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye, so finely wrought
> Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,
> Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind;
> Its orb so full, its vision so confined!
> Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
> Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
> With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue
> Of varied scents that charmed her as she flew?
> Hail! Memory, hail! thy universal reign
> Guards the least link of being's glorious chain."'—p. 122.

The memory of the bee, however, is but a very short one, for any person may observe it visiting repeatedly the flower which it had already rifled of all its treasure. Mr. Rennie is indebted to Réaumur for a solution of these contradictory opinions:

'If Réaumur, however, be correct in his opinions, as we are inclined to think he is, these apparent discrepancies may be easily reconciled; for he attempts to show, that bees and most other insects are endowed with two sorts of eyes, one for distant and another for near vision: instead of having the power as we have of adapting the eye to various distances, the nature of which adaptation is not well understood. In order to understand this more precisely, it will be necessary to enter into a few details as to the number and structure of the eyes of insects.

'It may at first appear not a little puzzling to conceive how a spider with eight eyes, a centipede with twenty, and a butterfly with thirty-five thousand facets in its two eyes, can perceive only one object; yet the difficulty is not of a very different kind from that of our own two eyes representing only a single object and not two,—a subject which has exercised the ingenuity of many a philosopher. Vandermonde, for example, supposed that children at first see double, and correct the error by experience; an opinion adopted by Blumenbach: Dr. Reid referred it to an original and inexplicable law of human nature, confessing thereby his inability to explain it; and some of the old philosophers satisfied themselves that it was because the nerve from each eye meets before reaching the brain. The latter would have perhaps been satisfactory, had it not been refuted by the simple experiment of pushing one of the eyes a little aside, when objects will be seen double, though this cannot alter the meeting of the nerves. Dr. Wells explains it by the coincidence of what he calls the visible direction.

'Whatever opinion be adopted, it is evident that most creatures can see an object by using one eye only, sometimes better than when both are employed. The celebrated painter, Leonardo da Vinci, upon this principle recommended his pupils always to look at distant objects with one eye only, and we have frequently observed in birds, particularly those which feed on insects, that on looking out for prey, they most commonly turn their head on one side, so as to bring only one eye to bear on the object. A thrush always does so when he examines a snail-shell that he means to attack, and a red-breast before he pounces upon a worm. It is no doubt for this very reason that the wryneck is enabled to move its head in the manner from which it derives its popular name; and many insects, such as the dragon-flies, can turn their heads nearly round about; though, from the great volume of their eyes, this might almost be considered superfluous.

* * * * * *

'Independently, however, of the anatomical structure, of which from the minuteness of the parts there might be considerable doubt, the experiments of Réaumur appear to settle the point. "I have varnished those eyes," he says, "or what amounts to the same, I varnished the back part of the head in more than twenty bees, which I then set at liberty, three or four paces from the hive; but not one of them knew where to find it again, nor appeared to search for it. They flew at random towards the adjacent plants, but never to a distance, and though they seemed to have no difficulty in flying, I never saw them rise in the air as those do whose facetted eyes I had varnished over." The latter observation seems to prove that the coronet-eyes are appropriated to upward vision; while we may suppose the facetted eyes to be for horizontal vision, and for looking downwards. Kirby, indeed, has distinguished a whole genus from the circumstance of its being thus furnished with two pair of eyes. One species of this is found in the vicinity of London.

'Fabricus, who is followed by Olivier, considers one pair of these eyes as nothing more than a spot; but accurate examination shows that the principal facetted eyes are actually divided by the crossing of the corner, which in other insects of this family only enters, and indents a portion of the eye without dividing it entirely. What is not less singular, the males of more than one species of day-fly, besides the regular number of facetted and coronet eyes, have a pair of facetted eyes on the top of a short columnar projection.

'In the little whirlwig that skims about so merrily on standing water, the upper portion of the eyes, fitted for seeing in the air, is placed on the upper part of the head, and the lower portion, fitted for seeing in water, in the lower part, a thin division separating the two.

'When a facetted eye, such as that of a butterfly, is examined a little closely, it will be found to have the appearance of a multiplying glass, the sides, or facettes, resembling a brilliant cut diamond. Puget adapted the eye of a flea in such a position as to see objects through it by means of a microscope, and nothing could exceed the singularity of the exhibition. "A soldier, who was seen through it, appeared like an army of pigmies; for while it multiplied it also diminished the object: the arch of a bridge exhibited a spectacle more magnificent than human skill could perform; and the flame of a candle seemed the illumination of thousands of lamps." Leeuwenhoeck, in the same manner, looked through the eye of a dragon-

fly, and viewed the steeple of a church which was 299 feet high, and 750 from the place where he stood. He could plainly see the steeple, though not apparently larger than the point of a fine needle. He also viewed a house in the same manner, and could discern the front, distinguish the doors and windows, and perceive whether they were open or shut!'—pp 123—129.

With reference to the means of providing themselves with food, insects are divided into eaters, lappers, and suckers; they are, many of them, in their way, very destructive to fruits and vegetables, as the gardeners have too much reason to know. Of late years our apple trees have suffered extensively from what is called the American, or white blight, which, according to Mr. Knapp, was first observed in 1819, in nursery gardens near Bristol, and is supposed to have been introduced by some imported plant. There are others who say that it originally came over from France with the Hugonot exiles in the reign of Louis XIV.; there is no doubt that it is well known in that country. This blight first appears in the spring of the year in the form of a slight hoariness, which is observed upon the branches of certain species of our orchard fruit. In the course of a few weeks the hoariness increases, becomes cottony, and as the summer advances it grows into a downy substance, which upon examination is found to conceal a multitude of small wingless creatures, busily employed in consuming what we may well call the life-blood of the plant. They are possessed of a beak, terminating in a fine bristle, which they insinuate through the bark and the sappy part of the wood, and thus they are enabled to extract, as with a syringe, the sweet vital liquor that circulates in the plant. The consequence is, that the limb grows sickly, the leaves fall off, and branch after branch being thus attacked, the whole tree gradually dies.

The garden and house bugs form another part of the destructive families of imported insects. It is said that they were not known in England until about the period of the discovery of America, which countenances the opinion of Linnæus, that they were brought hither from that continent. Mr. Rennie says he never saw the house bug in Ireland. He must have been very lucky, or must never have been in Dublin, where they abound quite as much as in London. Mr. Brande has recommended the following poison for their destruction:—"Reduce an ounce of corrosive sublimate (Perchloride of Mercury) and one ounce of white arsenic, to a fine powder; mix with it one ounce of muriate of ammonia in powder, two ounces each of oil of turpentine and yellow wax, and eight ounces of olive oil; put all these into a pipkin, placed in a pan of boiling water, and when the wax is melted, stir the whole, till cold, in a mortar."

The history of the pairing of insects furnishes Mr. Rennie with the materials of a long and interesting chapter, in the course of which he shews pretty clearly that insects do not unite after the manner of birds and other animals, upon the principle of mutual

assistance in rearing their progeny. Indeed it does not appear that the male insect renders any assistance whatever to the female, except in the instance of the solitary bee, nor does he help to construct the nest, but he defends it with great vigour from the intrusion of enemies. In the instance of carnivorous insects, the sexes often attack and devour each other, and the females, being the larger and more powerful of the two, usually are the conquerors. The female spider has been sometimes seen to wrap her mate in the very toils in which he perhaps was waiting to catch a fly, and to feed upon him without any ceremony. The male spider is easily known by a sort of knob at the extremities of the feelers, which is wanting in the female. It is an extraordinary fact, that after insects pair, and the females deposit their eggs, they very soon die, seldom surviving more than a few days at the utmost. If pairing be prevented, their lives may be protracted to an indefinite period.

Mr. Rennie discusses, at some length, the question, interesting in a poetical as well as a natural point of view, whether the light of the female glow-worm be intended as a lamp to attract the attention of the male; "the lamp of love," as Dumeril calls it, which in the words of another writer, "the wingless female, doomed to crawl upon the grass, lights up at the approach of night, as a beacon which unerringly guides the vagrant male to her love-illumined form, however obscure the place of her abode." It is supposed to be rather unfortunate for this beautiful theory, that the insect has been found to shine in its infant state, in that of larva, and even after it has taken the form of a nymph, stages of its existence in which it has just as little to do with love as a baby. It has also been ascertained that the male has a lamp of his own, which though not quite so brilliant as that of the female, is still bright enough to be perceptible. Nevertheless, we are not disposed to give up the theory in question; since, as Mr. Rennie admits, the light afforded by the larva may be easily explained upon the principle of gradual development, and with respect to the feeble glimmering observable in the male, it may be reasonably supposed to originate in the possession of some organs common to the whole species. He imagines that he has put an extinguisher upon the question, by an experiment which he made at Hâvre de Grace, where, having collected some female glow worms in a box, he went about one evening until midnight with his box in his hand, to see if he could not attract a male towards them, and he failed. This surely is no negative proof by itself, for it might be that the males were repelled by the 'concentrated blaze' which was thus created, and that like other lovers they prefer solitude and the shade. Besides, according to all accounts, the male is exceedingly scarce in proportion to the number of the other sex. Mr. Rennie says he never found but one, and Mr. Knapp, to whom we are indebted for that delightful book, the Journal of a Naturalist, informs us that

he seldom met with more than one in a year. It is well ascertained that the little creature ceases to shine about midnight, thus justifying the well-known lines of Shakspeare:

> "The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
> And 'gins to pale *his* ineffectual fire."

The bard had not taken the trouble to ascertain the sex of his insect; and from the epithet "ineffectual" it would seem that he held the opinion now maintained by Mr. Rennie, that the light serves no purpose at all. The only other luminous insect met with in this country, is the electric centipede, though from living in the ground its light is seldom seen. It may, however, be sometimes traced by a track of phosphoric matter, which it leaves behind it. This subject leads the author to some remarks upon that beautiful phenomenon of the sparkling light, so frequently seen at night upon the surface of the sea,—"a spectacle," says Humboldt, "which stamped upon my memory an ineffaceable impression, and always excited fresh astonishment, although it was renewed every night for months together. It may be seen in every zone; but those who have not witnessed it within the tropics, and above all upon the main ocean, can form but a very imperfect conception of the grandeur of the phenomenon, particularly if the spectator places himself in the shrouds of a ship of the line, during a fresh breeze, when she ploughs through the crests of the waves, and at every roll her side is raised out of the water enveloped in ruddy flames, which stream like lightning from the keel, and flash towards the surface of the sea. At other times, the dolphins, while sporting in the waters, trace out sparkling furrows in the midst of the waters." Some naturalists are of opinion that the phenomenon in question arises from electricity excited by the friction of the water upon the sides of the advancing ship,—an opinion upon which the author places no reliance. It is indisputable that there are several luminous molluscæ which have the faculty of emitting a phosphorescent light at pleasure, and also innumerable microscopic animalcules, possessing the same power, which have been found in the waters thus illuminated, and to whose presence the phenomenon has been ascribed. Let us however hear Mr. Rennie on the subject.

'But though these may be partly or sometimes the cause, yet, in the greater number of instances, no animalcules whatever can be discovered in the luminous water, even by the aid of the best glasses. Such was the decision come to by Humboldt from numerous observations in the tropical seas, and his authority is one of the highest which can be adduced. We had recently an opportunity of repeating these observations at Hâvre de Grace, and could not discover the slightest trace of animalcules, although the water which we examined was so strongly luminous, that it shone upon the skin of some night-bathers like scattered clouds of lambent flame, appearing more as a property of the water itself than any thing extraneous diffused through it; but we particularly remarked that no light appeared in

quiescent water, it being only seen when the surface was broken by the ripple of the tide, or when a wave dashed upon the pebbles on the beach.

'Humboldt, however, is of opinion, that though the phenomenon is only at times caused by animated lamp-bearers, it may probably arise in general from the decomposed fibrillæ of dead molluscæ which abound beyond all calculation in the bosom of the waters. He proved this by passing some of the luminous water through cloth, when some of the fibrillæ were separated, and appeared in the form of luminous points. We should, on the other hand, have been inclined to infer that these points were caused by the luminous water moistening the fibres of the cloth: and our author himself afterwards seems to abandon the notion of fibrillæ for that of a gelatinous fluid produced by the decomposition of the dead bodies, and imparting to sea-water the nauseous taste, which is as much disliked by us as it is relished by the fishes. Water may thus be rendered luminous by throwing into it a quantity of herring brine, and hence it appears that salt is indispensable; for, as M. Bory de St. Vincent justly remarks, the waters of our lakes and marshes are never luminous, though these abound with polypi, both living and dead. There seem also to be certain states of the air favourable or unfavourable to the development of the light; for one night it will appear with great brilliance, while on the following, though the circumstances seem all equal, it will be gone. It seems to be the more frequent, as Humboldt remarked, "when the sky was thick and cloudy, and upon the approach of a storm." We have remarked it as frequently following as preceding a storm; but it seems to be independent of heat or cold; for on the banks of Newfoundland it is observed to shine with great brilliance during the most vigorous frosts.'—pp. 232, 233.

One of the most wonderful facts connected with the history of insects, from which the phenomenon just mentioned has rather led us away, is that of the aphides, which are always so abundant wherever ants are found, (forming indeed their principal food) being produced without pairing. This fact has been placed beyond doubt by several experiments. The aphis is born, changes its skin three or four times, like the caterpillar, and after its last moult is completed, gives birth, without any further process, to hundreds of young aphides, which go through the same operations in their turn. This mode of propagation has been proved to have taken place as far as the ninth generation. When the female is at length exhausted, she can produce no more without pairing; it is however very remarkable, that when this occurs, she produces not the living insects as before, but eggs, or pupæ like eggs, whereas the insects to which these eggs or pupæ give birth, take up the original character of the species, and without pairing produce many living generations. More wonderful still must we deem the fact to be, that all these broods are uniformly females, no males being produced till the pairing season, which is towards the close of summer or autumn.

The migration of insects forms another very curious subject, well worth the attention of the naturalist. With respect to their modes

of government, many fanciful theories have been broached from time to time, and it does not appear that a sufficient number of facts has as yet been collected, to establish any thing like a consistent history of their internal policy. It is well known that among the ants there is a most complete division of labour; they have their workers who are incessantly employed in erecting, enlarging, or repairing their buildings, foraging for provisions, and attending to the eggs and the young; soldiers in the proportion of about one to every hundred of the workers, well armed, and always on the watch to defend the colony from invasion; and males and females, whose sole business it is to propagate the species. The mode in which bees conduct their affairs, is familiar to every body. Insects have also, like their lordly masters, their wars; sometimes carried on after the manner of duels, sometimes upon a more extensive scale, when whole armies march against each other.

'Besides attacking the larger animals, however, individuals of adjacent hives often engage in fatal duels. Sometimes a bee, while sitting peaceably on the outside of a hive or walking about, is rudely jostled by another, when the combat immediately commences with such bitter violence, that they permitted Réaumur to examine them quite closely with a magnifying glass. They wrestle, turn, pirouette, and throttle each other; and after rolling about in the dust, the victor, watching the time when the enemy uncovers his body by elongating it in the attempt to sting, thrusts its weapon between the scales, and the next instant its antagonist stretches out its quivering wings, and expires; for the stroke of the sting, when it once penetrates the muscle, is mortal. In these engagements the conqueror is not always able to extricate his sting, and then both perish. The duration of such duels is uncertain; sometimes it lasts an hour, and at others is very soon determined; and occasionally it happens that both parties, tired with their fruitless struggles, give up the contest and fly off.'—pp. 328, 329.

When a hive happens to be ill-managed, or has had an unfortunate season from some cause or other, the inhabitants mutiny, and become a band of robbers. This happens generally in March or August. "When a hive determines on the predatory system," says Keys, "they send spies to discover the state of neighbouring stocks. A few of the spies for several days dodge about the doors, trying to get in to obtain more knowledge of their strength and riches; but are driven away by the powerful, who plant guards at their door, and as the weak stocks do not, they are therefore the first to be assaulted. The next day they return in force, and begin a violent siege; and a desperate conflict ensues, both within and without the hive, neither side giving quarter. The stoutest warriors make a desperate attempt, and rush forward and seize the queen; knowing that by dispatching her, instant victory is the consequence; for the assaulted bees always desist and join the victors the moment they are apprised of their queen's death, become as one fraternity,

and assist to carry their own treasure to their new habitation. But in case the queen is protected, they fight on with rage and fury, and death and pillage soon destroy the stock."

It is said, moreover, that two or three bees will sometimes associate for the purpose of robbing on the highway; remaining in ambush, like a set of footpads, until some straggling humble bee goes by on his return home laden with the accumulations of his industry, when they rush out to attack him, one seizing a leg, another a wing, and mauling and pummelling him until he disgorges all his honey, which they eagerly lap up till they are satisfied, and then they let him go. The wars of ants, and especially their expeditions for the purpose of capturing slaves, are still more curious; but as we have touched upon these topics in a former number, we shall not here again advert to them.

Mr. Rennie closes his work with a chapter upon the systematic arrangement of insects, in which he gives brief sketches of the classifications that have been invented by different naturalists. Aristotle, Linnæus and the Baron de Geer, were for distinguishing insects by their wings. An Italian philosopher, much less known than he deserves to be, named Ulysses Aldrovan, classed insects not from the structure of their wings, but from the places which they frequented, a system which has been improved by Latreille into a geographical classification. Other naturalists have classed them according to their transformations, the structure of their mouths, or the eggs which they produced. The modern or prevailing classification, consists, in fact, of a selection from all these, which the reader will find very clearly stated in the volume before us. We recommend it to his particular attention, as one of the most engaging works that have emanated from the press of the Society.

ART. II.—*The Effects of the Principal Arts, Trades, and Professions, and of Civic States and Habits of Living, on Health and Longevity: with a particular reference to the Trades and Manufactures of Leeds: and Suggestions for the removal of many of the Agents which produce Disease, and Shorten the Duration of Life.* By C. Turner Thackrah. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1831.

THE indifferent and very imperfect way in which the late census of the United Kingdom has been taken, is quite of a piece with that perverse negligence, with respect to the domestic condition of the country, which has so long and so uniformly characterized this nation. The government, no matter into what hands it has at any time fallen, was always in possession of the amplest means of ascertaining the state of every class of subjects; but, as if treating the very facility of inquiry itself as an insurmountable obstacle to such a course, the successive ministries of England have left the social state of the country, up to this moment, a sort of problem,

and to this fact may be traced a great many of our legislative blunders as connected with political economy, and the evil consequent upon them. It is admitted, that so little care has been bestowed on the taking of the various censuses up to the year 1821, inclusively, that great reliance cannot be placed on the records to which they have given rise. We fear that a similar objection lies against the census which has just been completed. If we were to judge of the nation at large by the few specimens of the returns which have been published, we should say that there existed throughout the kingdom a strange indisposition to co-operate with the design of the legislature. The questions which have been put in the general circular presented to the heads of families, are often answered in a very vague and negligent manner: sometimes they are only partially replied to, and at other times a species of evasion is employed, as if the declaration of the truth would immediately involve the personal safety of the returning officers. All this, however, will excite but little indignation in the powers that be, and consequently no hope of correction can be indulged in for the present.

And yet if ever there was a people which required that its domestic state should be narrowly watched, ours is that community. England is very differently situated from all countries of which we have any knowledge in the history of the world. There are circumstances immediately influencing her, which were totally unknown in ancient times, and in modern days are almost confined to herself. These are so peculiar, that we may very well say, that history furnishes but very few maxims that are applicable to our existing condition. She is then a nation standing by herself, and requiring to be accurately studied, in order that the balance between her various dependencies may be preserved. Hitherto, almost, the duties of the labouring classes were generally the same in all countries and all ages. Men lived pretty much in the same way in every civilized part of the earth. The relations of any given cause connected with the state of the population to its effect, were permanent and well known, and what was useful, or what was bad, as a legislative measure in one country, was also useful or bad in another. There was no necessity in those distant days, therefore, to enter upon any laborious investigation into the state of a particular people. But how different has been, and is, the situation of England! The great mass of her humble population, subsisting on the means supplied by an artificial system, feel all the vicissitudes to which that system is subject. They are influenced by agencies with which no other community has ever been affected before, and hence their situation claims the vigilant superintendence of a legislature, which has for its guiding object the happiness of the people. We cannot for a moment consider how large a portion of the industrious classes is devoted to occupations which cannot fail to be

injurious to health, without feeling that it is part of our duty to ascertain the amount of the influence on life which such a cause produces. We ought to compare the periods of life at different eras—we ought to understand exactly the rate of mortality, and its relation to the number of births—we ought to be well acquainted with those localities where life subsists but for a short interval, or where it is often protracted—and we should be able to define the reasons of the peculiarity in each place respectively. England, of all other countries the especial theatre where such inquiries should be ceaselessly conducted, is that country of Christendom, we believe, where they are most neglected. Time, however, and the application of arguments, may induce a more useful feeling amongst our countrymen, and it is in the hope of such an event that we invite the attention of the public to some details connected with this important subject, which we have no doubt will be allowed to be at least very curious.

From all that we have been able to learn from history and observation, and our investigations have not been limited, we come to the conclusion that it is part of the designs of Providence, to preserve the rate of the mortality of human beings from diseases, somewhat in a stationary condition with respect to their number. If we look back, for instance, to the records of the mortality of London, we shall find a very remarkable change in the nature of those disorders, which produced the greatest amounts of death at several periods. Thirty-five years ago convulsions carried off one third more children in a year than they do now. Small pox destroyed half as many again, and teething one third more than either of these diseases does at present. But if these disorders have been shorn of their fatal power to a great extent, other malignant complaints have come to their assistance, and hooping cough, measles, and negligent mothers, are now accomplishing that destruction of life, which used before to be performed by the terrible distempers which we have mentioned. In the case of adults, there is a similar revolution. We hear no longer of leprosy or the sweating sickness—but we have apoplexy, gout, and cholic, pleurisy, and all the diseases produced by intemperance, to maintain, if not actually outstrip, the rate of mortality that resulted from the prevalence of the former diseases. We know from history what a terrible plague the leprosy was, and those who have not read any account of its nature and effects, may derive some notion of both from the fact, that most of the European hospitals erected before the middle of the sixteenth century, were destined expressly for patients affected with leprosy. This disease is not now known. Scurvy was a formidable complaint in the seventeenth century: its name is scarcely mentioned in the modern medical books. Rickets in children is another of those complaints which were so destructive about half a century ago, but which has since very much declined. But

effective as these diseases unfortunately proved in diminishing the number of human beings, their disappearance has been succeeded by others, so as that the rate of mortality is kept up pretty much in the same condition that it always was.

If it be the plan of mysterious Providence to keep up this species of agency for checking the fertility of human production, that circumstance, however, is not intended to prevent man from endeavouring to secure, by every means in his power, the continuance of his own existence. We are indeed urged by every consideration to inquire into those further sources of mortality, by which the natural causes of it are so extensively supported. Those who practise intemperance, or devote themselves to particular employments which they know to possess an injurious influence on life, under the impression that they are only led to destruction in obedience to a decree of the Almighty, may rest satisfied that without their co-operation, the projects of the All-wise will proceed to complete success.

We cannot advance a step in the investigation of the comparative rates of mortality, without being struck with the great advantages, in point of longevity, which the affluent possess over the poorer classes. We are far from believing that this difference is to be accounted for by the exemption from labour on the one side, or the obligation to it on the other. We are almost certain that it very much depends on the greater care which is taken by the rich, with respect to their habits, their diet, and clothing. If we look to the higher classes of society in this country, we shall find that the rate of mortality is exceedingly low indeed. During the last ten or twelve years, scarcely one peer in a hundred died in any year. The literary and scientific societies have very seldom to mourn the loss of one of their members, for they generally belong to that rank with which we associate ideas of affluence. A very curious paper on this subject was read, not long ago, by a M. Chateauneuf, before the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris. This gentleman is well acquainted with the English language, and had the advantage of acquiring good information from English connections. As his calculations embrace amongst their materials the rate of mortality in our peerage, we have no hesitation in dwelling on some of the details of his valuable paper. Having collected the dates of the births and deaths of the principal sovereigns of Europe for a series of years, as also of the higher clergy, he next added those of the peers of France :—those of England were then subjoined, and the catalogue was finally augmented by the dates of the births and deaths of superior officers, judges, &c. &c. In all, M. Chateauneuf had no less than sixteen hundred names of persons, who enjoyed from their entrance into life the advantages which riches and all that it commands could confer. The result is very interesting, and will perhaps be best rendered intelligible by being put in the form of a table.

Of those whose age was			the number was
from 20	to 25	. .	17
25	30	. .	36
30	35	. .	72
35	40	. .	86
40	45	. .	138
45	50	. .	232
50	55	. .	219
55	60	. .	172
60	65	. .	194
65	70	. .	167
70	75	. .	116
75	80	. .	73
80	85	. .	58
85	90	. .	19
90	95	. .	1
	Total	- -	1,600

In the course of the ten years which elapsed after these dates were taken, there died of this amount of persons, annually an average rate of about fifty-two, or two tenths of the whole. When these ten years had passed away, there were still remaining (Jan. 1830) out of the one hundred and twenty-four reigning sovereigns of Europe, twelve who were eighty years of age, together with seven cardinals out of twenty-eight, one French bishop out of thirty-four, eleven peers of France out of three hundred and thirteen, nineteen lieutenant-generals out of two hundred and seventy-two, and five ambassadors or ministers of state, out of eighty-four; all of whom had reached their eightieth year. M. Chateauneuf remarks as a curious fact, that cardinals, after they have reached from sixty to seventy years, experience a greater degree of mortality than any other class of persons whatever, who attain to a similar age. The same observation holds good with respect to the Roman Catholic clergy in general, and may perhaps be attributed to a cause which is common to them all.

Various proofs could be adduced to shew the influence of "easy circumstances" in prolonging life. The actuary of an assurance office in London, perhaps in the most extensive business of any in this country, has published a table of no less than 152,000 persons, that being the number of insurers who registered themselves in the office during twenty years. These individuals were all of the comfortable middle classes, and were of the various ages of from ten years and upwards; so that, after having seen the rate of mortality amongst the highest, we are now in a situation to ascertain the rate amongst that body which forms the connecting link between the two extremes of the social chain. It appears from the report of the actuary, (Mr. Morgan,) that of the above number, 1930 had died during the twenty years. Two hundred and sixty-two

deaths were caused by natural decay and old age: two hundred and forty-two by apoplexy: one hundred and fifty-three by consumption: one hundred and forty-six by general fever: one hundred and thirty-seven by dropsy: one hundred and sixteen by palsy—and the rest in greater or less numbers by various diseases. The ages of the persons who died were as follows:—

Persons				
7	from	10	to	20
37		20		30
166		30		40
299		40		50
458		50		60
536		60		70
345		70		80
82		80 and upwards.		

This we regard as giving a very accurate view of the rate of mortality and its causes amongst the middling classes of society. Before we proceed to the consideration of the principal and indeed the most interesting part of our subject, the rate of mortality amongst the labouring classes, we shall devote a small space to the effects on life, of some of those employments to which some of the members of the opulent classes sometimes devote themselves. Barristers are longer lived than solicitors, a circumstance to be attributed to the greater exercise which the former uniformly take; but the mental anxiety which they undergo, particularly the most eminent of them, (perhaps with one remarkable living exception,) fixes prematurely on their features the character of old age. We have no means of calculating the rate of mortality amongst the members of this profession, but from the number which have disappeared from the bar in recent years, we are fearful that the rate of mortality amongst them is some degrees beyond that of the affluent classes to which barristers generally belong. Medical men enjoy neither long life nor much health. It has been our lot to be present at many an assemblage of the faculty in this metropolis: we saw plenty of grey hairs, but very seldom an old man. The life of a member of this profession, in full practice, is one of great excitement. The world at large dream but little of the solemnity with which a medical man contemplates the bond that unites him with his patient, and it is well known that not one in a hundred ever sets his life against that of a person whom he feels it his duty to attend.

Amongst men of genius, or those who have distinguished themselves in science or literature, life is, at least in modern times, of rather a short duration. Mr. D' Israeli, in his estimate of the literary character, mentions the excitement which all eminent men are accustomed to feel, and which, by acting physically on the brain, tends naturally to abridge life amongst such persons. But the late Niebuhr, the Roman historian, we remember, observes in one of his philosophical chapters, that nothing tends more to longevity, than the contemplation of projects which one has one's self

conceived, in their progress to a successful development. Hence generals who have retired from the field, after having attained the objects of their warfare according to their wishes, are long-lived — and the historian adduces as an example of what he says, the case of Camillus. We can ourselves quote many modern instances to confirm this opinion. Marlborough, one of the most fortunate leaders that ever commanded an army, lived rather too long for his own reputation. We sincerely hope that our posterity will not have to repeat the same thing of the Marlborough who succeeded him, and who, under the name of Wellington, carried the glory of the British arms to the ends of the earth. Perhaps it is for a contrary reason that we see so few British statesmen live long in office. Those who lead a party and are unsuccessful in their plans, die almost always prematurely. Witness Pitt, Fox, Canning, &c. But the great Bacon died in his 64th year; Newton, at 84; Harvey, (the discoverer of the circulation) at 88; Linnæus, at 71; Leibnitz, at 70; Galileo, at 70. On the contrary, Bichat, a modern, died in his 34th year—and Davy before he reached 60. Amongst 1700 cases of persons in all classes of society, who have reached the age of 100, only one literary man was to be found, and that was Fontenelle. We have before us a list of nearly three hundred persons, men and women, in all parts of the United Kingdom, who had attained to a great age, (in no instance less than 100,) during the term of years beginning with 1807, and ending in 1823, both included. and we cannot discover throughout the whole catalogue a single name that has linked itself with an expression or a deed worthy of being remembered for an hour. So true is it, as an illustrious man has profoundly said, and as the only rival of that man's splendid fame which the modern world could produce has repeated,—" the duties of life are more than life."

Rather a curious confirmation of Niebuhr's doctrine, just mentioned, is to be found in the ages of all the successful painters. The Italian artists, with very few exceptions, lived long.

Titian was 96; Spenello was nearly 100; Carlo Cignani 91; Michael Angelo 90; Leonardo da Vinci 75; Calabresi 86; Claude Lorraine 82; Carlo Maratta 88; Tentoretti 82; Sebastian Ricci 78; Francesco Albano 88; Guido 68; Guercino 76; John Baptist Crespi 76; Giuseppe Crespi 82; Carlo Dolce 70; Andrew Sacchi 74; Zuccharelli 86; Vernet 77; Schidon 76.

All those cases of longevity which we have been hitherto considering, are imputable to the influence which riches and careful habits are capable of producing on life. We are next to contemplate the rate of mortality amongst that extensive community, which is embraced under the denomination of the " industrious classes," and as it is not without much preparation that we have come to the task, we trust that we are warranted in claiming from the reader an adequate degree of confidence in the truth of our statements and the sincerity of our opinions.

From the accounts which we possess of the state of the English population, it would appear that, from the earliest times, it has been regularly subject to some malignant influence, superadded to the ordinary causes that produced mortality. Seasons of scarcity, with the plague in their train, no sooner ceased to exercise their terrific power over human life, than the small-pox assumed its baneful dominion. Intemperance also has been a uniform agent in the work of destruction. The mortality of our population in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was remarkably high. Out of every forty who were born, one was said to die in the early part of this period. The proportion varied in the progress of time, but it is very doubtful to us if the mortality of the industrious classes be not still as great as ever. In the counties where agriculture formed the chief occupation of the people, life seems to have been uniformly maintained for a longer period, than in those districts where the more active employment of manufactures brought together a large concourse of inhabitants. But it was not until the last century had somewhat advanced, that manufactures were carried to such an extent as to be able to make a very decided impression on the rate of mortality. The chief impediment to longevity about that time, appears to have been produced by intemperance, and the effects of that vice were of such a striking nature as to call for the interference of the legislature. We find that in the ten years before 1751, the average number of deaths within the bills of mortality in London, from fever, was 4351 annually, whilst in the ten years which succeeded the same date, the deaths from this disease fell to 2565 a year. In looking for adequate materials to explain the reason of this remarkable decline of deaths from the effects of intemperance, we are at once struck with the fact, that the use of ardent spirits was suddenly restrained by a bold and severe legislative enactment. The restraint imposed by the law, was rendered still more strict by a total prohibition of the manufacture of spirits. This prohibition was chiefly confined in its operation to the period between the years 1757 and 1760, when the annual average of deaths from fever was reduced to 2136. The policy of the legislature was altered in 1761—spirits became more accessible, and we find that the deaths from fever attributed to the year 1763, are no less than 3742.

The manufacturing establishments of this country were meanwhile growing apace. They became an important means of supplying employment to the people. They were found, however, to have acted with the most destructive consequences on the health and lives of the population, until at length the legislature was forced to interfere. The 42d of Geo. III. c. 73, is the first of those national regulations, which were framed with the view of checking the devastating influence of the factories. These laws, however, are too exclusively confined to the protection of children; and it unfortunately turns out that the rate of mortality amongst the adult manu-

facturing population, is as great as it almost ever has been with reference to the general amount. As illustrating this position by a series of important facts, diligently collected and most faithfully investigated, the small volume of Mr. Thackrah, the title of which we have prefixed to this article, is an invaluable contribution to our stock of practical knowledge. This gentleman is a physician at Leeds, a town where it is well known that the best opportunities may be found for determining the effects of manufacturing employments on the health of the workmen. Mr. Thackrah took advantage of his circumstances, and entered upon an elaborate personal investigation as to the nature and extent of those effects. Upon the relative salubrity of two districts, the one occupied by a manufacturing population, the other by a community devoted to agriculture, this writer dwells as on a point of prime consequence. He finds from the population returns of 1821, that in the West Riding of Yorkshire, the manufacturing district, the duration of human life is considerably less than in the two other ridings of Yorkshire, which are chiefly agricultural. He comes more minutely to the question, and compares the parish of Leeds with the exclusively rural one of Pickering Lythe, in the same county. The latter parish returned, in 1821, a total population of 15,232, and the number of burials 205, being a proportion of one death in seventy-four persons. The population of Leeds, in the same year, was 83,796, the burials 1516, or one death in fifty-five persons; consequently, if the mortality of Pickering Lythe be the natural one, the excess of deaths amounts to no less than 321 in Leeds. The population of that great manufacturing station, according to the last census, amounts to 123,393; so that if the same rate of mortality continues that existed in 1821, the number of burials in Leeds during the present year should amount to upwards of 2243.

In the enumeration of the diseases to which tradesmen are respectively subject, Mr. Thackrah imputes a great proportion of them to either the intemperance or negligence of the parties themselves. Our business, however, lies more directly with those cases in which the lives of the workmen are shortened, or rendered irksome, in consequence of the unwholesome nature of their regular occupation. Thus tailors are condemned to a very scanty share indeed of existence, on account of the position in which they are fixed during so many hours of the day. No one has ever seen a plump or rosy tailor: in Leeds, out of twenty-two of these workmen, not one attained the age of sixty! two had passed fifty; and of the remainder not one had attained the age of forty. Stultz, the famous London tailor, kept in permanent employment in 1830, no less than 334 men. Of these, six were above sixty, fourteen about fifty, and the rest about forty. Three of those above sixty had curvature of the spine. Without entering into details, which would carry us much beyond a reasonable length, we may say gene-

rally that the greatest destruction of life, which the labouring population is condemned to, takes place—First, in that class whose employments are carried on in an atmosphere confined and impure; Secondly, in that whose employments produce a dust or vapour, injurious to life, through the medium of the lungs; Thirdly, in that whose employments injure or annoy, by acting on the skin externally; Fourthly, in that whose business exposes them to the action of moisture or steam; Fifthly, in the class which is continually acted on by a high temperature, or quick successions of a hot and cold atmosphere. Alas! how few of the working population are exempted from the lot which is common to all these classes of operatives. The feeling mind is scared by the consideration of the many thousands, who are annually devoted untimely to the grave by reason of the injuries which they sustain, not from any cause arising out of their own vices or infirmities, but in the course of the most virtuous and heroic industry. Who that can contemplate such an extensive waste of life—who that can see falling around him every day, the youth, that, in a natural state of things, should have survived to old age, in order to maintain the due balance between the various classes of the body politic; who, we repeat, that witnesses such evils, but must feel the strongest impulse to find out the means of removing, or even checking their progress? One sample of the effects of certain occupations on the lives of the workmen, must suffice for the present. We take it from the statement of Dr. Knight, of Sheffield, whose opportunities of thoroughly knowing the nature of the diseases of which he speaks, we believe to be altogether unrivalled. "From 1817 to 1830," says that learned and humane physician, "I have admitted and discharged 250 grinders. In order to institute a comparison betwixt them and other artificers, I have taken indiscriminately and consecutively 250 other patients, excluding from the list grinders, boys under fourteen years of age, and females, in order that the two classes may correspond as nearly as possible with respect to age, sex, and condition in life. This second class consists chiefly of tailors, saw makers, stove grate makers, cutlers, turners, comb makers, file cutters, masons, joiners, chair makers, edge tool makers, scissor smiths, labourers, hafters, shoemakers, strikers, colliers, stone getters, warehousemen, moulders, painters, mill wrights, cotton weavers, itinerants, stampers, riveters, bricklayers, nailors, watchmen, maltsters, forgemen, type founders, button makers, platers, whitesmiths, corders, spinners, rope makers, casters, polishers, wheelwrights, ostlers, saddlers, silver refiners, chain makers, bone cutters, wire drawers, sail makers, curriers, barbers, soldiers, &c. Out of 250 grinders, 154 were cases in which the respiratory organs were affected. Out of 250 patients of the second class, only fifty-six had pulmonary complaints; and the difference in the results of these cases will be found to be as great as the difference in their numbers.

	Cured.	*Relieved.*	*Not relvd.*	*Non att.*	*Own desire.*	*Dead.*	*Total*
Grinders...	33	66	16	21	5	13	154
Second class	6	28	9	9	3	1	56

"The following tabular view of the relative ages of these two classes of patients, will tend to shew the comparative shortness of the grinder's life:—

	Grinders.	*Second class.*
Above thirty years of age	124	140
Above thirty-five do.	83	118
Above forty do.	40	92
Above forty-five do.	24	70
Above fifty do.	10	56
Above fifty-five do.	4	34
Above sixty do.	1	16"

But there is still an important class in the state, who, from their number and mode of life, very considerably affect the standard of mortality. These are the shopkeepers—the dealers of all sorts—the single mechanics—who form the bulk of the population in most country towns. We have been greatly struck on looking over some of the returns belonging to the late census, to find how uniform a principle prevails with respect to one point, in the rates of mortality of the portion of the community now under consideration. It is well known that females are universally more numerous than males—and this majority in favour of the former we have no doubt may be traced to the effects of laborious occupation in keeping down the numbers of the latter. So that we may establish it as a general rule, that in those districts where the males are employed in business in which females do not for the most part take an active and permanent share, there the latter will greatly prevail. Thus in Birmingham, where the nature of the employment is such as to admit of no co-operation from the ladies, we find that they exceed the amount of the males very considerably. According to the census of 1831, the proportions are, males 65,761—females 68,896. In the following towns, (which we select as being similar to Birmingham, in respect of the exemption of women from labour, whilst the male population is almost wholly devoted to active occupations), the superiority of the number of females over that of the males, is sufficiently remarkable. We beg to remind the reader, that our information is drawn from the very imperfect returns of the late census.

	Males.	Females.		Males.	Females.
South Shields	3,903	5,171	Liverpool	76,626	88,549
Stoke on Trent	25,766	27,020	Newark	4,494	5,047
Tynemouth	10,560	14,218	Plymouth	13,499	17,581
Whitehaven	4,758	6,635	Portsmouth and Portsea	20,039	26,243
Workington	2,639	3,776			

In all those places the chief part of the laborious business is ex-

clusively confined to males, and we find therefore that they are in numbers far below the scale of the females. But a very different scene presents itself if we direct our attention to those places where the females do unfortunately participate in the active vocations of the males. Here we shall find the ladies entirely deprived of their numerical superiority, and submitting to the same severe law of mortality, which in similar circumstances the stoutest males could not resist. For instance, in Macclesfield the females amount to only 12,124, whilst the males are 11,005;—at Kidderminster the males are 7,433, the females 7,548;—at Bradford, males 11,350, females 11,873;—at Huddersfield, males 15,648, females 15,393. At Preston the numbers were pretty equal in 1821; but in 1831, the ladies obtained a triumphant majority, being a force of 17,421 to 15,691 of the opposite sex.

That the ladies are peculiarly attached to watering places, is attested by the following facts:—

Population of	Brighton—Females	22,418	Males 18,216
	Cheltenham	12,889	10,053
	Bath	22,476	15,587
	Hastings	5,431	4,666
	Southampton	10,679	8,645

It is very curious, but it seems to be substantially true, that the rotten boroughs have been all nearly deserted by the fair sex. There is nothing like the same proportion of ladies in them as compared with the males, that we observe, in most other places. We take a few examples—

	Males.	Females.		Males.	Females
Boroughbridge	490	460	Heytesbury	776	769
Bramber	110	84	St. Germains	995	919

We think that the ladies also exhibit, in the choice of their places of residence, a very natural preference for the delights of a town. It is quite remarkable, for instance, that in Durham town the number of females should be 5,152 to 4,117 males; whereas if we proceed to its suburbs, we find that the number is nearly the same as that of the men. In the town of Windsor, the females are 3,213, the males 2,916: but in the delightful suburbs we find the ladies amounting to no more than 1,297, whilst the gentlemen are 1,235. In Montgomery and Great Yarmouth, there is a perfect equality between the numbers of each sex.

We have now brought forward a number of facts connected with the state of our population and its rate of mortality, which we are sure must be admitted to be highly interesting. We have shown that with a view to the general history of our species, but still more with reference to the possible amelioration of the great and increasing sufferings of large communities, that claim our sympathies as countrymen, this great subject may engage the legislature with some hope of a beneficial result. To this end our wishes and exertions are wholly directed.

ART. III.—1. *An Address to the House of Peers.* By a Whig Reformer. 8vo. pp. 17. London: Ridgway, 1831.

2. *Lord Brougham's eloquent Speech on Reform, delivered in the House of Lords, October 7, on the second reading of the Reform Bill.* 8vo. London: Harding, 1831.

THE vague apprehensions which for the last twelve months have been floating in the minds of all men, the fears of approaching change of no ordinary character, in fact of a great and wide-spreading revolution, have at length been realized. Here we are at this moment embarked upon the troublous sea of domestic commotion, engaged in a real civil war, carried on indeed without the instrumentality of arms, because the time for physical force has altogether passed away, that being the agent of the least possible power in the present condition of England: but carried on by means of speeches in parliament on one side, and by speeches, resolutions, addresses, and petitions, emanating from tremendous and unprecedented congregations of the people on the other, aided by the perpetual and well applied reasonings of the best-conducted press in the world. The whole country is up in the moral artillery of its indignation; every man has become an agitator; unions are in course of organization in every part of the three kingdoms, and a real revolution has already commenced, to end, heaven alone knows how and when.

For all this, whom have we to thank? That most unfortunate majority of the House of Lords, which on the morning of the 8th of October issued a proclamation of war against the people! For a war it is and must be, inasmuch as the non-reforming peers have unanimously clung to the very principle, which is most odious and intolerable in the eyes of the people, that of retaining the rotten boroughs, and still continuing the unjust and unconstitutional interference of the peers in the formation of the House of Commons. Lord Wharncliffe, who commenced the battle upon the part of the opposition, after saying that he did not defend the nomination system, still evinced his anxiety to retain it; and it was with a view to the perpetuation of this abominable system, that he characterized the bill as a bill for the subversion of the monarchy, and the destruction of the House of Lords! Yet this was the bill to which the whole united people of the country looked up, as the best palladium of their liberties. The Earl of Mansfield had the temerity, the reckless folly, to suggest that the bill should be rejected in the manner most insulting to the House of Commons and the people, namely, by a pure and simple vote, unaccompanied with any declaration as to the necessity of reform, and without referring to any plan which might be adopted. Nor can this mad advice be imputed to the idiotcy of that noble lord alone, for it was received with loud cheers by his party. Even Lord Winchilsea, who not long since

stated in the face of the country that he was determined to support his Majesty's present ministers, and their reform bill, swerved from the manly and generous course which he had prescribed for himself, and declared against the people. Some reform, indeed, he thought necessary. Forsooth, *many* of the decayed boroughs might, he conceived, be got rid of with advantage, but in what manner? Not by disfranchising them, but giving to each of them, with some few, perhaps two or three exceptions, one member! To three or four of the great unrepresented towns he would also assign a definite number of members, but to such places as Woolwich, Greenwich, Finsbury, the great parishes of Mary-le-bone, St. Pancras, and other parishes in London, though several of these count a population of more than 120,000 inhabitants, and contain at least as much property, man for man, as either Manchester, Birmingham, or Leeds, he would give no representative at all. To do any such thing would be, in his opinion, to carry reform to a most pernicious extent. The 10*l.* qualification he looked upon as altogether inadmissible, and in fact, though he seems to mix a good deal in the world, he knows so little of the real sentiments of the people, as to have made up his mind to the belief, that they might be very easily cajoled by a mock reform! Never was a man more mistaken.

One of the most candid, and, we may add, by far the most able of the opponents of the bill, the Earl of Harrowby, went so far as to say that it ought to be rejected, simply because the measure which it embraced had received the approbation of the people. To be sure he did not use the phrase *the* people, for, like other noble lords upon his side of the House, he appears to have persuaded himself that the people are not unanimous upon the subject, and that only certain classes of the people were in favour of the bill. We will not say that this was a voluntary self-deception, because we are confident that his lordship has too much of sterling honesty and honour in his breast, to shut his eyes to facts that stare him in the face. But he has been for fifteen months living in retirement in Switzerland, or rather we believe at Nice, and his ignorance of the opinions of the people may be pardoned. At the same time, we can find no excuse for the insulting tone of the sentiment which he uttered, when he expressed his opinion "that the satisfaction with which the bill had been received by certain classes of the people, would not be the best recommendation of the measure to their lordships." Why not, we ask? Why, because the noble lord disdains the wishes of the people, and with true aristocratical scorn, puts them aside as unworthy of his attention. He has, perhaps, by this time been taught a different lesson. We should not be surprised to find this very peer, who stated that he looked upon the bill as one which no alteration of details could justify the House in passing into a law, shortly imploring the same House to accept it with all its supposed defects, and to accept it too in

the most gracious manner. We should not be in the least degree astonished to see Lord Harrowby among the first of his order, to persuade the peers for their own safety, and for the preservation of their lives and properties, to receive and sign as a treaty of peace, this very bill, "the bare proposal of which" he lately designated as a great mischief!

As to the Duke of Wellington, it will soon become of little consequence whether his vote be given for or against the people. He has utterly lost his character as a statesman, in the late debates. All the world knows, that a year ago he resigned his office of prime minister, because, by his most unnecessary, and most uncalled for declaration against reform of any description, or to any degree, he raised against his cabinet a sudden and violent storm, with which it was unable, even for a day, to contend. All the principles of his political life, down to that period, were of an anti-reform character, for his concession of the Catholic claims was a violation of his principles, and was extorted from him by the menacing attitude of Ireland. And yet, when he delivered his sentiments upon the second reading of the reform bill, he had the hardihood to assert, that his famous declaration against reform, his celebrated eulogy upon the actual constitution of the legislature, a constitution so perfect, that he, if he were to devise one, could never hope to equal, much less to excel it in any respect, were both pronounced by him, not as the Duke of Wellington, but as a minister of the crown! "As a minister of the crown," he says, "I conceived that I was bound to resist all projects of parliamentary reform." Take him at his word, and would it not follow, that if he meant to act with consistency, were he minister of the crown again, he must be equally opposed to any measure of that description? But he is not, thank God! invested with any office at this moment, which might be supposed to infuse into his mind the anti-reforming spirit; and what do the people gain by his personal opinions, as distinguished from those which he announced as minister? He spoke, we suppose, in the late debates, as Duke of Wellington, though perhaps he may hereafter turn round and say, that he spoke not in his individual character, but as the leader of the anti-reform party! It is difficult to catch such a political Proteus as this, and chain him to any principle whatever. We all remember how he deprecated the idea of seeking to be prime minister, an idea which he avowed, it would be nothing short of *madness* in him to entertain, inasmuch as he felt himself to be utterly incompetent to discharge all the duties connected with that high office; and yet, to the amazement of mankind, this very act of madness he soon after perpetrated, and became prime minister, and attempted to do many of the things for which he had proclaimed himself incompetent! Then what were his sentiments as Duke of Wellington? Were they a whit more favourable to the people, than his declaration as minister of the crown? "This bill," said he, "violates both the principles and practice of the constitution." "It

would create a *fierce* democratic constituency, and therefore *fierce* democratic representatives." "It would establish a *wild* democracy, a complete democratic assembly under the name of a House of Commons." And are the people to expect any thing even less fierce, less wild, less democratic, from his grace's hands? No such thing. He had nothing to offer in place of the bill himself, and he besought the lords, who were of his party, "in deciding upon this bill, not to pledge themselves to any other which might be proposed." Such a course as this, is any thing but the course of a statesman, or of a pacificator, and he may depend upon it, that any measure which he may hereafter propose, short of the bill which he rejected, will be flung back into his face, without the slightest ceremony, by the people. They are not to be insulted with impunity, even by the victor of Waterloo.

There is a sort of a peer in the house, who has gained some reputation, we hardly know how, for wit and eloquence, who some time ago was titled Lord Dudley and Ward; but soon after he became minister for foreign affairs, as the *locum tenens* of Mr. Canning, was promoted, for no services that we have ever heard of, to the dignity of Earl Dudley. There is, we believe, no Countess Dudley, but it is understood that the noble lord is not without a family; that he is very wealthy; mingles in his common conversations the slang of the fancy with quotations from the classics; and has as small a portion in him of the dignity of the statesman, the tact of the diplomatist, or the wisdom of the legislator, as poor Lord Kenyon himself, who is agreed upon all hands to be the very paragon of an aristocratic fool; the *ne plus ultra* of titled obtuseness. We had thought, when we read the Duke of Wellington's speech, and considered the many phrases which he used in order to condemn the democratic tendency of the bill, that he could not possibly be surpassed in that tone of invective, by any succeeding peer. But Earl Dudley shewed that we were wrong, for he maintained that the bill would establish "something beyond a republic—a democracy which would soon swallow up the monarchy and the peerage." Certainly, if the existence of the peerage depend upon the preservation of the rotten boroughs, as Earl Dudley seems to think, the sooner it is swallowed up, or got rid of in some way or other, the better. We can tell the noble lord, that the people of this country do not want, and will no longer endure, a peerage which has already swallowed up so large a portion of their rights and privileges, and has been for centuries preying upon the very vitals of their prosperity. As to the monarchy, so long as its prerogatives are wielded by such individuals as William IV.—a prince who has truly, frankly, and bravely performed all his duties by his people, and who will persevere in that noble career, as long as he lives—the monarchy will be worshipped as the most sacred, and the most useful portion of our constitution. It will be the best source of peace, and liberty, and security, to which the people can look in times of commotion; in times of

tranquillity, they will regard it as the brightest ornament of their country, nearly connected with all their associations of national pride, and the mirror of their own majesty. Upon this point, therefore, we consider Lord Dudley's apprehensions as simply ridiculous.

There is about the Marquis of Londonderry a gleam of talent, though, unhappily, it is mixed up so much with admiration for the name of his late brother, than whom he thinks a wiser or a greater statesman never lived; and with a personal infirmity of mind which leads him to believe that he himself is, or ought to be, the first man in the country, that his real worth becomes lost in our wonder at the eccentric capers in which he frequently indulges. This curious peer had the courage to reject the bill upon the ground that "it robbed people of their vested rights, and subverted every institution in the country." This is indeed placing the nomination system upon high grounds. Vested rights forsooth! We should like to see by what title any English peer can claim under the constitution, the right of sending members to the House of Commons, for any one of the boroughs which they now hold in their hands! They can have no right of the kind, though we too well know that they exercise the power of nomination to a formidable extent. If they can have no right of this description, it would be whimsical to suppose that they can have any vested interest worth the slightest respect, in that which cannot legally exist. We should like, moreover, to see a list of the institutions (the noble lord says every institution in the country) which the bill attempted to subvert. Did it make any inroad upon the trial by jury, the first and greatest institution we know of, and the bulwark of all the rest? Did it subvert the press? Did it trench upon the courts of equity and common law? Did it even touch those grand nuisances, the spiritual courts of the provinces of Canterbury and York? Did it take away a soldier from the army, or so much as a rope from the navy? Did it destroy either of the universities? These, assuredly, are properly enumerated among the institutions of the country, and yet the bill passed them by altogether. The assertion of the noble marquis is, therefore, a mere gratuitous piece of declamation, resorted to, we really believe, less for the purpose of argument, than for that of giving a sounding termination to a sentence.

We were particularly amused by the manner in which Lord Haddington treated the grave question, upon which were suspended the destinies of the whole empire. "He had *almost*," he said, "made up his mind to vote for the second reading," but, oh most lame and impotent conclusion! he could not help allowing "things to remain as they were." What a pity it was that this vacillating peer could not screw up his courage to the sticking place! We confess that we have a much greater respect for the straightforward and manly declaration of Lord Falmouth, who "could not persuade himself that the bill was capable of being converted by any metamorphosis into a safe or proper measure." The world, perhaps,

has forgotten, but we reviewers, being bound to have good memories, have not yet lost sight of a long poem entitled "The Moor," published some years ago by Lord Porchester. Though it wanted the artist-like touch of a master, that composition displayed some genius, and obtained for his lordship a considerable degree of reputation, upon which, we regret to add, he has not since at all improved. We own that we were rather surprised at the time, at the appearance of that work from the hands of any member of Lord Caernarvon's family, as we had not the least idea that it had ever distinguished itself in literature, or made the slightest pretensions to the poetical character. But the late debate undeceived us upon this, as well as upon many other points, for we found that unless Lord Porchester wrote his father's speech for him, the faculty of imagination, and of manufacturing metaphors in infinite variety, must have been transmitted to him by the same hereditary process, which will one day entitle him to a peerage. We certainly never read of so many whirlwinds and storms, as the noble lord contrived to summon up from the "vasty deep" of his brain, in the course of his most extraordinary oration. It was one of the most drunken appeals to the passions, that ever was heard in that house, and yet the whole object of it was to shew that the people were drunk with the fumes of this bill. The noble peer seemed anxious to refer the consideration of the measure from "Philip drunk to Philip sober," and yet every argument he uttered, every phrase he used in the excited strains which he poured forth, was calculated to throw every possible impediment in the way of Philip ever becoming sober again, and in fact to render him ten times more drunk and more frenzied in his indignation than he ever was before. "The measure," said he, "now proposed, would lead to a republic more dreadful than that which had been established in France,"—that is to say, it would make us in the first place murder our beloved king, hang, draw and quarter as many of the nobles as we could catch, exile the rest, confiscate their properties, desecrate the temples of religion, cut off the heads of some millions of our fellow subjects, drown as many more in the river Thames, or the neighbouring sea, and place the reins of our government in the hands of a succession of Robespierres! The man who took it upon himself so to characterize a bill, brought forward with the sanction of his Majesty, of Earl Grey, and the Lord Chancellor, must, we should very much fear, have been at the time in the condition in which Philip was, when he was not sober.

We cannot conjecture to what mood of mind Lord Wynford—the amiable, good tempered, polished, and very learned (especially in Scotch law,) Lord Wynford—had attained, when he spoke of the bill as having originated in a "base cry for reform." Here is a man very recently raised from amongst the people, raised by the mere personal favour of the late king, without a shadow of sterling merit to justify such a proceeding. At the bar, Mr. Serjeant Best was

never deemed any thing more than a warm advocate; as a lawyer he never cut any figure. He was elevated to the bench through the same favour which gave him the peerage, he having happened to serve the Prince of Wales in some capacity, which we now forget. His temper, however, was found, after repeated trials, to be utterly inconsistent, not only with the dignity of the bench, but with his duties as a judge. The scenes which occurred between him and an eminent practitioner in the Court of Common Pleas, are too well remembered to need description. The court was almost abandoned by the public, and it was found essentially necessary to invite, or at least to encourage, his lordship to retire upon a pension. But the indulgence of the late king covered the retiring judge with the mantle of the peerage, and it was said at the time, that he was to take a very active part in the business of the privy council. This was given out by way of excuse, for allowing him to withdraw from the bench before he had served the usual number of years. Well, to the privy council he went; he was wholly unacquainted with colonial and Indian law, but he was resolved to be very industrious. He filled his library with books upon these branches of professional learning, and it is even said that some very curious treatises upon the laws of the Medes and the Persians, of the Chinese and those who dwell in the islands of the eastern Archipelago, are to be found in his collection. Unhappily, he spent so much time in collecting and arranging his books, that he found no time for reading them, and the knowledge which they contained remained to him in such dead letters, that he was either invited or encouraged to give up the legal presidency of the privy council, which for a time he had assumed. Well, he still could not be idle, so he would hear appeals in the House of Lords, and above all others he gave a decided preference to Scotch appeals, it being notorious that he had never, when at the bar, any practice in that peculiar department of the profession. The consequence was that he fell into some very odd mistakes, one of which was so singular in its consequences, that the Lord Chancellor was obliged to bring in a bill within the last month, for the purpose of rectifying a blunder which Lord Wynford made in one of his judgments! Now this is the man who dares to tell the people of England that their universal demand for reform was a "base cry!" Nay, he had the hardihood to say in substance, that the people were a very respectable, good kind of people enough, but that there were some matters "not suited to their capacities and stations," and that he would not trust them with "rights which they were not capable of exercising." By a retributive fatality, mischievous men sometimes furnish weapons for their own destruction. The language which this mushroom baron, this ex-chief-justice, ex-lord-president of the privy council, and ex-judge of Scotch appeals, has applied by way of reproach to the people, is precisely the language that best describes his own condition. He has found to his mortification, that there were indeed

some matters "not suited to his capacity," and the people have found to their dismay, that he has been too often trusted with "rights which he was not capable of exercising." And to his imputation that the cry for reform was a "base cry," we answer, that his vote against reform was a "base vote." So much for Baron Wynford.

Old Eldon we pass by out of pure pity. He is in his dotage, and nothing that he says can either excite surprise, or do harm. The poor old garrulous man gave a history of his rise from a very humble station, to the first honours of the state, and expressed himself much pleased with the idea, that he is held out by many fathers as an example to the young men of England. One would expect that such a successful adventurer as this, might display some little attachment to the liberties of the people, from amongst whom he sprung. But, on the contrary, he was the most violent of all the faction against reform. Sorry indeed should we be to hold out such a man as this as an example to our children. There are two ways of getting to the top of a pyramid. The eagle rests upon it in his flights to the region of the sun; the worm crawls to it in its search after food. Lord Eldon rose to the honours of the state upon the ruins of national freedom. It was by prosecuting the press, and the men who, at the close of the last century, asserted the liberties of the country, that he obtained distinction; to him we owe many bad laws against popular rights, some of which still disgrace our statute books; and to his uniform resistance against concessions of any kind, we are, in a great measure, indebted for the dangerous agitation which now prevails throughout the country. He, forsooth, an example to the youth of England! God forbid! We trust that they will look a great deal higher, and never follow the slimy track of an Eldon, while they can imitate the towering career of a Brougham.

Lord Lyndhurst is a clever man; but he showed upon the Catholic question that he can be equally clever upon either side of an argument, and that circumstances (personal, not political, circumstances) determine the side which he is to take on any given subject. We have no doubt that if he had remained chancellor under Lord Grey, he would have made a better speech in favour of the bill than he pronounced against it. He has long since lost all character for sincerity; his pompous manner and sonorous voice have all the marks of hypocrisy. It is a great pity that he is not a bishop.

Cumberland had not the manliness to speak his sentiments upon this occasion: he left that task to his silly cousin of Gloucester, who echoed the oft-repeated phrases "pregnant with mischief, and leading to the overthrow of the state."

Although three or four of the episcopal lords gave no vote upon the second reading of the bill, yet they must be considered as agreeing in the sentiments expressed, not in his own name alone, but in that of the whole of the right reverend bench, by the Arch-

bishop of Canterbury, when he said, that the measure was "mischievous in its tendency, and dangerous to the fabric of the constitution." Thus it will be seen, that all the opponents of the bill, to use the words of Lord Plunket, were "unanimous in the adoption of principles and arguments which equally applied against every kind of reform." It is true, that since the anger of the whole country blazed forth, as it were in one flame, against the decision of the lords, two or three peers, Wharncliffe, Harrowby, and Haddington, alarmed at the consequences of their own counsels, have come forward with propositions of a modified nature; but even these half measures have received no countenance from the faction opposed to the people, and therefore do we say, that a difference in principle exists between the people and a majority of the House of Lords, which can only be terminated through the medium of some strong operations. What those operations ought to be, we shall now fearlessly point out, as we are convinced that the period has arrived, for every friend of his country to make such suggestions, as to him may seem most conducive to its welfare.

What are the People to do? They should in the first place petition for, and insist upon, the exclusion for ever from the House of Peers of the whole of the lords spiritual, without exception, who now enjoy seats in that branch of the legislature. It is well known that twenty-six archbishops and bishops sit for England, and four for Ireland; making in the whole a number of votes, which, if they had been on the side of the people, would have secured the success of the bill. Twenty-one bishops voted against the bill, and with the exception of two (Norwich and Chichester) who were for the bill, the remainder voted neither personally nor by proxy; but the latter are just as much to be blamed as if they had voted against the bill, for he who is not for the people, on such an occasion as this, is against them. Nor do we propose any thing new in making this suggestion. It appears from the history of parliament, that although Edward I. summoned to parliament twenty bishops, and forty-eight abbots, he put the clergy altogether out of his protection, when they refused to grant him an aid. That was a prince not to be trifled with; for when, upon another occasion, he determined on limiting the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical judges, and the clergy were much discontented thereupon, he sent Sir John Havering to the monk's hall, at Westminster, where they were assembled, with the following pithy message:—"Reverend fathers! If any of you dare to contradict the king's demand in this business, let him stand forth into the midst of this assembly, that his person may be known and taken notice of, as a breaker of the peace of the kingdom." "At which speech," says the historian, "they all sat silent, and made no opposition to the king's demand." In the early part of the seventeenth year of the reign of Charles I. (1641), the Commons passed a bill "for restraining the bishops, and others in holy orders, from intermeddling in secular affairs;" the principal

object of which was to prevent them from voting in parliament. The following extracts, from the speech delivered in the House of Lords, in the committee upon that bill, by Lord Say and Seel, may not be deemed uninteresting at this moment.

"They are called to preach the Gospel, and set apart to the work of the ministry: and the Apostle saith, 'who is sufficient for these things?' showing that this requireth the whole man, and all is too little. Therefore, for them to seek or take other offices, which shall require and tie them to employ their time and studies in the affairs of this world, will draw a guilt upon them as being inconsistent with that which God doth call them and set them apart unto. In this respect our Saviour hath expressly prohibited it, telling his Apostles, 'that they should not lord it over their brethren, nor exercise jurisdiction over them,' as was used in civil government among the heathens. These were called gracious lords, and exercised jurisdiction as lords over others; and sure they might lawfully do so, but, to the ministers of the Gospel, our Saviour gives this rule, 'It shall not be so among you.' And, in another place he saith, 'He that putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back,' (to the things of this world) 'is not fit for the kingdom of God;' that is the preaching of the Gospel, as it is usually called.—To be thus withdrawn by entangling themselves with the affairs of this life, by the necessity and duty of an office received from men, from the discharge of that office which God hath called them into, brings a woe upon them. 'Woe unto me,' saith the Apostle, 'if I preach not the Gospel.' What doth he mean? If I preach not once a quarter, or once a year, in the King's chapel? No; he himself interpreteth it; 'preach the word; be instant, in season and out of season; rebuke, exhort, or instruct, with all long suffering and doctrine.'—He that hath an office must attend upon his office, especially this of the ministry."

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"Their proper excellency is spiritual; the denial of the world, with the pomp and preferments and employments thereof. This they should teach and practice: but when they, contrary hereunto, seek after a worldly excellency, like the great men of the world, and to rule and domineer as they do, contrary to our Saviour's precept, 'It shall not be so amongst you;' instead of honour and esteem, they have brought upon themselves, in the hearts of the people, that contempt and odium which they now lie under; and that justly and necessarily, because the world seeth that they prefer a worldly excellency, and run after it, and contend for it, before their own; which being spiritual, is far more excellent; and which, being proper to the ministry, is that alone which will put a value and esteem upon them that are of that calling. As these things hurt themselves in their consciences and credit, so have they made, and, if they be continued, still will make them hurtful to others; the reason is, because they break out of their own orb, and move irregularly, there is a curse upon their leaving of their own place. The heavenly bodies, while they keep within their own spheres, give light and comfort to the world; but if they should break out, and fall from their regular and proper motions, they would set the world on fire; so have these done. While they keep themselves to the work of their ministry alone, and gave themselves to prayer, and the ministry of the word, according to the example of the apostles, the world

received the greatest benefits by them; they were the light and life thereof; but when their ambition cast them down, like stars from heaven to earth, and they did grow, once, to be advanced above their brethren, I do appeal to all who have been versed in the ancient ecclesiastical stories, or modern histories, whether they have not been the common incendiaries of the Christian world."

In reading these passages, one would think that the noble peer cast a kind of prophetic glance at the times in which we live. He then goes on to contend, and very justly to contend, that "seats in parliament are not invested in the bishops by blood, and so hereditary; but by annexation of a barony to their office, and depending upon that office; so that they may be deprived of their office, and thereby of their places, at the king's pleasure." "And therefore," he continues, "as they were all excluded by Edward I., as long as he pleased, and laws made *excluso clero*, so may they be by any king, at his pleasure, in like manner." While the lords were debating this bill, they shewed a decided tendency to strike out of it some of its most essential enactments; and in consequence, Sir Edward Dering brought in what he called "a very short, but a very sharp bill, for the *utter abolition* of bishops, deans, prebendaries," &c. In the mean time, conferences were held between the two Houses upon the objections taken by the Lords to the former bill, to which objections the Commons returned the following answer:—

"1. That it was a very great hindrance to the exercise of their ministerial functions.—2. Because they do vow and undertake at their ordination, when they enter into Holy Orders, that they will give themselves wholly to that vocation.—3. Because Councils and Canons, in several ages, do forbid them to meddle with secular affairs.—4. Because the twenty-four bishops have a dependency upon the two archbishops, and because of their oath of canonical obedience to them.—5. Because they are but for their lives, and therefore unfit to have a legislative power over the honours, inheritance, persons, and liberty of others.—6. Because of bishops' dependences and expectances, of translations to places of greater profit.—7. That several bishops have, of late, much incroached upon the consciences and properties of the subjects; and they and their successors will be much encouraged still to encroach, and the subjects will be much discouraged from complaining against such encroachments, when they are judges of those complaints. The same reason extends to their legislative power, in any bill to pass for the regulation of their power, upon any emergent inconveniency by it.—8. Because the whole number of them is interested to maintain the jurisdiction of bishops; which hath been found so grievous to the three kingdoms, that Scotland hath utterly abolished it, and multitudes in England and Ireland have petitioned against it.—9. Because the bishops being lords of Parliament, it setteth too great distance between them and the rest of their brethren in the ministry; which occasioneth pride in them, discontent in others, and disquiet in the church.—As to their having votes a long time since; the answer is, If convenient, time and usage are not to be considered with law-makers; some abbots voted in parliament as antient as bishops, yet are taken away."

Ultimately, the Lords rejected the bill by a large majority, a call of the House having been made on the occasion. But Sir Edward Dering's much more extensive bill, made rapid progress in the House of Commons; its preamble was couched in these expressive terms:—"Whereas, the government of the church of England, by archbishops, bishops, their chancellors and commissaries, deans, archdeacons, and other ecclesiastical officers, hath been found by long experience, to be a great impediment to the perfect reformation and growth of religion, and very prejudicial to the civil state and government of this kingdom," &c. By way of distinguishing it from the former bill, called the "restraining" bill, this was called the "root and branch bill." We shall present the reader with a single extract from the debate in the Lower House upon this decisive measure, the bare proposal of which goes to prove, that when moderate reforms are refused, they are generally followed, in this country, by demands of a much more sweeping character.

Sir Harry Vane.—"For my own part, I am of opinion of those who conceive, that the strength of reason, already set down in the preamble to this bill by yesterday's vote, is a necessary decision of this question: for one of the main ends for which government is set up, is to advance and further the perfect reformation and growth of religion, which we have already voted this government doth contradict: so that it is destructive to the very end for which it should be, and is, most necessary and desirable; in which respect, certainly, we have cause enough to lay it aside, not only as useless, in that it attains not its end; but as dangerous, in that it destroys and contradicts it.—In the second place, we have voted it prejudical to the civil state: as having so ill and so powerful an influence upon our laws, the prerogative of the king, and liberties of the subject, that it is like a spreading leprosy, which leaves nothing untainted and uninfected which it comes near. May we not therefore well say of this government, as our Saviour speaks of salt, (give me leave upon this occasion to make use of Scripture, as well as others have done in this debate) where it is said that salt is good; 'but if the salt hath lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.' So church government, in the general, is good, and that which is necessary, and which we all desire; but when any particular form of it hath once lost its savour, by being destructive to its own ends for which it is set up, (as by our vote already passed, we say this hath) then surely, sir, we have no more to do but to cast it out; and endeavour, the best we can, to provide ourselves a better."

This bill also fell to the ground: the account given of its failure by Lord Clarendon (who, as Mr. Hyde, was the constant chairman of the committee on the bill) is curious and amusing. It was debated for nearly twenty days, "they only who prosecuted the bill with impatience, remaining in the house; and the others who abhorred it, growing weary of so tiresome an attendance, left the house at dinner time, and afterwards followed their pleasures; so that the Lord Falkland was wont to say, 'That they who hated the bishops, hated them worse than the devil; and that they who loved

them, did not love them so well as their dinner!" The king having resolved to go to Scotland, the bill was of necessity dropped, and was not renewed until towards the close of the year 1641, when (October 23) a "bill to disable the clergy from exercising any temporal jurisdiction," * was passed by the House of Commons, and sent up to the Lords. As usual, the Lords demurred to the bill, and conferences between the two Houses followed. On one of these occasions, the Solicitor General (St. John) expressly stated it to be the sense of the whole House of Commons, "that the prelates have not so absolute a right of peerage for voting in parliament, as the temporal lords have out of parliament. This appears, by that instance of highest consequence, that they are not triable by their peers for their lives; but by an ordinary jury. In parliament they have no vote on judgment of blood, life, or member: but if their peerage were so inherent in them as it is in the temporal peers, no ecclesiastical canon could take it from them. Besides, in point of right, it hath been resolved by all the judges of England, 7th Hen. VIII., in Keilway's Reports, 'That the king may hold his parliament by the lords temporal and commons, without calling of the bishops; and that upon several occasions concerning the Pope or themselves, the bishops have been excluded.'" He then mentions the instance already referred to, of Edward I. having held a parliament at Bury, from which the clergy were excluded, and by which several acts were made, that were never afterwards questioned. He adds that the same king held another parliament at Carlisle, at which several

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The following is a copy of this bill:—"Whereas Bishops and other persons in Holy Orders, ought not to be entangled with secular jurisdiction, the office of the ministry being of such great importance that it will take up the whole man: and for that it is found, by long experience, that their intermeddling with secular jurisdiction hath occasioned great mischief and scandal both to church and state; his Majesty, out of his religious care of the church, and the souls of his people, is graciously pleased, that it may be enacted, and, by the authority of these presents, be it enacted, That no Archbishops or Bishops, or any other person that now is, or hereafter shall be, in Holy Orders, shall, at any time after the 10th day of November, 1641, have any suffrage or vote, or use or execute any power or authority, in the parliament of this realm, nor shall be of the privy council of his Majesty, his heirs or successors, or justices of the peace of oyer and terminer, or gaol delivery, or execute any temporal authority by virtue of any commission; but shall be wholly disabled and be incapable to have, receive, use, or execute any of the said offices, places, powers, authorities, and things aforesaid. And be it further enacted, That from and after the said 10th of November, all acts which shall be done by any Archbishops or Bishops, or other persons whatsoever in Holy Orders, and all and every suffrage, or vote given or delivered by them, or any other thing done by them, or any of them, contrary to the purport and true meaning of this present act, shall be utterly void to all intents, constructions, and purposes."

acts were passed by the authority of the king, earls, barons, and other nobles, and the commons *only*. He mentions also several other instances of similar parliaments being held, *excluso clero*, by Edward III. and Richard II. There are in print acts made in the reign of the latter, commencing in these words,—"Our lord, the king, by the advice and common assent of all the lords temporal, and commons, being in this parliament assembled, hath ordained," &c. The bishops, however, were utterly insensible to these arguments; even the Irish rebellion had no effect upon them; nevertheless they had already become so odious to the people generally, that they were actually deterred from attending in the House of Lords, and on the 30th of December, in the same year (1641), they sent a protest, through the king, to the House of Lords, in which, amongst other things, they set forth, that they had "lately been at several times, violently menaced, affronted, and assaulted, by multitudes of people, in their coming to perform their service in that honourable house; and lately chased away and put in danger of their lives." They therefore protested against all laws passed in their forced absence from the House. This singular document was immediately communicated to the House of Commons, who resolved to accuse the twelve bishops that signed it, of high treason, "for endeavouring to subvert the fundamental laws of the realm, and the very being of parliaments, manifested by preferring that petition and protestation; and to desire that they may be forthwith sequestered from parliament, and put into safe custody." Upon this resolution being reported to the Lords, they ordered the bishops to be brought to the House, and after being heard, they were all committed to the tower accordingly, with the exception of the two bishops of Durham and of Coventry and Lichfield, who, by reason of their great age, were only handed over to the custody of the black rod. The bishop of Winchester, who had not signed the protest, and who utterly disclaimed it in the House, was permitted for the present to retain his seat.

Meanwhile the bill for taking away the bishop's votes in the legislature made rapid progress through the House of Lords, and finally passed on the 5th of February, 1642, three bishops only, Winchester, Rochester, and Worcester, dissenting, the only spiritual lords besides the bishop of London who then sat in parliament. The king delayed his assent to this bill as long as he possibly could, but he at length gave it by commission on the 14th of the same month, when the lord keeper described the bill as one "for taking away the votes of the bishops out of the Lords' House, and exempting them from the trouble of other secular affairs: that so being reduced to their first and original institution, they may the better attend the gaining of souls to Heaven, by their frequent preaching and other divine offices proper to their function; a work much more excellent than their mingling in temporal business."

With respect to the bishops who were accused of high treason, we need only add, that after having been deprived by resolutions of the Commons of "the profits and issues of their temporal estates, freehold lands, and lands of inheritance, during their lives," they were liberated on bail.

In conformity with the law, the bishops remained excluded from parliament, not only during the period of the commonwealth, but even for some time after the restoration. They did not sit in the Convention Parliament, which assembled on the 25th of April, 1660, composed of the two Houses of Lords and Commons, and which was not dissolved until the 24th of December in the same year. Neither did they sit in the second parliament, commonly called the Pensionary Parliament, which assembled on the 8th of May, 1661, until the latter end of July, when a bill was passed, chiefly through the influence of Lord Clarendon, for restoring them to the benches which they formerly occupied.

Thus we may perceive that there is nothing at all unprecedented or novel, in petitioning for the exclusion of the bishops from the House of Lords; that in the elder days of the constitution they were shut out from the House by the simple order of the king, and in later times by an act of the legislature. The reasons which were alleged in support of that act still exist, and have received tenfold force from the late proceedings of the spiritual lords. For what have they done? They have decreed that the Commons' House of Parliament should not represent the people; that the nomination boroughs, which violate the first principles of the constitution, should still be continued in all their rottenness; that corruption, bribery, perjury, should still disgrace and demoralize the country, and all this they have done, in order that they may possess unto themselves a barrier against those reforms in the temporal establishment of the church, to which all rational men are intensely looking forward, and for which the whole empire will soon become clamorous. If, therefore, we be asked, "What will the people do?"—we answer, that what they ought to do first, and before all other things, is to present petitions in millions, if necessary, for the exclusion of all the bishops from the legislature. We do not except even the venerable Bishop of Norwich, or Dr. Maltby, the Bishop of Chichester, because we would act upon the general principle of the impropriety of ecclesiastical ministers mingling in secular affairs. If we be asked, are then the clergy not to be represented at all in parliament?—we answer, that they are already represented in the Commons, inasmuch as they vote at elections for the universities, for many corporations, and for various counties and other places, either as freeholders or inhabitant householders, and although even those privileges militate, in some degree, against our principle, yet, inasmuch as the exercise of them does not often recur, and cannot be seriously injurious to the general welfare, under a reformed system of franchise, they might be allowed to remain.

But is this *all* that "the people will have to do?" By no means. There are several other questions which they will still have to decide, and the first of these is, whether, in case any misfortune should occur affecting the life of the Princess Victoria before marriage and issue, the Duke of Cumberland should be suffered, after the vote he has given, to ascend the throne of England. The change of the right line of descent, in the royal family of this country, is very far from being a new measure. Such changes occurred on seven different occasions before the revolution of 1688; an eighth instance of a similar example was very near taking place, with respect to the Duke of York, afterwards James II.; and we all may remember that a project of the same kind was in contemplation, against the prince who last held that dukedom in this country, in consequence of the scandalous transactions which grew out of his connexion with Mrs. Clarke.

There is another subject which we should wish to touch with all imaginable delicacy, connected with the position in which the Duchess of Kent may be placed with relation to the Princess Victoria, in case heaven should afflict this nation with the greatest calamity that an affectionate people could sustain, by taking away from us the most excellent, the most patriotic, the best hearted, and the most beloved sovereign that ever held the sceptre of these kingdoms. It is known, or at least very strongly suspected, that the Duchess of Kent is unfriendly to the Reform Bill—nay, that she is exceedingly hostile to that measure; and that she refused, in consequence of the coolness to which her conduct with respect to it gave rise in a high quarter, to attend the coronation. At all events it is a fact, that her Royal Highness has not either directly or indirectly intimated any kind feeling towards a measure, which the united people of this country ardently desire, and unless some alteration should speedily be manifested in her sentiments upon this subject, it may be a question whether the late Regency Bill should not be repealed, and the name of the Duke of Sussex substituted for that of the widow of the Duke of Kent. There can be no doubt that such an alteration would receive the unanimous assent of the whole country. Her Royal Highness must moreover see, that, after the vote given by the Duke of Northumberland upon the bill, the continuance of his consort, as the preceptress of the heir presumptive to the throne, will be universally considered as highly objectionable.

These, and other questions of perhaps a still more important character, relating to the church and the national debt, must, however, be hereafter disposed of. At present our business is to pass the bill, and in order to do that we must exclude the bishops, for we cannot conceive any thing more unconstitutional, more disagreeable to the ancient peerage of this country, or more unacceptable even to the gentlemen who might benefit by the measure, than a creation of a batch of sixty, or, as some propose, a hundred new peers. We much doubt whether gentlemen of property adequate

to the maintenance of that elevated station, can be found, who will, under such circumstances, take the coronet, should it be offered to them. Who can deny that Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, are much more respectable as commoners, than if now, towards the decline of their lives, they were to be transformed into lords, and called by some new-fangled title, which it would take three or four years to enable us to identify with those old and staunch friends of the people? Will not their refusal of the peerage act upon the minds of other gentlemen of their rank and feelings? If men below the station of those distinguished patriots, and destitute of their dignified sentiments on this point, be called to the Upper House, will they add to the dignity and to the value of that branch of the legislature? We think not, and we are afraid, moreover, that if such a measure be adopted, founded though it be on bad precedents, it will lead to evils more disastrous than those which it would be intended to remedy. The true course is, the exclusion of the bishops, and the application to some few of the sensible peers who constituted the late majority, of those persuasives which sometimes are found to proceed from the knocking of a whole nation at their doors.

The people must continue their meetings; they must associate, not for the purpose of refusing the taxes, which would be of itself a high misdemeanour, and an act of gross ingratitude towards the existing government, which it would embarrass or dissolve, but for the purpose of securing the eventual enactment of the new Magna Charta of their liberties. This is a duty which they owe to themselves and to their children, to the state of which they are the firmest pillars, and, indeed, we might add, to the world at large, upon which their conduct must operate as a powerful example. For wherever, throughout the nations of the globe, the name of England has reached—and where exist the nations who have not trembled at that name?—there is the constitution of our government curiously examined—envied by the slave—applauded by the free: and every step we take towards rendering that constitution more popular, rouses the freeman to grasp the banner of his liberties with a more ardent courage, and stimulates the slave to break the chains that bind him to the earth, and sooner or later to assert for *his* country the privileges which we have the happiness to know how to appreciate, and the firm determination to enjoy.

Who does not perceive that the transformation of this bill into a law, will eventually put an end to abuses of every kind, whether of a local or a general character? Assuredly, then, no argument can be more treacherously false, than that which has represented this bill, as one calculated to confer no direct advantages upon the great mass of the community. Is it not directly calculated to rid them of their select vestries, and other local nests of corruption which swarm throughout the land, and thereby to diminish a profligate amount of expenditure, which, in addition to the king's

taxes, takes so much more than it ought to take out of the pockets of the people? Is it not directly calculated to constitute a popular House of Commons—a house which shall immediately emanate from the people, consult for their interests, save them from being taxed beyond their means, and preserve them from those wicked wars in which we have been hitherto engaged, less for the safety of the country than for the support of what has been called, at one time, the honour of the crown, which signifies only the family pride of the crown; at another time, the dignity of the nation, which signifies only the dignity of the peers, and of other persons concerned in the perpetuation of the aristocratical principle? For instance, if Louis XVI. had not been beheaded, and if the nobility of France had not been driven into exile at the time of the French revolution, is it to be supposed that George the Third and Mr. Pitt would ever have plunged England into that dreadful abyss of war, from which we have only been lately liberated, if liberated we have been, at the enormous ransom of 860 millions of pounds sterling? No. Our then king and our heaven-born prime minister of that day feared that similar proceedings might take place at home: when their neighbour's house was on fire, they trembled for their own, and the consequence has been that we are oppressed by a debt, which heaven alone knows how we are to pay. But if this Reform Bill, the principles of which Lord Grey promulgated forty years ago, had then been proposed and carried into law, can we imagine that such a debt as that would ever have been incurred? Impossible. Well then, would that have been no advantage to the industrious classes of the country? What is it of which those classes most complain? The want of an adequate remuneration for their labour. And what is it that prevents that remuneration from being given? Why, nothing else but the enormous taxation which bears down the energies of the whole country, which makes bread and every other article of life, four-fold dearer than they are upon the continent, which prevents the upper and middling classes from employing the mechanic and the labourer more than they can possibly help, and which, in one word, disorganizes the whole fabric of our society, and renders it a sort of general field of battle, in which it is the immediate object of every man to save himself, instead of contributing, as under more favourable circumstances he would do, to save also his neighbour, and to render him all the assistance in his power. It is the natural impulse of human nature for men to cherish and assist each other: but that impulse is compressed and chilled in the heart by the pressure of that Mount-Atlas of taxation, under the weight of which, like another Hercules, the country is writhing, and from which she will require much more than the energy of that fabled demigod to effect her ultimate escape.

The question of our liberties is still trembling in a balance, and no man can yet say to which side it shall eventually incline. Should

it bend towards the people, we can easily anticipate the shouts of universal exultation with which the decision will be received. But should, after all, the scale unhappily be turned the other way; should the legitimate weight of our privileges and of our petitions be overbalanced by the letters patent of the peerage, and above all by the mitres of those who represent the church; should two hundred lords spiritual and temporal turn the scale against twenty millions of people, then shall we hear a sound echoed from one end of these kingdoms to the other—not a sound of womanly mourning, not the sound of wild despair, but the stirring voice of the trumpet, which shall bid us prepare for the manly battle which then must be fought; not, however, with the vulgar firelock and cannon, but with the infinitely more powerful artillery, which the constitution of this country has placed at our command. In days such as these, one column of a newspaper produces more real effect upon the fate of the country than twenty columns of dragoons.

We have all heard of such a thing as a Convention Parliament. It is an institution quite familiar to our history. Such conventions were held in the reigns of Henry I., Stephen, Henry II., Richard I., John, Henry III., and Charles I. The revolution of 1688 was with great difficulty conducted to its termination by a legislature of that description, which sprung out of the exigencies of the day, and from those exigencies received its sanction and its authority. That convention was the convention of an oligarchy, composed chiefly of the peers and the higher gentry of the country. They performed their duties with becoming firmness; and they deserve all the praise which our historians have lavished upon them, for among the rights which they then confirmed was that of the people, to resist oppression from whatever branch of the state it dared to assail the bulwarks of our freedom. If, therefore, it should ever happen that the House of Lords should act the part of a James II., and obstinately and repeatedly oppose itself to the well understood desires and interests of the whole country—desires which the king himself has expressed—interests in which his Majesty has declared himself inseparably identified with his people, why then we do not know what is to hinder us from having another Convention Parliament—a convention not of the titled or untitled oligarchy, but a convention of the people, with William the Fourth in the chair, and the royal banners of England waving around us!

And as we have taken the liberty to allude to the name of our much-beloved sovereign, let us add a suggestion which may hereafter deserve some consideration. The national ensign of the American republic has, as many of our readers, perhaps, well know, a star figured upon its flag for each of the states of which the union is composed, and whenever a new state is added to that grand confederacy, a new constellation is seen ascending over the dome of their capitol, and shining at the mast heads of all their ships of war. We envy them not these numerous and beautiful symbols of

their prosperity; we only desire, that if the Reform Bill be ultimately carried, its memory shall be transmitted to the remotest generations by an addition to our national flag, which shall never be erased from it—the name of William the Fourth emblazoned on the scroll of that imperishable statute. To him who served the days of his youth under the union jack, who fought beneath its inspiring light by the side of a Rodney and a Nelson, such a tribute as this would be far more precious than the wealth and empire of a world!

There is one charge brought against the Reform Bill, upon which, though trite, we must offer an observation. It is said to be an innovation upon the constitution! What do these alarmists mean by the constitution? Do they mean Gatton, and Old Sarum, and all that bright galaxy of boroughs which studd the hills and vallies of Cornwall? For our parts, we know of no code of laws immutable as those of the Medes and Persians existing in any pages of our statute books, and forming this boasted constitution which never has known, never is to know the slightest alteration. We have the Great Charter, we have the Habeas Corpus Act, we have the Bill of Rights, but no one of these acts, nor all of them together, nor all the statutes of the kingdom together, can be supposed ever to have been intended to prevent the people of this country from reforming abuses, which might grow up in the progress of time, or from making new laws to provide for the new wants which might spring out of the altered circumstances of society. In fact such an objection as this of innovation ought to be laughed at, rather than rationally refuted. Is not the whole history of our constitutional system one of perpetual change? What we now call parliament, was at first the Wittenagemote, next a national synod, next a convention of the nobility, next a convention of all the estates of the realm, next a general council, next a general assembly, in which sometimes the bishops and barons met together, sometimes the barons alone, sometimes the barons and burgesses, sometimes all the three estates, sometimes only those who were called the Great Men of the realm. The House of Commons did not even begin to exist in its present form, until the reign of Henry III., and from that period to the revolution it underwent a great variety of changes both in its own powers and privileges, and in the mode by which it was constituted. On the 5th of January, 1649, the House of Lords ceased to exist, and took no part in the legislature for more than ten years, the House of Commons having on that day voted itself to be the supreme power of the nation. After the revolution of 1688, the House of Lords was most essentially changed in its constitution by the act of union with Scotland; for whereas before that act, the House consisted of peers who held their seats by letters patent, or by right of birth, both titles being descendible to their posterity, sixteen peers were then added to it for Scotland, who held their seats only during the continuance of each parliament, and by virtue of the votes of a

majority of the peers of that country. Again, the act of union with Ireland made another addition to the House of Peers in the persons of four lords spiritual, who are neither chosen by their peers, nor sit during life, nor during the whole parliament, but by rotation of sessions; and in those of twenty-eight lords temporal, who are elected by their peers, not for each parliament as in Scotland, but for life! What are all these facts, we should wish to know, but a series of innovations in the most essential parts of the constitution?

The penal laws against the Catholics, what were they but a collection not merely of innovations, but of the most violent infractions of the constitution of England? They continued for nearly two hundred years, and were held by the first law authorities of this country, by Lords Eldon and Redesdale especially, to form an integral part of what they called the Protestant constitution of this country; and yet they were repealed about two years ago, thus offering another striking instance of those alterations which are perpetually going on in our legislation.

Innovation! Why it is the very tenure upon which man holds his existence in this world. Things are perpetually changing around us—*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis,* was a maxim not more true in the days of Virgil than it is in ours. A law against changing laws would be the most unnatural, the most prejudicial, the most impracticable of all the laws that ever emanated from human authority. It would do very well for a tribe of monkies, who never can rise beyond a very limited degree of improvement, or for a community of jackdaws, who have never varied in the construction of their nests since they were first created; but it will never do for men, whose minds cannot be chained by any power second to that of the Deity, within the mere circle of animal necessities.

Upon this objection of innovation, no arguments could be more cogent or more unanswerable, than those which were applied to it in the late debates by the Lord Chancellor. We need not recommend to the attention of the reader the whole of that unexampled speech, unexampled for strength of reasoning, for purity, copiousness, and manly beauty of diction, for the antique grandeur of outline and elevation of thought by which it is pervaded, and, above all, for the noble flame of liberty which burns through every sentence. The common fable of the Sybilline books, which has been so bandied about during the late debates by the minor orators, assumed, under his ethereal touch, a sublime and prophetic character. While delivering it, he became himself in voice, and manner, almost the personation of the preternatual being, whose awful warnings he thundered upon those around him. We might refer also to the sound and comprehensive views of the constitution developed by Lord Plunket, with respect to the same objection, but we shall content ourselves with the remarks that were made in

answer to a similar plea by Lord Say and Sele, in that able speech on the bill for restraining bishops from intermeddling in secular affairs, from which we have already made some quotations. "That," said he, "which is, by experience, found to be hurtful, the longer it hath done hurt, the more cause there is now to remove it, that it may do so no more: besides, other irregularities are as antient which have been thought fit to be redressed, and this is not so antient but that it may truly be said, *non fuit sic ab initio*. And as to the thing being established by law, the law-makers have the same power, and the same charge to alter old laws that are inconvenient, as to make new that are necessary."

We have said that the people must associate. How are they to associate? In the first place, they are to avoid the formation of any societies which shall *correspond* with each other, as these are unlawful, according to the 39th of George III., c. 79, called Mr. Pitt's Act. They must also, in compliance with the terms of that act, avoid the formation of any societies, the members of which should be required to take any oath, or subscribe any declaration not authorized by law; or in which the names of the members, or of any of them, shall be kept secret from the society at large; or which have any committee or select body so appointed, that the members thereof are not known to be such by the society at large; or which have any president, secretary, delegate, or other officer so appointed, that his appointment is not known to the society at large. In all their associations they should be most careful in insisting that the names of all the members, and of all the committees, are entered in books open to the inspection of all the members. They should also avoid every society which is composed of *different branches acting distinctly from each other*, or of which any part shall have any *separate president, secretary, delegate, or other officer elected for it*. They should, moreover, be aware that by the 57th of George III., c. 19, s. 25, every society is unlawful which appoints or employs any committee, or *delegates*, or *representatives*, to meet or communicate with any other society, or with any committee, delegates, or representatives of such society.

The law, then, it will be seen, does not prevent the people from associating for political or other purposes; but it says that such associations shall not correspond with each other; that their members shall not take any oaths, or subscribe any declarations which the law does not expressly authorize; that there shall be no secrecy observed with respect to the names of members, committees, or other select bodies, or officers; that the names of all the members, and of all such committees, select bodies, or officers, shall be entered in a book open to all the members of the association; that no society shall be composed of different *branches* under the control of separate officers, and that different societies shall not communicate with each other, either by letter, as we have seen above, or by means of committees, delegates, or representatives. Keeping these

rules in view, there is clearly nothing in them to prevent an association, or as some persons prefer to call it, a union, from being instituted by one or more parishes united for this purpose, in every part of the kingdom, upon a plan which we shall here submit, the blanks to be filled up according as local circumstances may suggest.

SECTION I.—THE UNION.

1. The —— Union is composed of all the inhabitants of the parishes of —— who contribute yearly (or otherwise) to the funds of the institution, the sum of ——.

2. The objects of the Union are to endeavour by every reasonable means to obtain the repeal of all laws, and the abolition of all usages, which are in any manner prejudicial to the general interests of the community; to secure especially a full, free, and efficient representation of the people in the Commons House of Parliament; the removal from the House of Lords of the archbishops and bishops, in order to exonerate them from the duties of a temporal office wholly inconsistent with their spiritual character; the dissolution of the financial establishment of the church, and the appropriation of all its endowments in lands, tithes, and other property, towards the payment of the national debt; the perfect freedom of worship, so as that no man shall be expected to contribute to the support of any church which he does not frequent; and a constant vigilance with respect to taxes and local rates of every description, with the view of reducing them to the lowest possible scale consistent with the service of the commonwealth.

3. The Union holds an annual public meeting on some convenient day in the month of —— of which seven days' notice shall be given, for the purpose of electing a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, twenty other members (the number may be varied according to circumstances) of a committee, to be called the Committee of Management, and three auditors of accounts, and of transacting any other business which may be regularly proposed connected with the objects of the Union.

4. The Union will ever hold in particular remembrance the 8th day of October, 1831, the day on which the House of Lords, chiefly through the instrumentality of its spiritual members, rejected the Reform Bill, and rendered it necessary for every man attached to the liberties of his country to unite with his fellow-citizens, in order to counteract the consequences of that fatal vote, and to provide in the most efficacious manner for the public interests.

SECTION II.—MEETINGS OF THE UNION.

1. In addition to the annual meeting, a public meeting of the members of the Union shall take place as often as the committee may deem it expedient to call them together, the object of such meeting being briefly stated in circular letters signed and issued by the secretary, and also in such

advertisements as the committee may direct to be inserted in the public newspapers.

2. At all meetings of the Union, the president, by virtue of his office, takes the chair, and states the business for which the meeting is convened. In his absence, the vice-president takes the chair, and in the absence of both a chairman is elected.

3. No person has a right to vote at any meeting of the Union who has not qualified as a member before the chair has been taken.

4. No person, who is not a member, is entitled to speak at any meeting of the Union, without the consent of a majority of the members present.

5. No motion can be put or debated at any meeting of the Union, unless it be delivered to the chairman in writing, signed by a mover and seconder, and unless twenty members at the least be present.

6. The proceedings of the Union at its annual and other meetings, as well as the names of all the members, are registered by the secretary in a book kept for that purpose, which is open at all convenient hours to the inspection of any member of the Union.

Section III.—The Committee.

1. The committee consists of the president, the vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and twenty other members of the Union, all chosen, as before directed, at the annual meeting of the Union.

2. The committee has no power to add to its own number; it is competent to the Union only to supply any vacancies that may take place in the committee, and to add to its numbers if it be deemed necessary.

3. The committee is to transact all business relating to the objects of the Union; and to convene, at a notice of at least three days, public meetings of the Union, whenever it may deem such a measure expedient, the annual meeting alone excepted, of which seven days' notice must be given.

4. The committee meets, in pursuance of a summons signed and issued by the secretary, at least once a fortnight, in an apartment engaged for that purpose.

5. The president of the Union, by virtue of his office, takes the chair at all meetings of the committee; in his absence the vice-president takes the chair, and in the absence of both a chairman is elected.

6. The proceedings of the committee, as well as the names of its members, are registered by the secretary in a book kept for that purpose, which is open at all convenient hours to the inspection of any member of the Union.

7. No business can be transacted in the committee, unless five members at the least be present.

8. Should any member of the committee absent himself without leave from its meetings on three occasions successively, he shall be deemed

thereupon to have forfeited his seat in the committee, unless such absence have been caused by illness, or by his having been detained elsewhere by indispensable business.

Section IV.—Sub-Committees.

1. Sub-committees of two or three individuals are elected by the committee from amongst members of the Union, for the purpose of watching over the interests of the institution in different parts of the district; of increasing the number of the members, collecting subscriptions, circulating information, and executing such other lawful offices as the committee may require them to perform.

2. The members of such sub-committees attend the meetings of the committee, when summoned for that purpose by the secretary; and they are expressly forbidden from choosing any officers, or doing any acts in a separate capacity, or in any other capacity than that of the agents of the committee. Their names are registered in the proceedings of the committee, which are open at all convenient hours to the inspection of any member of the Union.

Section V.—Finance.

1. A subscription book, in which all the sums received, and a disbursement book, in which the items of expenditure, are set down, are kept by the treasurer, and are open at all convenient hours to the inspection of any member of the Union.

2. All orders for the payment of money are addressed to the treasurer, signed by the president or vice-president, and countersigned by the secretary; and without such order no money can be paid out of the funds of the Union.

3. The three auditors elected at the annual meeting are thereby disqualified from being, as long as they hold that office, members of the committee, or of any sub-committee. They examine the state of the finances of the Union every half year, and draw up and sign reports on the same, which they are to present personally at the next ensuing meeting of the Union.

4. The auditors are authorized to require and to receive all the accounts, vouchers, and documents of every description, relating to the income and expenditure of the Union.

Section VI.—General Regulation.

1. The Union of —— holds no correspondence, either collectively or by means of any of its committees; sub-committees, officers, or members, with any other society; it does not appoint or employ any committee, delegates, or representatives to meet or communicate with any other society, or with any committee, delegates, or representatives of such society; it has no branch societies of any description, and it does not

require or allow its members to take any oath or subscribe any declaration with reference to the purposes of this institution. The members of the Union are, however, strictly bound to pay the closest attention to such public reports as they can obtain of the proceedings of other Unions, in order to act in harmony with them as far as possible, and thus by means of an extensive combination of opinion, strongly and firmly expressed, to exercise a salutary and decisive influence upon all questions which concern the well-being of the community.

Such is the plan which we venture to propose to our fellow citizens, for the construction and government of political Unions throughout the empire. It is to be understood that, although the law does not permit such societies to communicate with each other by means of delegates, it does not prevent them from employing officers under that name for the purpose of communicating with the king, or with the king's government, or with members of parliament. In conclusion we shall only add, that no time is to be lost in organizing these institutions, as they are the most efficacious instruments that can possibly be devised for giving to public opinion all the weight that legitimately belongs to it. We need not recommend to the people the observance of tranquillity and firmness in their operations: that injunction has been already given to them by their patriot sovereign, in language at once so encouraging and so truly paternal, that we are confident it will be universally obeyed, as scrupulously as if it were the written law of the land. "The anxiety," said his Majesty, when proroguing parliament, "which has been so generally manifested by my people for the accomplishment of a constitutional reform in the Commons House of Parliament will, I trust, be regulated by *a due sense of the necessity of order and moderation in their proceedings.*"—We trust so too.

ART. IV.—1. ***Thoughts on the Structure of the Globe; and the Scriptural History of the Earth and of Mankind, compared with the Cosmogonies, Chronologies, and Original Traditions of Ancient Nations; an Abstract and Review of several Modern Systems; with an attempt to explain, philosophically, the Mosaical Account of the Creation and Deluge, and to deduce from this last Event the Causes of the actual Structure of the Earth.*** In a Series of Letters. By Philip Howard, Esq. London: 4to. pp. 602.

2. ***The Monthly American Journal of Geology and Natural Science; exhibiting the Present State and Progress of Knowledge in Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Comparative Anatomy, Chemistry, Meteorology, Physical Natural Agents, and the Antiquities and Languages of the Indians of this Continent.*** Vol. I. No. 1. Conducted by G. W. Featherstonhaugh, Esq. Philadelphia: H. Porter. 1831.

THE first of these publications has been for some years before the world; it was fully noticed by our predecessors in this journal; but it contains so much excellent matter, worthy of attention at

the present moment, when geology and the Scriptures seem to be too generally considered as irreconcileably opposed to each other, that we deem it right to take the present opportunity of reminding our readers of its existence. It may be said to have grown out of two letters, which were originally published by the author in French, in answer to the objections of his friend, the Marquis de Montegny, with whom he travelled through Switzerland. It is delightful to observe the unaffected piety which pervades every one of its pages, and the constancy with which religion is seen in it walking hand in hand with science. In later times, a descendant of the same author, Mr. Henry Howard, of Corby, has performed a similar office for the cause of civil freedom, and has shown that charity to all mankind, and an inviolable attachment to the fundamental principles of our constitution, form an essential part of the creed which he professes. Thus religion is benefitted by being made popular, and liberty is exalted by being directed to seek its best reward in the sanctuaries of religion.

With respect to scientific researches, we are no longer in those dark ages, when the passage in Scripture relating to the stoppage of the sun in its course, was supposed to forbid any further inquiry into the solar system.

During the last and present century, philosophy has made improvements of the most important kind in the manner of conducting its investigations. Rejecting wild and unfounded hypotheses, however specious, it has confined itself strictly to properly examined facts, arising out of repeated experiments, and has admitted nothing as ascertained which a rigorous logic could not deduce from well founded premises. Its success has proved the soundness of the rule, and the discoveries which have been made in astronomy and chemistry, and their dependent arts, might seem to have established this mode of proceeding in all other scientific enquiries. But there are minds so morbid as to require stronger excitement than can be produced by common place facts, or so visionary as to be incapable of that continued and patient attention which experiment demands. These, leaving the only legitimate mode of philosophizing, commit themselves to the *mare magnum* of mysticism, and delude themselves with fanciful theories which lead to no practical results.

For such degrees of disease we have no disposition to prescribe: the subjects of such lamented aberration must accomplish their fated course through all the absurdities in which empiricism delights, till they have each produced something termed a system; which, like the meteor of a pestilential marsh, must rise, glitter, and then sink to appear no more. It need scarcely be called to the recollection of the reader, that these writers have been met by the first scientific and literary characters of the day, by whom their fragile fabrics have been remorselessly demolished. It is no part of our design to examine all these attempts, nor recal to a temporary existence what the better feeling of the public has consigned to the

tomb of the Capulets. We will content ourselves with a very hasty sketch of their chief opinions, and proceed to the works before us.

The first and leading principle which pervades this philosophy, (if indeed such it must be called), is to exclude the Deity from the works of creation, and to prove that the idea of such a Being arises from an abstraction of natural phenomena; that all the revolutions of the celestial bodies are produced by innate motion, which, according to them, forms a necessary and inseparable attribute of matter; that the world is eternal and self existent; that all the changes it has undergone have proceeded from causes which are still in action; that all animal nature was produced, not by the fiat of an Almighty power, but from living fibres, which possessed innately a power of developing themselves, not according to any regular and fixed law, but according to the position in which they happen to be placed; and that all idea of spirit (a principle distinct from matter) is derived from some tradition misunderstood, or from the cunning of legislators who invented these dogmas, or systematized the superstitions of the vulgar, in order to possess more unlimited power over the fears of their followers.

That we may not seem to amuse ourselves by fighting with shadows, we need only refer them to some French, German, and English physiologists, in whose writings they will find the wildest of these dreams assume the respectable name of philosophy. In our youth, we were taught that the adaptation of means to ends, that the fitness which exists between the wants of animals and their power of supplying these wants, were great and distinguishing marks of wisdom and design; that every animal, however small, not only possessed organization of the most wonderful kind, but was most admirably fitted for the place it was intended to occupy; that animals of the carnivorous kind were endowed with strength or sagacity, or both; that those which were likely to be a prey to others were endowed with cunning to elude, or swiftness to escape from their persecutors; and that those of the graminivorous kind, with a peculiar instinct, avoided every herb and substance in the smallest degree injurious to their existence. Further, in our simplicity we thought that nature presented talons to the eagle, and claws and teeth to the lion, with a view to the situation for which they were intended; and that wings were given to birds to enable them to fly, and fins to fish, in order that they might be the better adapted to their liquid element. But we have changed all that: we are now instructed that birds acquire their wings by flying, fish their fins by swimming, and eagles and lions their talons and claws by preying upon other animals.—And whereas we believed that these myriads of animals were called into existence by the *fiat* of the Creator, a simpler philosophy informs us that the Deity never troubles himself about the matter, but, like the God of the Epicureans, removed from all active interference, he leaves the whole work of creation to chance, acting upon a few living filaments, which develope themselves at their leisure, and in such a manner

as they find convenient for the peculiarities of their then position; that these living filaments become beasts, birds, fishes, or insects, according as they are placed; that they increase their parts with their wants, and modify their forms and peculiarities of organization according to the changes they may be forced to undergo. Nor is this all: man, that microcosm who has hitherto arrogated to himself the highest place, who affirms that he was formed from finer materials, and claims participation with the nature of the gods, who boasts that he alone was born

cœlum intueri,

and, not confined to terrene subjects, carries his thoughts

—— Extra flammantia mœnia mundi
Atque omne immensum *peragrat*—

he, alas! must abate somewhat of his claims when he is informed that he began his career as a fish, and lost by degrees his fins and his tail, till he became the naked and forked biped we now behold him.

But the wonders of this philosophy are not yet exhausted. We are informed that the organization of animals (thus wonderfully acquired) is lost or changed when the animal by any chance is placed in different circumstances. The mole, for instance, by living in deep holes under water, loses not only the faculty of vision, but all vestiges of its organization. To serpents the system gives four feet, but as they live under shrubs, and are accustomed to glide among low grass, they have lost these (somewhat useful) additions;—aquatic birds preying upon fish, being under the necessity of opening their claws to give more power to their oars, by this action stretch the skin between them, and thus become web-footed; and lastly, as a climax, fish which are in the habit of entering rivers whose sides are shallow, are forced to swim upon their flat surface, in order to approach nearer the banks. In this situation, receiving more light from above than from below, and having occasion to be more watchful in that direction, one of their eyes has suffered a complete displacement, and is forced over to the other side. Such is the case with soles and turbots, which have both eyes upon one side of the head!

But it is not in abstract philosophy alone that we are at variance with these writers; there is a point at issue of much greater importance, and one upon which the happiness of society hinges. We allude to RELIGION. Not content with depriving us of our ordinary senses, they would take away our God; not content with flinging science back to the worst part of the middle ages, they would take away or weaken principles, upon which depends the whole of social order. We may excuse folly, but we cannot extend the same indulgence to deliberate crime, for highly criminal the attempts of these men must appear to every well-constituted mind.

The great object of their attack is Moses.—Now it is only just

to observe (what cannot be denied), that this author seems to have no system to support. National prejudice has no influence upon him, for he speaks of the faults of his nation without reserve;—nor have the ties of blood more weight, for he does not spare even the transgressions of a brother; self is altogether forgotten in the candour of his details, since his personal enemy could not have guided the pen with more rigour in every thing that regards his own interests. He seems to separate himself, as a historian, wholly from his nation, and delivers his annals with all the coolness of a foreigner, who, uninfluenced by personal or party considerations, can do ample justice to all. So much and such noble frankness, we might suppose, would give a writer some claim to consideration; one so little influenced by the motives which guide ordinary men, ought, we think, to command no small portion of respect; yet there is no writer who has been subjected to censure so severe and unsparing,—whose principles have been so much misrepresented, and whose motives have been so much maligned. It is the object of Mr. Howard's dissertation to defend the works of this author. To extensive and varied learning, Mr. Howard joins a cool and penetrating judgment. Sometimes he attacks his adversaries with abstract arguments, and sometimes overpowers them with the weight of authority. To all this he adds (what is rarely found in such writings) a high tone of gentlemanly sentiment, which prevents him from ever descending to abuse.

Moses relates that the world was created in six days, that all mankind sprang from one pair, and that when the earth was peopled to a certain extent, the Deity, offended with the wickedness of his creatures, destroyed the world by a deluge. Mr. Howard, in corroboration of Moses, shews that all the ancient cosmogonies agree in the most remarkable circumstances with this account. The Persians hold that the creation was effected in six periods, and the Etrurians held the same opinion. The latter, indeed, have a most curious coincidence with the Mosaic history. In the first chiliad (according to this theory) the Deity made the heaven and the earth, in the second the firmament, in the third the sea and all other waters, in the fourth the sun, moon and stars, in the fifth every volatile, reptile, and four-footed animal.

In giving us the history of the Antediluvian period, Moses counts ten generations from the creation to the deluge. So also the Chinese, who make the greatest pretension to antiquity, (and not without inconsiderable claims to it), count ten generations from Fohi to Yu, who appears at the head of their first dynasty. The Persians, who, in point of antiquity, rank themselves next to the Chinese, count ten generations from Soliman Haki to Caicobed, who was the founder of their second race. Sanconiathan counts ten generations of gods between Uranus and the human race; and lastly, Berosus, a Chaldean, counts ten generations between the creation and the deluge.

The next great fact of the Mosaic history, is the destruction of

the world by water. Here again we find the same coincidence among ancient writers; and that every nation of the elder world has handed down accounts of this event. It has been formally described by many historians, and is constantly alluded to by the poets. Upon the latter, indeed, we have always been disposed to lay more stress than upon formal historians. The historian must take the facts as they occur in his way; the poets have commonly the choice of a theme, and as they must address themselves to the great body of the people, they must necessarily treat their subjects in a popular manner, and make no allusions to such as are not generally known. Ovid, in his Metamorphoses, details this catastrophe at some length; and, what is very remarkable, he mentions the same cause of this extraordinary interference of the Deity as the Scripture, and in language equally strong—

—— Qua terra patet, fera regnat Erinnys,
In facinus jurasse putes.

Virgil, in his sixth Eclogue, in which he gives the principles of the Epicurean philosophy, makes so very slight an allusion to this fact, that he must have conceived his readers to have been well acquainted with it.

Hinc lapides Pyrrhæ jactos..... refert.

He makes the same slight allusion in the first Georgic:

——— quo tempore primum
Deucalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem.

The next example which we shall adduce is a still stronger confirmation of the general diffusion of the knowledge of this fact. It is from Juvenal, a satirist, whose business it was to describe the vices and follies of mankind, and who of course addressed himself to a more miscellaneous class of readers than the two poets we have cited. In his first satire he is shewing the multifarious nature of his subject, and that it comprehends the folly of all ages:

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus nostri est farrago libelli.

He does not say from the beginning of the world, from Romulus, or from any other favourite Roman epoch: it is from the flood.

Ex quo Deucalion nimbis tollentibus æquor
Navigio montem ascendit.*

Horace, in his ode to Augustus, which, from its nature, has been meant for still more common readers, has the following passage:

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* "Down from that moment when Deucalion spread
His hasty sails, and to the mountain fled,
There breathed awhile, and blessed his little prow,
While whelming torrents swelled the floods below;
Whate'er to man belongs our page employs,
His wishes, fears, resentments, hopes, and joys."

Terruit gentes, grave ne rediret
Sæculum Pyrrhæ nova monstra questæ
Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
Visere montes.*

We might easily increase the number of such extracts; but these are sufficient to shew that the knowledge of a deluge must have been very general in ancient times. From historians and philosophers we might quote indefinitely, but we will confine ourselves to two, on account of the striking particulars which they contain. Apollodorus informs us, that when Jupiter resolved upon destroying the brazen age, Deucalion, by the advice of Prometheus, having made an *arc* of wood, and collected every thing for sustaining life, entered into it with Pyrrha his wife: and in Plutarch we find it related, that Deucalion had a dove in the arc, which, when the weather was fine, flew abroad, and when tempestuous returned again.

Mr. Howard, having thus established the credibility of the sacred historian, advances to an examination of those philosophers who, not content with the action of the deluge to account for the changes the earth has undergone, present us with theories of their own upon the subject. It is the scope of Mr. Howard's argument to shew, that, upon a fair and candid review of these several systems, they involve more difficulties than the simple statement of Moses; and that although he allows the advanced state of geology, he is doubtful whether the science will enable us to pronounce without appeal upon the whole system of nature. We perfectly agree with this author, and at the same time give it as our opinion, that at no period will geology enable us to correct any point of chronology, the great point at which the infidel aims. Did all those natural operations which fall under the immediate cognizance of this science, require definite periods for their accomplishment; were the same productions always formed in the same time, a scale would be afforded, whereby to judge of their antiquity. But this is well known not to be the fact. A series of phenomena, which, under ordinary circumstances, require ages for their completion, may, in some cases, be made to appear in a few months or weeks, nay hours; and when such phenomena are presented to us, without some collateral information from history, tradition, or other circumstances, we presume that no geologist would be so hardy as to pronounce upon their antiquity. If this be so, we must admit that geology, instead of being a help to us in our researches in chronology, very frequently requires itself the aid of that science.

From the systems which have been invented to account for the

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* — "and alarm'd a guilty world,
Lest Pyrrha should again with plaintive cries
Behold the monsters of the deep arise,
When to the mountain summit Proteus drove
His sea-born herd.—"

present state of this globe, Mr. Howard selects that of Buffon, which does not very widely differ from that lately propagated by Mr. Hope in his work "on Man." This he examines at some length, and abundantly refutes. Mr. Howard, however, might have disposed of this system in a few words. Buffon's singularly wild and visionary theory sets out with supposing, that a comet falls obliquely with great velocity upon the sun, and carries off a portion of that body. This matter (which was glass, and which nevertheless is the basis of this earth, with all its various furniture) was projected to an immense distance, till the projectile force being gradually weakened by the attraction of the sun, was at last arrested by it, and made to move in a circle. Setting aside all the absurdities which this supposition involves, it must be called to mind, that for the space of 6000 years this system has performed its various revolutions, without the smallest change. So regular indeed are the motions of the heavenly bodies, that they have been reduced to certain principles; and from these principles they can again be predicted with unerring certainty. The regularity of their motions is as much a law of nature, as it is of smoke to ascend or a stone to descend; and any deviation from this regularity would be as much a miracle, as to see M. Buffon, or one of his followers, fly without wings.

Such is the inconsistency of these philosophers: they reject with disdain all idea of supernatural interference, because it is found in the Bible; while they would force us to swallow the most palpable absurdities, the most miraculous of all miracles, in the shape of a philosophic hypothesis.

But lest we have not "supped full" of these day dreams, we are presented with a yet more transcendent philosophy, which informs us that the seeds of all the plants we now behold, and the rudiments of all animals, were contained in the burning and *liquid glass;* where although they were subjected to a heat for the space of seventy thousand years, they remained uninjured, and at the moment when the earth, by a course of refrigeration had become a fit receptacle for plants and living creatures, unimpaired they each burst upon it in all their *solar* vigour.

Are we not then justified in expressing our surprise at the perverseness of these self-styled philosophers, and the retrograde tendency of their discoveries, when compared with the more ancient sects who had not their advantages? The ancients thought so highly of man, that they separated the material from the immaterial part. Struck with the qualities which they found in their species, they were led to conclude that they proceeded from something beyond mere matter, and were unwilling to suppose that after death the soul, like the merely earthly parts, could be resolved into a material element. The philosophy of our age calls in the scalpel to prove that this *mens divinior*, this emanation of the Deity, is the offspring of superstition, and that those faculties which were made "a little lower than the angels," depend upon a certain conforma-

tion of the brain. Not content with this, that Deity whom the ancients had, by the light of nature, separated from his works, and elevated into a spiritual essence, and for whom, rising above the prejudices of their age and condition, they invented a religion of a more refined kind, where

> Nulla autem effigies, nulli commissa metello
> Forma *Dei*—

this Deity, we say, they imbrute and degrade by reducing him to a mere *plastic nature,* the creature of chance, or the slave of a blind and overruling fatality. Lastly, that moral law, which the ancients endeavoured to shew was general and immutable, our moderns would render dependent upon custom, degrade to the consequence of mere temperament, or reduce to a local fashion, varying with every varying circumstance, and as capricious as the whims of man and woman can make it.

It would be paying a compliment to these writers to suppose, that such productions were the result of the silly vanity of endeavouring to appear singular, or that they could not appreciate the tremendous consequences of scattering the arrows of death amongst the human race. We are afraid, however, that the learning and genius which some of them display, added to the method and coolness of their attacks, will deprive them of the benefit of so charitable a palliation. Indeed, the very explicit manner in which many express themselves, leaves us no doubt as to their motives. We beg leave to quote, for their consideration, a sentence of one who may justly be deemed the master of their sect, and to whose opinion in any question of this kind they ought to defer. Incapable of being himself impressed by religious feeling, he was not blind to what he would have termed the policy of cultivating it in the multitude. He was aware, that without this silent and secret monitor, laws were a dead letter, and punishment only an idle threat. "*Partout,*" says Voltaire, "*ou il y aura une societé etablie, une religion sera necessaire. Les Loix veillent sur les crimes publics, et la religion sur les crimes secrets!*"

In taking leave of these writers, we would submit to their candour, (if their zeal for their unholy employment have not impaired or even destroyed this quality,) whether, in discarding all idea of a relation between the Deity and his works, they have not taken away the most exalted and sublime contemplation upon which the human intellect could be employed? Whether, in attempting to refute the doctrine, that the Creator has a perpetual care and solicitude for his works, they do not deprive us of a thought, of all others the most consolatory, that we are not overlooked in the millions (each perhaps more important than our own) by which we are surrounded? Whether, in reducing our being to the miserable space we enjoy here, they do not impair every stronger motive which tends to impel the mind to excellence, by inducing us to prepare for a state which requires more ennobling virtues than the mere being of a day would deem it necessary to cultivate?

And lastly, we ask, whether, in endeavouring to impair the influence of the Christian religion, they do not weaken those more exalted sentiments, that more elevated *morale*, and that finer tone of society, that are more peculiarly the characteristics of those nations which have the happiness to profess the Christian faith? To Mr. Hope, unhappily, such questions as these are vainly addressed, as he has gone to answer for his doctrines before a tribunal which has the best means of discovering his motives. But we trust that our interrogatories may meet the eyes of others, who, having taken up such wild and pernicious theories, are as yet guiltless of the crime of attempting to gain acceptance for them in the reading world. To such we should say, remember the awful responsibility under which you write and publish, and be assured that every soul which you turn away from the path of truth, will be demanded at your hands with a rigour which shall know no mercy.

It affords us the greatest satisfaction to find, that it is precisely in this laudable spirit of christianised philosophy, that the American Journal of Geology and Science has been undertaken by its able conductor. The first number of that work now lies before us, and if the promises which it announces be fulfilled even to a limited extent, it cannot fail to collect very valuable materials towards a complete theory of the earth. It is the avowed intention of the Editor to ascertain, as far as it is possible, 'a common ground for the theologian and geologist to stand comfortably upon; one which brings prejudice neither to religion nor science;' and to inculcate that one of the great objects of existence, is 'the study of the Creator through his works.' We need hardly add, that such a publication as this has our most cordial wishes for its success.

ART. V.—1. *The Amulet; a Christian and Literary Remembrancer.* Edited by S. C. Hall. 12mo. pp. 318. Twelve Embellishments. London: Westley and Davis. 1832.

2. *Friendship's Offering: a Literary Album, and Christmas and New Year's Present, for* 1832. 12mo. pp. 384. Twelve Embellishments. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

3. *The Winter's Wreath for* 1832. 12mo. pp. 372. Twelve Embellishments. London: Whittaker, Treacher, and Arnot. Liverpool: G. Smith.

4. *The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not: a Christmas and New Year's Gift, or Birthday Present.* 1832. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. 12mo. pp. 221. Eight Embellishments, with Sixteen engravings on Wood. London: Westley and Davis.

ALL hail ye heralds of the approaching new year! Thrice welcome ye pleasant companions of the fireside, clothed in every colour of the rainbow, and decorated with all the splendour which you can borrow from the kindred arts of poetry and painting! We hardly know of any family in which the questions are not now regularly asked, as

soon as the leaves of the trees begin to turn yellow, and the autumn in good earnest cuts short the day, and shuts up the windows,—"When are the annuals to make their appearance?"—"Which will be the first this time?"—"Which will be the best?" And then follows the projected list of presents to distant friends of the higher order of these beautiful publications, and to various little boys and girls of the juvenile productions; and it is really delightful, looking for a moment beyond the mere surface of conversational benevolence, to observe the fortunate application which has been very generally made of these periodicals, as additional and very graceful links to the chain of sympathy and kindness, that binds the different branches of families together, that continues for years friendships which were formed at school, and preserves between persons aiming at still dearer ties, a sweet and delicate intercourse, which exercises a most useful influence upon the taste, as well as upon the heart.

It cannot be expected that these works shall always exhibit literary excellence of the highest order. They do, and have done, much for the diffusion of sound principles of art, by the exquisite engravings which they have been the means of presenting to the public, at a much more moderate rate than could have been possibly expected some twenty years ago. They have afforded employment in many ways to the industrious classes, at a period when it was perhaps of all others the most acceptable,—to those engaged in the manufacture of paper, to compositors, type-founders, pressmen, binders, to literary men, painters, engravers, booksellers, and others, these annuals have been a source of profitable occupation, during that very season of the year, which, heretofore, was the most apt to fall heavy upon those numerous and useful members of the community. If the poetry be not in every instance of the best description, it is good enough for common purposes. We have seldom detected any thing either in the poetry or the prose that was calculated to misguide the taste, or vitiate the morals; and we must do the editors of these works the justice to say, that in this point of view, they have, generally speaking, discharged their functions in a respectable and praiseworthy manner.

We shall not therefore be found among the systematic depreciators of these engaging tokens of the rolling years. Although every new one that comes under our notice reminds us of the progress of time, and warns us with all the eloquence of an additional grey hair, yet we welcome them with a cordial shake of the hand, and admit them as friends to our homes and to our hearths, where we have always found their predecessors the uniform patrons of cheerful ease, and intellectual entertainment.

First comes the 'Amulet,' "with Mr. Hall's respects," a genteel, carefully made up, useful, and handsomely decorated volume, whether we examine it externally or internally. It differs from the other annuals in this respect, that it aims at permanent effect, by contributing to the stores of general knowledge, without be-

coming too erudite, and inculcating a high tone of moral feeling, without becoming too grave. This, perhaps, is a sort of work which will not suit every taste; but we apprehend that it will find, nevertheless, a very large class of readers, who are apt to complain that the Annuals are in general too trifling in their contents, and too transitory in their influence. The present volume is perhaps less diversified than usual. We must be ungallant enough to suggest that Mrs. Hall's story of 'The Mosspits,' which occupies nearly sixty pages, would have been more readable, and perhaps quite as useful, if it had been comprised in ten. We must allow that there is in the paper on the actual state of the slave trade, a mass of valuable information; but is it not rather too long? Forty pages on the slave trade! We hope they will be read, for they undoubtedly contain some excellent suggestions, and present some facts hitherto not generally known; but they would be better placed, we suspect, for that purpose, in the Anti-slavery Reporter than in the Amulet. But let these objections pass.

There are modes of treatment by which subjects, apparently the most unpromising, may be rendered light and agreeable. With this admirable art no writer is better acquainted than Dr. Walsh, with whose account of a visit to Nicæa, the reader can hardly fail to be entertained. It is from that city, as every body knows, that the Nicene creed is so called, and it was there that the first general councils of the Christian church assembled, after the time of the Apostles. It has not for a long time been visited by any travellers; although we cannot extract the whole of the doctor's account of it, we shall, therefore, present a summary of the information which he has collected concerning a place so truly interesting in the annals of the Christian world. Nice, now called Isnich, is situated about three days' journey from the shore, on the Asiatic side of the sea of Marmora. The walls, which are in a complete state of preservation, are six miles in circumference, with parapets and battlements. The place is supplied with a river of pure water, which is conveyed to the very walls on arches. The entrance is by three gates, one inside the other, ornamented with marble figures in sculptured relief; the second gate being of magnificent size and workmanship. But with all this splendid external appearance, the reader will be surprized to hear, that within those extensive walls there is at this day neither street, nor house, nor inhabitant! Nay, there are not even the remains of such things! The whole space thus encompassed is a rude and desolate field as far as the eye can reach. 'It appeared,' says the author, 'as if the earth had opened, and closed over the houses and inhabitants, and left the walls of the city perfect and uninjured.' The country around it is beautiful.

'Nicæa is surrounded on the south and east by mountains which are distant about three miles. The interval is a plain of exceeding richness and beauty, which extends in length for a considerable space. At one extremity is the Lake of Ascanius, expanding for several miles into the recesses

of the hills, which surround it on three sides, and form wooded promontories projecting into it, giving it a highly picturesque character, not so sublime, but full as beautiful, and more extensive, than any of the lakes of Cumberland. Between this picturesque lake and this fertile valley, stands the town of Nicæa on the edge of the water, slumbering in solitary magnificence, and now silent and desolate as Tadmor in the desert. The walls are twenty-five feet high, and fourteen feet thick at the base, having round or elliptic towers at small intervals along the whole extent. They are still so perfect and undecayed that we ascended to the summit, where we found a broad walk between the parapets, and continued in an uninterrupted course round the city. Along this we pursued our way, looking down on the enclosure below, where nothing presented itself to our view but an immense empty space, in which not a trace or vestige of the streets or magnificent edifices which once filled it was to be seen; nor a single human being of all the large population that once crowded it. Such depopulation of ancient cities is very common in the Turkish empire; but this is, perhaps, the only city in the world where the walls remain as entire and perfect as when they were raised, while the edifices which they enclosed have totally disappeared.'—*Amulet*, pp. 30, 31.

Yet this place was a flourishing city so late as the year 1677, when it contained a population of 10,000 Greek Christians, and many precious remains of antiquity. What, it will naturally be asked, has produced so violent, and so destructive a change? An earthquake? an all-consuming fire, or pestilence? No—no power has done this, save the uncivilizing, brutal arm of the Turk. That savage race, which ought long since to have been driven back to its native fastnesses in the mountains near the Caspian Sea, has caused all this desolation, and effaced every trace of this once celebrated city, the resort of kings and of ecclesiastical dignitaries from all regions of the Christian world. 'It is truly,' as Dr. Walsh remarks, 'a subject of melancholy contemplation, now to behold it—the shadowy phantom of a magnificent city, on a beautiful and fertile spot, where bountiful Nature has provided every thing necessary for human life;—an extensive plain exuberant with fertility, sloping lawns verdant with pasture, wooded hills covered with timber, expanded waters teeming with fish, and a climate the most bland and delicious that ever refreshed a mortal frame.'

'The next morning,' he adds, 'at daylight, we left this most interesting but melancholy place, where there is a lovely and fertile plain, fifteen miles long, and no one to cultivate it; a lake like an inland sea, full of fish, and nobody to eat them; and the magnificent walls of a city, six miles in circumference, and nobody to inhabit it;—and we could not but feel the strange perversity of the human race, that while God and Nature had presented this place ready for and inviting a million or more of men to come and live in it, as in a social paradise, nobody is to be found; yet people are murdering and destroying one another, even in our own country, for a patch of barren waste, because there are more inhabitants than the country can accommodate.'

Mr. Ellis's history of the decay of infanticide in the islands of

the Pacific, is one of those captivating fallacies, which that gentleman and his missionary coadjutors have been, for some time, in the habit of palming upon our credulous people. It may be admitted, that the horrible practice of slaying their own children has been very greatly diminished among the people of those islands. But Mr. Ellis imputes this alteration in their manners exclusively to the labours of the missionaries, who have had, in fact, much less to do with that improvement than some of the native princes, acting upon the suggestions of British commanders who visited their dominions. In truth, it appears from all accounts, that the British religious missionaries have done a great deal more harm than good in the Pacific, by having established in those islands a false and gloomy spirit of sectarianism, instead of the true and cheering doctrines of Christianity.

From a chapter on flowers, by the author of "Rank and Talent," we extract, with much pleasure, a beautiful, as well as an accurate view of the intentions of Providence, in scattering over the earth those varied symbols of his benevolence.

'Flowers are for the young and for the old; for the grave and for the gay; for the living and for the dead; for all but the guilty, and for them when they are penitent. Flowers are, in the volume of nature, what the expression, "God is love," is in the volume of revelation. They tell man of the paternal character of the Deity. Servants are fed, clothed, and commanded; but children are instructed by a sweet gentleness; and to them is given by the good parent, that which delights as well as that which supports. For the servant, there is the gravity of approbation, or the silence of satisfaction; but for the children, there is the sweet smile of complacency, and the joyful look of love. So, by the beauty which the Creator has dispersed and spread abroad through creation, and by the capacity which he has given to man to enjoy and comprehend that beauty, he has displayed, not merely the compassionateness of his mercy, but the generosity and gracefulness of his goodness.

'What a dreary and desolate place would be a world without a flower! It would be as a face without a smile—a feast without a welcome. Flowers, by their sylph-like forms and viewless fragrance, are the first instructors to emancipate our thoughts from the grossness of materialism; they make us think of invisible beings; and by means of so beautiful and graceful a transition, our thoughts of the invisible are thoughts of the good.

'Are not flowers the stars of earth, and are not stars the flowers of heaven? Flowers are the teachers of gentle thoughts—promoters of kindly emotion. One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. They are emblems and manifestations of God's love to the creation, and they are the means and ministrations of man's love to his fellow-creatures; for they first awaken in the mind a sense of the beautiful and the good. Light is beautiful and good; but on its undivided beauty, and on the glorious intensity of its full strength, man cannot gaze; he can comprehend it best when prismatically separated and dispersed in the many-coloured beauty of flowers; and thus he reads the elements of beauty—the alphabet of visible gracefulness. The very inutility of flowers is their excellence and great beauty; for, by having a delightfulness in their

very form and colour, they lead us to thoughts of generosity and moral beauty, detached from and superior to all selfishness; so that they are pretty lessons in nature's book of instruction, teaching man that he liveth not by bread or for bread alone, but that he hath another than an animal life.'—*The Amulet*, pp. 155—157.

Miss Mitford may truly be called an evergreen. We were afraid that she had given herself up altogether to the lugubrious moods of tragedy, and buried herself in strict seclusion even from her own village, in order to become the rival of Miss Joanna Baillie. But we have been agreeably surprised to find her stirring about in her garden and green-house, among her fruits and flowers, as merry as ever. One of her contributions to the 'Amulet' she has called 'A Day of Distress;' but we suspect that the reader will agree with us in thinking, that her account of it is one of the pleasantest things which her picturesque and prolific pen has ever sketched. She is a most incomprehensible creature. Here is a story, in fact, all about nothing. The lady had a brace of keys in her hand, one of which locked up all the others of every department; twirling them about on her finger, in the course of conversation with her friend Kate Leslie, she thrusts them heedlessly under her belt, and the distress that ensues from her having forgotten this little incident, she works up into one of the most amusing of her numerous cabinet paintings of still life. We can only afford room for a part of it.

'A gentle sorrow did arrive, all too soon, in the shape of Kate Leslie's poney-phaeton, which whisked off that charming person as fast as her two long-tailed Arabians could put their feet to the ground. This evil had, however, substantial consolation in a promise of another visit very soon; and I resumed, in peace and quietness, the usual round of idle occupation which forms the morning employment of a country gentlewoman of small fortune: ordered dinner—minced veal, cold ham, a currant-pudding, and a sallad—if any body happens to be curious on the score of my housekeeping; renewed my beau-pots; watered such of my plants as wanted most; mended my gloves; patted Dash; looked at the Times; and was just sitting down to work, or to pretend to work, when I was most pleasantly interrupted by the arrival of some morning visitors—friends from a distance—for whom, after a hearty welcome, and some cordial chat, I ordered luncheon, with which orders my miseries began.

'"The keys, if you please ma'am, for the wine and the Kennet ale," said Anne, my female factotum, who rules, as regent, not only the cook and the under maid and the boy, but the whole family, myself included, and is an actual housekeeper in every respect except that of keeping the keys. "The keys, ma'am, if you please," said Anne; and then I found that my keys were not in my right-hand pocket, where they ought to have been, nor in my left-hand pocket, where they might have been, nor in either of my apron-pockets, nor in my work-basket, nor in my reticule—in short, that my keys were lost!

'Now these keys were only two in number, and small enough in dimensions; but then the one opened that important part of me, my writing-desk;

and the other contained within itself the specific power over every lock in the house, being no other than the key of the key-drawer; and no chance of picking them—for alas! alas! the locks were Bramah's! So, after a few exclamations, such as—What can have become of my keys? Has any one seen my keys? Somebody must have run away with my keys!—I recollected that, however consolatory to myself each lamentation might be, they would by no means tend to quench the thirst of my guests. I applied myself vigorously to remedy the evil all I could by sending to my nearest neighbours (for time was pressing, and our horse and his master out for the day) to supply, as well as might be, my deficiency. Accordingly I sent to the public-house for their best beer, which, not being Kennet ale, would not go down; and to the good-humoured wives of the shoemaker and the baker for their best wine. Fancy to yourselves a decanter of damson-wine arriving from one quarter, and a jug of parsnip-wine, fresh from the wood, tapped on purpose, from the other! And this for drinkers of Burgundy and Champaigne! Luckily the water was good, and my visitors were good-natured, and comforted me in my affliction, and made a jest of the matter. Really they are a nice family, the St. Johns, especially the two young men, to whom I have, they say, taught the taste of spring-water.

'This trouble passed over lightly enough. But scarcely were they gone before the tax-gatherer came for money—locked up in my desk! What will the collector say? And the justice's clerk for warrants, left under my care by the chairman of the bench, and also safely lodged in the same safe repository. What will their worships say to this delinquency? It will be fortunate if they do not issue a warrant against me in my own person! My very purse was left by accident in that unlucky writing-desk; and when our kind neighbours, the Wrights, sent a melon, and I was forced to borrow a shilling to give the messenger, I could bear my loss no longer, and determined to institute a strict search on the instant.

'But before the search could begin in came the pretty little roly-poly Sydneys and Murrays, brats from seven downwards, with their whole train of nurses, and nursery-maids, and nursery-governesses, by invitation, to eat strawberries; and the strawberries were locked up in a cupboard, the key of which was in the unopenable drawer! And good farmer Brookes, he too called, sent by his honour for a bottle of Hollands—the right Schiedam; and the Schiedam was in the cellar; and the key of the cellar was in the Bramah-locked drawer! And the worthy farmer, who behaved charmingly for a man deprived of his gin, was fain to be content with excuses, like a voter after an election; and the poor children were compelled to put up with promises, like a voter before one; to be sure, they had a few pinks and roses to sweeten their disappointment; but the strawberries were as uncomeatable as the Schiedam.

'At last they were gone; and then began the search in good earnest. Every drawer, not locked, every room that could be entered, every box that could be opened, was ransacked over and over again for these intolerable keys.

'All my goods and chattels were flung together in heaps, and then picked over (a process which would make even new things seem disjointed and shabby), and the quantities of trumpery thereby disclosed, especially in the shape of thimbles, needle-cases, pin-cushions, and scissars, from the

different work-baskets, work-boxes, and work-bags (your idle persons always abound in working materials) was astounding. I think there were seventeen pincushions of different patterns—beginning with an old boot and ending with a new guitar. But what was there not? It seemed to me that there were pocketable commodities enough to furnish a second-hand bazaar! Every thing was there except my keys.

'For four hours did I and my luckless maidens perambulate the house, whilst John, the boy, examined the garden; until we were all so tired we were forced to sit down from mere weariness. Saving always the first night of one of my own tragedies, when, though I pique myself on being composed, I can never manage to sit still; except on such an occasion, I do not think I ever walked so much at one time in my life. At last I flung myself on a sofa in the green-house, and began to revolve the possibility of their being still in the place where I had first missed them.

'A jingle in my apron-pocket afforded some hope, but it turned out to be only the clinking of a pair of garden scissors against his old companion, a silver pencil-case—and that prospect faded away. A slight opening of Dryden's heavily-bound volume gave another glimmer of sunshine, but it proved to be occasioned by a sprig of myrtle in Palamon and Arcite—Kate Leslie's elegant mark.

'This circumstance recalled the recollection of my pretty friend. Could she have been the culprit? And I began to ponder over all the instances of unconscious key-stealing that I had heard of amongst my acquaintance. Now my old friend, Aunt Martha, had been so well known for that propensity as to be regularly sought after whenever keys were missing; and my young friend, Edward Harley, from the habit of twisting something round his fingers during his eloquent talk (people used to provide another eloquent talker, Madame de Staël, with a willow-twig for the purpose), had once caught up and carried away a key, also a Bramah, belonging to a lawyer's bureau, thereby, as the lawyer affirmed, causing the loss of divers law-suits to himself and his clients. Neither Aunt Martha nor Edward had been near the place; but Kate Leslie might be subject to absent fits, and might, in a paroxysm, have abstracted my keys; at all events it was worth trying. So I wrote her a note to go by post in the evening (for Kate, I grieve to say, lives above twenty miles off), and determined to await her reply, and think no more of my calamity.

'A wise resolution! but, like many other wise resolves, easier made than kept. Even if I could have forgotten my loss, my own household would not have let me.

'The cook, with professional callousness, came to demand sugar for the currant-pudding—and the sugar was in the store-room—and the store-room was locked; and scarcely had I recovered from this shock before Anne came to inform me that there was no oil in the cruet, and that the flask was in the cellar, snugly reposing, I suppose, by the side of the Schiedam, so that if for weariness I could have eaten, there was no dinner to eat—for without the sallad who would take the meat? However, I being alone, this signified little; much less than a circumstance of which I was reminded by my note to Kate Leslie, namely, that in my desk were two important letters, one triple, and franked for that very night; as well as a corrected proof-sheet, for which the press was waiting; and that all these despatches were to be sent off by post that evening.

'Roused by this extremity, I carried my troubles and my writing-desk to my good friend, the blacksmith—a civil intelligent man, who sympathized with my distress, sighed, shook his head, and uttered the word Bramah!—and I thought my perplexity was nearly at its height, when, as I was wending slowly homeward, my sorrows were brought to a climax by my being overtaken by one of the friends whom I admire and honour most in the world—a person whom all the world admires—who told me, in her prettiest way, that she was glad to see me so near my own gate, for that she was coming to drink tea with me.

'Here was a calamity! The Lady Mary H., a professed tea-drinker—a green-tea-drinker, one (it was a point of sympathy between us) who took nothing but tea and water, and, therefore, required that gentle and lady-like stimulant in full perfection. Lady Mary come to drink tea with me; and I with nothing better to offer her but tea from the shop—the village-shop—bohea, or souchong, or whatever they might call the vile mixture. Tea from the shop for Lady Mary! Ill luck could go no further: it was the very extremity of small distress.

'Her ladyship is, however, as kind as she is charming, and bore our mutual misfortune with great fortitude; admired my garden, praised my geraniums, and tried to make me forget my calamity. Her kindness was thrown away. I could not even laugh at myself, or find beauty in my flowers, or be pleased with her for flattering them. I tried, however, to do the honours by my plants; and in placing a large night-scented stock, which was just beginning to emit its odour, upon the table, I struck against the edge, and found something hard under my belt.

'"My keys, my keys!" cried I, untying the ribbon, as I heard a most pleasant jingle on the floor; and the lost keys, sure enough, they were; deposited there, of course, by my own hand; unfelt, unseen, and unsuspected, during our long and weary search. Since the adventure of my dear friend, Mrs. S., who hunted a whole morning for her spectacles, whilst they were comfortably perched upon her nose, I have met with nothing so silly and so perplexing.

'But my troubles were over—my affliction was at an end.

'The strawberries were sent to the dear little girls; and the Schiedam to the good farmer; and the warrants to the clerk. The tax-gatherer called for his money; letters and proofs went to the post; and never in my life did I enjoy a cup of Twining's green-tea so much as the one which Lady Mary and I took together after my day of distress.'—*The Amulet*, pp. 166—174.

The subjects of the embellishments in the 'Amulet' are not well chosen, with the exception of the portrait which forms the frontispiece, and which, as far as the face, bust, and figure are concerned, is exquisitely engraved. But the left arm and hand are monstrous deformities. We like the idea of the moonlight scene, in the vignette style, in the last page. This mode of introducing illustrations has been adopted with the greatest success in the new edition of Rogers's "Italy," and we are rather surprised that it has not been more extensively followed by the Annualists of this year. A periodical entirely upon this plan would, doubtless, have met with a highly popular reception.

We fear that justice compels us to pass a similar judgment upon the embellishments of the new 'Friendship's Offering.' There is very little taste displayed in the selection of the subjects, and it would seem as if the editor flattered himself, that the beautiful portrait of Lady Carrington, which he has placed in the front of his volume, would compensate for the mediocrity of all his other illustrations. The 'Fairy of the Lake,' representing a female figure falling head-foremost into the water, is a most disagreeable looking affair. We ought not, however, to class 'The Embarkation,' drawn by Whichelo, and engraved by Brandard, amongst the indifferent embellishments of the volume. The design of that picture exhibits the purest taste and the most refined skill; and the manner in which it is embodied on the plate by Brandard does him great credit.

The literary contents of this volume have the merit of variety, and, in several instances, of distinguished ability. We could have wished that the poetical department had favoured us with more of Hervey, and with a great deal less of the Howitts, and of that intolerable pearl-stringer, Barry Cornwall. But there are several vigorous prose tales, and speculations upon imaginative subjects, which fully compensate for the imbecility which characterizes most of the verses. Among the few exceptions that occur to the latter part of this remark, we must place, and in a high rank too, the following stanzas by Hervey, supposed to have been written in a cathedral:—

I.

'How loud, amid these silent aisles,
My quiet footstep falls,—
Where words, like ancient chronicles
Are scattered o'er the walls;
A thousand phantoms seem to rise,
Beneath my lightest tread,
And echoes bring me back replies
From homes that hold the dead!

II.

'Death's harvests of a thousand years
Have here been gathered in,—
The vintage where the wine was tears,
The labourer was Sin;—
The loftiest passions and the least
Lie sleeping, side by side,
And love hath reared its staff of rest
Beside the grave of pride!

III.

'Alike o'er each—alike o'er all
Their lone memorials wave;
The banner on the sculptured wall,
The thistle o'er the grave,

Each, herald-like, proclaims the style
And bearings of its dead,
But hangs one moral, all the while,
Above each slumbering head!

IV.

'And the breeze, like an ancient bard, comes by,
And touches the solemn chords
Of the harp which death has hung on high,
And fancy weaves the words;
Songs that have one unwearied tone,
Though they sing of many an age,
And tales, to which each graven-stone
Is but the title-page!

V.

'The warrior here hath sheathed his sword,
The poet crushed his lyre,
The miser left his counted hoard,
The chemist quenched his fire;
The maiden never more steals forth
To hear her lover's lute,
And all the trumpets of the earth
In the soldier's ear are mute!

VI.

'Here the pilgrim of the hoary head
Has flung his crutch aside,
And the young man gained the bridal bed
Where death is the young man's bride;
The mother is here whom a weary track
Led sorrowing to the tomb,
And the babe whose path from heaven, back,
Was but it's mother's womb!

VII.

'The moonlight sits, with her sad sweet smile,
O'er the heedless painter's rest;
And the organ rings through the vaulted aisle,
But it stirs not the minstrel's breast!—
The mariner has no wish to roam
From his safe and silent shore,
And the weeping in the mourner's house
Is hushed for evermore!

* * * *

VIII.

'My heart is as an infant's still,
Though mine eyes are dim with tears;
I have this hour no fear of ill,
No grief for vanished years!—
Once more, for this wild world I set
My solitary bark,
But—like those sleepers—I shall yet
Go up into that ark!'

Friendship's Offering, pp. 240—242.

Of the prose, we cannot mention a more favourable sample than 'The Church-yard Watch,' by the author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family." It is said to be founded upon fact, and this we do not think at all improbable. The hero of this story is a church-yard watchman, who, when a puny and nervous lad, was forced by his step-father, Hunks, as he is here called, to take up that horrible office for him. The effect of his first night's duty upon his sickly nerves was such, that he never afterwards recovered his reason; the picture of his shattered mind is appalling. Before he went to his fatal task, the poor boy remonstrated against it to his mother: his affectionate expressions must find their way to every heart.

'"Is he gone?" asked Will, when he regained his senses—"gone not to come back?"—and having heard his mother's gentle assurances, he let his head fall on her shoulder, weeping, while he continued:—

'"Mother, mother, it would destroy the little life I have! I could not bear it for an hour! The dread I am in of it was born with me! When I was a child of four years, I had dreams of it, and I remember them to this day; they used to come in such crowds round my cradle! As I grew up, you saw and you know my weakness. I could never sit still in the dark, nor even in the day-light out of doors in lonesome places. Now in my youth—a lad—almost a man—I am ashamed to speak of my inward troubles. Mother, you do not know me—I do not know myself! I walk out sometimes down by the river, and, listening to the noise of the water over the rocks, where it is shallow, and to the rustling of the trees as they nod in the twilight, voices and shrieks come round me—sometimes they break in my ears—and I have turned to see what thing it was that spoke, and thought some grey tree at my side had only just changed and become motionless, and seemed as if, a moment before, it had been something else, and had a tongue, and said the words that frightened me!—Oh, it was but yester evening I ran home from the river-side, and felt no heart within me till I had come in here to the fire-side, and seen you moving near me!

'"You know the lone house all in ruins on the hill—I fear it, mother, more than tongue can tell you! I have been taken through it, in my dreams, in terrible company, and here I could describe to you its bleak apartments, one by one—its vaults pitch dark, and half-filled with stones and rubbish, and choaked up with weeds—its winding, creeping stair-cases, and its flapping windows—I know them all, though my feet never yet crossed its threshold!—Never, mother, though I have gone near it, to enter it, and see if what I had dreamt of it was true—and I went in the first light of the morning; but when close by the old door-way, the rustle of the shrubs and weeds startled me, and I thought—but sure *that* was fancy—that some one called me in by name—and then I turned and raced down the hill, never looking back till I came to the meadow ground where cows and sheep are always grazing, and heard the dogs barking in the town, and voices of the children at play!"

'"Will, my king," said his mother, soothingly," this is all mere childishness at your years. God is above us and around us; and even if evil and strange things are allowed to be on earth, he will shield us from all harm. Arouse up like a man! for indeed, your time of boyhood is passing—nay, it has passed with other lads not much older; only you have been poorly

and weakly from your cradle, Will. Come, go to sleep; and before you lie down pray for better health and strength to-morrow."

'"To-morrow!" he repeated—"And did my step-father say any thing of to-morrow?"

'His mother answered him evasively, and he resumed,—"Oh, how I fear to-morrow!—oh, mother, you have loved me, and you do love me—for my weakness, my ill-health, and my dutifulness—and you loved my father—oh, for his sake as well as mine, mother, keep me from what I am threatened with!—keep me from it, if you would have me live another day.'"

'He went into his little sleeping apartment, stricken to the very soul with supernatural fears.

'After spending a miserable night, he stole out of the house next morning, and wandered about the private walks adjacent to the town, until he thought his step-father might have arisen and taken his usual walk to the tap. But as the lad was about to re-enter the house, Hunks met him at the threshold. Will shrunk back; to his surprize and comfort, however, his fears now seemed ill-founded. The man bid him good morrow in as cheerful and kind a tone as he could command, shook his hand, tapped him on the head, and left the house. Delighted, though still agitated, Will sought his mother within doors, told her his good omens, and spent a happy day. At dinner, too, notwithstanding Hunks' presence, the mother and son enjoyed themselves, so amiable had the despot become, at least in appearance.

'When their meal was over, Hunks, as if to attain the height of civility, invited Will to go out with him for a walk by the river—"and let's have Barker (Will's dog) for company," continued Hunks, "he may shew us sport with a rat, or such like, Will."

'Accordingly, the three strolled out together, Will leading the way by many a well-known sedge or tuft of bushes, or undermined bank, the resorts of the water-rat, and sometimes of the outlaw otter; and Barker upheld his character by starting, hunting down, and killing one of the first-mentioned animals. As twilight came on, they turned their faces towards the little town. They entered it. Its little hum of life was now hushed; its streets silent, and almost deserted; its doors and windows barred and bolted, and the sounds of the rushing river and the thumping mill were the only ones which filled the air. The clock pealed ten as they continued their way. They passed the old Gothic church, and now were passing the gate which led into its burial-ground. Hunks stopped short. His grey, bad eye fell on the lad—"Will," he said, "I be thinking we've walked enough for this time."

'"Enough, indeed,—and thank you for your company—and good night, father," answered Will, trying to smile, though he began to tremble.

'"Good night then, my man—and here be your watch-light," and Hunks drew a dark lantern from his huge pocket.

'"Nay, I want no light home," said Will;" I know the way so well; and 'tis not very dark; and you know you can't do without it on your post."

'"My post?" Hunks laughed villanously—"Your post, you mean, Will; take it; I be thinking I shall sleep sound to-night without a dead-light—as if I were a corpse to need it. Come along."

'"You cannot have the heart to ask me!" cried Will, stepping back.

' " Pho, my man"—Hunks clutched him by the shoulder with one hand, with the other unlocked the gate and flung it open.—" In with you; you'll like it so in a few nights, you'll wish no better post; the dead chaps be civil enough; only treat them well, and let them walk awhile, and they make very good company." He dragged Will closer to the gate.

' " Have mercy!" shrieked the wretched lad, trying to kneel, or kill me first, father, to make me company for them, if that will please you."

' " Get in," roared the savage—" get in!—ay, hollo out, and twist about, so, and I'll pitch your shivering carcass half way across the church-yard!"—He forced him in from the gate—" stop a bit, now—there be your lantern"—he set it down on a tomb-stone—" so, good night—yonder's your box—just another word—don't you be caught strolling too near the murderer's corner, over there, or you may trip and fall among the things that turn and twine on the ground, like roots of trees, to guard him."

' With a new and piercing shriek, Will clung close to his fell tormentor. Hunks, partially carrying into effect a threat he had uttered, tore the lad's hands away, tossed him to some distance, strode out at the gate, locked it, and Will was alone with horror.

' At first, an anguish of fear kept him stupified and stationary. He had fallen on a freshly-piled grave, to which mechanically his fingers clung, and his face joined, in avoidance of the scene around. But he soon recollected what clay it was he clung to, and at the thought he started up, and, hushed as the sleepers around him, made some observations. High walls quite surrounded the church-yard, as if to part him from the habitable world. His lamp was burning upon the tombstone where Hunks had placed it—one dim red spot amid the thick darkness. The church-clock now tolled eleven. It ceased; his ears ached in the resumed silence, and he listened and stared about him for what he feared. Whispers seemed to arise near him. He ran for his lamp, snatched it up, and instinctively hurried to the watch-box. Oh, he wished it made of solid rock!—it was chiefly framed of glass, useless as the common air to his terrors! He shut his eyes, and pressed his palms upon them—vain subterfuge! The fevered spirit within him brought before his mind's vision worse things than the church-yard could yawn up, were all that superstition has fancied of it true. He looked out from his watch-box in refuge from himself.

' That evening a half-moon had risen early, and at this moment was sinking in gathering clouds behind distant hills. As he vaguely noticed the circumstance, he felt more and more desolate. Simultaneously with the disappearance of the planet, the near clock began again to strike—he knew not what hour! Each stroke smote his ear as if it would crack the nerve; at the last, he shrieked out delirious! He had a pause from agony, then a struggle for departing reason, and then he was at rest.

' At day-break, his step-father found him asleep. He led him home. Will sat down to breakfast, smiling, but did not speak a word. Often, during the day, his now brilliant eye turned to the west; but why, his mother could not tell; until, as the evening made up her couch of clouds there, drawing around her the twilight for drapery, he left the house with an unusually vigorous step, and stood at the gate of the church-yard. Again he took up his post. Again the hour of twelve pealed from the old church, but now he did not fear it. When it had fully sounded, he clapped his hands, laughed, and shouted.

'The imaginary whispers he had heard the previous night—small, cautious

whispers—came around him again; first, from a distance; then, nearer and nearer. At last, he shaped them into words—"Let us walk;" they said—"though he watches us he fears us." *He!*—'twas strange to hear the dim dead speak to a living man, of himself! The maniac laughed again at the fancy, and replied to them:—

'"Ay, come! appear! I give leave for it. Ye are about in crowds, I know, not yet daring to take up your old bodies till I please; but up with them! graves, split on, and yield me my subjects! for am I not king of the churchyard? Obey me!—ay, now your mouths gape—and what a yawning!—Are ye musical, too?—A jubilee of groans!—Out with it, in the name of death!—Blast it about like giants carousing!"

'"Well blown!—and now a thousand heads popped up at once—there eyes fixed on mine, as if to ask my further leave for a resurrection; and they know I am good-humoured now, and grow upward, accordingly, like a grove of bare trees that have no sap in them. And now they move; passing along in rows, like trees, too, that glide by one on a bank, while one sails merrily down the river—and all stark staring still: and others stand bolt upright against their own head-stones to contemplate. I wonder what they think of! Move! move! young, old, boys, men, pale girls, and palsied grandmothers—my churchyard can never hold 'em! And yet how they pass each other from corner to corner! I think they make way through one another's bodies, as they do in the grave. They'll dance anon. Minuets, at least. Why they begin already!—and what partners!—a tall, genteel young officer takes out our village witch of the wield—she that died at Christmas—and our last rector smirks to a girl of fifteen—ha, ha! yon tattered little fellow is a radical, making a leg to the old duchess!—music! music!—Go, some of you that look on there, and toll the dead bell! Well done! they tie the murderer to the bell-rope, by the neck, (though he was hanged before,) and the bell swings out merrily! but what face is here?"

'It was the vision of a child's face, which he believed he caught staring at him through the glass of his watch-box—the face of an only brother who had died young. The wretch's laughter changed into tears and low wailings. By the time that his mother came to seek him, just at day-break, he was, however, again laughing; but in such a state as to frighten mirth from her heart and lips till the day she died. As has been said, symptoms of positive insanity did not long continue to appear in his words or actions; yet, when he recovered, there was still a change in him—a dark and disagreeable change, under the inveterate confirmation of which, the curious student of human nature may, at this moment, observe him in his native village.'—*Friendship's Offering*, pp. 312—320.

We have already spoken in terms of praise of the plates which embellish 'The Winter's Wreath, for the new year. In its literary department, we think that the present volume greatly excels all its predecessors. Its poetry, especially, classes above the usual range of the Annuals, and there is among the prose compositions an agreeable mixture of imaginative tales, essays, and sketches from real life. There are few English hearts, we suppose, that will not readily respond to the following strains, expressive of gratitude for a victory at sea, from the classic pen of Mrs. Hemans:—

'Through evening's bright repose
A voice of prayer arose,
When the sea-fight was done;
The sons of England knelt,
With hearts that now could melt,
For, on the wave, her battle had been won.

'Round their tall ship, the main
Heaved with a dark red stain
Caught not from sunset's cloud;
While with the tide swept past
Pennon and shivered mast,
Which to the Ocean-Queen that day had bowed.

'But free and fair on high,
A native of the sky,
Her streamer met the breeze;
It flowed o'er fearless men,
Though hushed and child-like then,
Before their God they gathered on the seas.

'Oh! did not thought of home
O'er each bold spirit come,
As from the land, sweet gales?
In every word of prayer,
Had not some hearth a share
Some bower inviolate 'midst England's vales?

'Yes! bright green spots that lay
In beauty far away,
Hearing no billow's roar;
Safer from touch of spoil,
For that day's fiery toil,
Rose on high hearts, that now with love gush'd o'er.

'A solemn scene, and dread!
The victors and the dead—
The breathless, burning sky!
And, passing with the race
Of waves that keep no trace,
The wild, brief signs of human victory!

'A stern, yet holy scene!
Billows, where strife hath been,
Sinking to awful sleep;
And words that breathe the sense
Of God's omnipotence,
Making a minster of that silent deep!

'Borne through such hours afar,
Thy flag hath been a star
Where eagle's wing ne'er flew;
England! the unprofaned,
Thou of the homes unstained!
Oh! to the banner and the shrine be true!'

The Winter's Wreath, pp. 53, 54.

The venerable Archdeacon Wrangham, we are happy to perceive, frequently avails himself of the medium of the Annuals, in order to keep up the connection that has long subsisted between his name and the elegancies of literature. He has contributed to the present volume two small, but very beautiful translations into Latin, of Sir E. Bridges's well-known lines on "Echo and Silence," and of Bayley's song "O 'tis the melody," &c. We regret that we cannot speak in terms of similar approbation of the same writer's version into English, of Leopardi's fine and indignant address to his native Italy. From the prose articles, we select almost at random the account which the author of "Recollections of the Peninsula," gives of a duellist who had killed his antagonist. At the same time we are not without a hope that it may, perchance, meet the eye of more than one of the rising generations, to whom those false and pernicious notions of personal dignity are familiar, which too often lead to the calamitous results that are here depicted. Of all the delusions to which the silly pride and real weakness of mankind have given rise, there is none so utterly indefensible as this of our murdering each other, by way of wiping away what is called a stain upon our honour. What stain, we may well ask, can tarnish that honour more indelibly than the blood of a fellow creature? Who deserves to be shunned by society, to be exiled from its ranks, to be driven into the solitude of his own despair, more than the man who, for some hasty word, some unintentional offence, some momentary burst of passion, takes away the life which the Deity has given to one of his children? But let us hear the remorse of the murderer, from his own confession: we know not whether the story be drawn from fancy, or founded on fact; nor is it of any consequence one way or the other, inasmuch as the moral is true in all its parts, and the example impressive. The adversaries are said to have been friends from their earliest youth, and to have entered the army together. Upon some occasion the spirits of one of them were particularly exuberant, and in a playful mood he tipped off his friend's cap in the presence of his fellow officers; an act which was unexpectedly repaid by a blow that knocked him down. The consequences are related in these words.

'I was instantly picked up by a tall vulgar young man, who had lately joined the regiment by exchange, in consequence of some affair of honour, in which he had been engaged with his captain, and who was a ready agent of mischief. "This business," said he, "can only be settled in one way, and the sooner the better."

'I cast my eyes round to look for Hill, he had caught up his cap, and was walking away bareheaded, and two brother ensigns were following him—one of whom I knew had a pair of duelling pistols. A little fellow, who had only joined a few days, and was not more than fifteen, and to whom we had both been kind, came to me, "O Vernon," said he, "run after him; make all up; it was all foolishness; why it was only play till he got vexed; and that was your fault, I am sure he is sorry—let

us all agree to say nothing about it at mess—and to keep it from the Colonel."

'Such was the thought of the artless boy. Oh! that he had had man's wisdom, I mean not that of such men as were with us then; for my tall friend called him a young blockhead, and bade him hold his nonsense; and remember that officers were not school-boys. To think that of the seven persons present there was but one peace-maker, and he a child! Had he but gone to the Colonel or any of the senior officers—there would not have been wanting some worth and wisdom to stand between "*the boys*" and their calamity. As it was we were both in the hands of wicked and unreasonable men,—both the dull and passive slaves of a cruel custom.

'My tall friend went home with me to my barrack room, and wrote a challenge, which I copied scarce knowing what I did. He carried it himself and was long away—how busy were my hopes during that interval—he will make an apology methought, he will do any thing rather than meet me. The mischief-maker at last returned—he brought no note—a verbal consent to meet me. "I never saw such a fellow," said the wretch who had volunteered to be my second, "knock a man down, and then offer him an apology!—why you would both be turned out of the service—he for offering, and you for accepting it." "I would give my life," I replied, "to avoid this meeting if it were possible." "Well," said my second, "it is not possible: however it is a pleasant and safe duel for you, for after receiving your shot he will of course fire in the air and make his apology; but go to the ground he must; and you need not be uneasy, perhaps you may miss him!" "Perhaps I may miss him!" said I; "why I would not fire at him, or hurt a hair of his head for the universe." "As to that," replied my mentor—"aim at him you must—you are the challenger; you must not call out a man, and make a fool of him, and a mockery of a duel: and expect a couple of *gentlemen* to stand looking on as seconds, at such a piece of chicken-hearted child's play. No—no—that will never do: I feel for you, my dear fellow, but your honour is at stake. It is a sad annoyance, but it can't be helped—I am engaged out to supper, and I shall not go to bed all night, so I shall be with you in time. Five is the hour—you need not worry about any thing, I have got pistols."

'The heartless wretch left me—alone—troubled—bewildered—almost out of my senses. I walked about my room: I sat down; I lay down on my bed. I was in a sad confusion of thought. My brain was wearied with its working. I fell asleep—I awoke at four o'clock, and got a light, washed and dressed myself. My servant, whom I had roused, stared at me, and asked if I was unwell. I said "A little so." "Might he fetch the doctor then?"—"No."

'The only comfort I could find or make was in the resolution to fire wide of the mark—the only prayer my heart could breathe was the fervent wish that I might manage it well. "All's well that ends well," said I to myself—we shall be friends again at breakfast as if nothing had happened. Arthur loves me, and I him, better than all others.

'It wanted some minutes to five, when my odious second arrived, with his pistols wrapped in a silk handkerchief. We exchanged but a very few words. But as we walked to the ground, he said unfeelingly, "this will not be a *pistols for two—coffee for one, kind of a duel*, but a very

harmless one, I'll answer for it, my younker, so you need not look so pale." My very blood ran chill as he spoke, and I felt terrified:

—— "Every crime
Has, in the moment of its perpetration,
It's own avenging angel; dark misgivings,
An ominous sinking at the inmost heart."

'We proceeded in silence to the sands. It was a dull misty morning—Hill and his second were already there. Hill's second joined mine, and they conferred a little together. I hoped that the duel might yet be averted; I longed to run over to Hill, where he was walking up and down, about thirty yards from me, and to press him to my heart. The delay arose from Hill's second not choosing that the meeting should actually take place till a surgeon was in readiness to give any succour that might be needed. The ground was measured, but they did not suffer us to take post till they saw the assistant-surgeon about half a mile off, walking towards us. My second had so contrived matters, that this amiable doctor should know nothing of the duel, until the parties were going forth; and even then had not informed him who were the principals.

'As I found myself opposite the youth whom I best loved, with a pistol in my hand—my eyes swam, and I felt sick and giddy—all the presence of mind I had was intent upon making sure to miss him. I heard the words, "ready"—"present." I raised my pistol with a careful slowness, and (according to the rules, when I had gotten the aim I designed) I fired. In that moment, guilt, remorse, age, and despair, fell, as it were, upon me; and they have dwelt with me ever since—for twenty long years they have held me in their cruel hands. My hope shuddered as my finger pulled the fatal trigger: I dared not follow the shot with my eyes, but I heard the fall—and I fainted upon the earth. When I recovered my senses, I was laid by the side of Arthur Hill upon the sand, and he had got my hand in his—and he was looking at me kinder and sadder than I ever saw any body upon earth look, and in a few minutes, with a heavy sigh, he died. Poor Arthur—I killed him; and I have never been quite well since—not to say quite right. That hymn you heard me speak of was found in Arthur's desk, copied out in his own hand; and his friends sent it to me, two years ago, to comfort me; and it does for the time—but I am very miserable, good sir—very.'—*The Winter's Wreath*, pp. 129—134.

Miss M. A. Browne has contributed several poetical effusions to the present volume; but we are pained to say that she does not at all improve in our estimation. She labours to be perpetually fine, and in consequence she produces any thing except poetry. What a ridiculous conceit, for instance, is it, to say, as she does say, in her lines addressed to an exquisite picture of 'Evening near the Bavarian Alps,' that it reminded her of her own home, where

——— 'The low murmur of the evening prayer,
Stole from the casement, till the passer by
Might deem it was the *jessamine blossoms there,*
Breathing a deeper and more fervent sigh
Unto His praise, who hung them on their stems,
Like pearls on diadems!

From such ambitious strainings, it is a real enjoyment to turn

away, and glance upon such lines as these, addressed by Delta to 'The opening year.'

'How pleasant is the opening year!
The clouds of winter melt away;
The flowers in beauty re-appear;
The songster carols from the spray;
Lengthens the more refulgent day;
And bluer glows the arching sky;
All things around us seem to say,
"Christian! direct thy thoughts on high."

'In darkness through the dreary length
Of winter, slept both bud and bloom:
But nature now puts forth her strength,
And starts, renewed, as from the tomb;
Behold an emblem of thy doom,
O man!—a star hath shone to save—
And morning yet shall re-illume
The midnight darkness of the grave!

'Yet ponder well, how then shall break
The dawn of second life on thee—
Shalt thou to hope—to bliss awake?
Or vainly strive God's wrath to flee?
Then shall pass forth the dread decree,
That makes or weal or woe thine own;
Up! and to work! Eternity
Must reap the harvest Time hath sown.'

The Winter's Wreath, p. 348.

Before we conclude, we must congratulate Mrs. Hall upon the new volume of her 'Juvenile Forget Me Not.' It is exactly what such a book ought to be, a collection of entertaining dialogues, stories, verses, and slight essays, all of them calculated to amuse and to improve the opening mind. We are particularly well pleased with the attention which she has paid throughout her little work, to the elements of natural history, and to the removal of those absurd and unfortunate antipathies, which children are too often taught, by ignorant servants, to entertain against the lower entities of the creation.

ART. VI.—*Memoirs of the Late War: comprising the Personal Narrative of Captain Cooke, of the 43d Regiment of Light Infantry: The History of the Campaign of* 1809 *in Portugal.* By the Earl of Munster: *and a Narrative of the Campaign of* 1814, *in Holland.* By Lieut. T. W. D. Moodie, H. P. 21st Fusileers. In two vols. 8vo. London: Colburn and Co. 1831.

WE do not think that either the dignity of the military profession, or the true interests of literature or of history, have been much consulted in the present publication. We are not surprised at the

expedients to which some booksellers in our days will resort. We only lament that they should have succeeded at last in enlisting into the cause of delusion and puff, some of the members of a community, which, throughout the world, has been signalized by the bold frankness of its character.

When we heard of this work only through the medium of its title, 'Memoirs of the Late War, by the Earl of Munster, Captain Cooke, &c. &c,' we unwittingly concluded that an important national undertaking was about to be commenced. We thought that the son of the reigning king, himself no unworthy actor in the memorable scenes about to be recorded, had been selected for the great function of state historian—that to him the whole archives of the nation had been laid open—and the evidence of ten thousand witnesses of the late war commanded to be given. With such feelings and expectations, we opened the pages of the volumes before us, and what were the pangs of disappointment which we were doomed to experience! We must say, however, that we consider Captain Cooke to be a very injured man. No one can read these volumes without being satisfied, that the gallant officer has made very considerable sacrifices, to obtain the post of superiority over the other members of this literary firm. He has nearly had the whole burden indeed of the business to himself:—he has written more than three-fourths of the work, and has, we presume, been racking his memory night and day, for materials, whilst the sleeping partners of the concern were devoted to their beloved repose. And yet how little of the credit due to his activity has Captain Cooke received at the hands of his publishers! Not only is his name, which by all the laws of justice should have stood first in the catalogue of the triumvirate, placed in an inferior situation, but the diminished size of the letters which have been provided for him, proclaim at once the injustice and prejudice of the publishers. The place of dignity is conceded to a partner who brought the smallest share of effects to the common stock; whilst he who may be said to have embarked the whole of his possessions in this speculation, is indifferently left to the effect of such consolations as he may derive from the reflection that he had merited a higher reward. But we have often in recent years been compelled to notice the gradual degeneracy of literature in this country. It has now nearly fallen beneath the corrupting influence of a mercenary spirit, and at the very moment at which we write, is made subject to all the bye-laws by which the vulgar transactions of ordinary life are regulated. When we see a partnership in literature got up for the purpose of popular attraction—offering in its nature or its ends, nothing that constitutes a substantial claim to the consideration of the public:—when we find it arranged that the chief place in this alliance is given to a member, the extent of whose interest in the common object by no means justifies such an appointment: when we consider these facts, and the motives which have given rise to them, do we not recognize at once all the craft of the broker? The

city exchange, that pandemonium of all the fiends of delusion, intrigue, and device, rises before our view, and by the light which it flings upon our path, we can discover in the Earl of Munster and his co-partners, only some new and ephemeral conjunction in the mercantile sphere, destined to shine for its brief hour, and by dazzling, to delude the inexperienced and unwary.

Nor is this all. The contingent which the Earl of Munster supplies on the present occasion, is neither more nor less than a piece of literary merchandize, which had been already set up to sale at a sort of periodical bazaar, entitled the *United Service Journal.* The noble contributor, we are quite sure, took no active part in the republication, for in what other light could such a measure be regarded, except as a tacit acknowledgment that this second birth wanted none of the characters of an entirely new and original appearance? To Lieutenant Moodie we are likewise desirous of extending the same indulgent consideration, for he too began by tempting the customers of the United Service Bazaar.

Thus then, upon the explosion of this, the latest of the literary bubbles that has recently agitated the market, we discover that two of the principal proprietors are only so many unsuccessful speculators, the victims of a "heavy demand," and whose merchandize is once more put up under quite a new designation, and assisted by the auspices of a more attractive salesman. With respect to the third proprietor, or rather the real principal in this affair, we are bound to allow him a hearing somewhat in proportion to the extent of his interest.

The captain appears to us to be very unfortunate in his military destiny. The fates have so ordained it, that he has been compelled to travel by no other route, and to share in no other scenes than those which had previously been trodden or acted in by men far his superiors in power of description, though we are quite sure neither better soldiers nor more respectable members of society. He has been so peculiarly abandoned by his good genius, as actually to join in the Peninsular war nearly at the same time as our admirable "Subaltern," whose vivid picture of the latter portion of that campaign, now maintains an honourable place in every well regulated library in the empire. Captain Cooke is thus necessarily forced to enter into unequal competition with perhaps the most formidable rivalship that ever a writer had to contend with. The result is conformable to the probabilities of the case; the captain has attempted to give "fresh beauty to the violet," and improve those hues of exquisite colour which the pencils of our Southeys, our Napiers, and our Subalterns have communicated to most of the scenes of the Spanish war; but the effort has, as in all such enterprizes, ended in failure.

Captain Cooke gives a very tedious description of his first onset in life. He began his military career in the militia, and seems to have divided his devotions between Venus and the god of war. A

love adventure which he relates with the most remarkable attention to minute facts, is about the worst of the romances to which the most fertile of all themes has given rise. He was soon transferred to the service in the line, and sailed to Walcheren with that famous expedition, which was one out of the many proofs of the feebleness that really characterized the whole career of Lord Castlereagh. On his return from the sloughs to which the British minister had consigned so many of the best and bravest of the nation, Captain Cooke, who had by this time not merely "heard of," but had "handled arms," succeeded in obtaining leave to join a detachment to Portugal, where he arrived near the close of 1811. He followed the British army, then on its triumphant progress across the frontier of Spain, and was present at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo. We select from his account of the storming, such portions of it as are less likely to have been heretofore communicated to the public, through other channels.

'Colonel M'Leod caused Lieutenant Madden, of the 43rd, to descend the small breach with twenty-five men, ordering him to continue at the foot of it during the night, and to prevent soldiers leaving the town with plunder. At eleven o'clock I went to see him; he had no sinecure, and had very judiciously made a large fire, which, of course, showed the delinquents to perfection, who were attempting to quit the town with plunder, in the garb of friars, nuns, or enveloped in silk counterpanes, or loaded with silver forks, spoons, and church plate, all of which was of course taken from them, and was piled up, to hand over to the proper authorities on the following day. He told me that no masquerade could, in point of costume, and grotesque figures, rival the characters he stripped that night.

'The fire was large, and surrounded by the dead bodies of those who fell in the first onset at the foot of the breach. The troops must have rushed up and taken the latter without hesitation: had the governor of the town only placed a few obstacles on the crest of the breach, he must have stopped the entrance of the light division altogether. He had time, as the firing from our batteries ceased two hours before the assault, and then from the rampart there was a gentle slope into the town, leading into a narrow lane, which was blocked up with a cart only, leaving a sufficient space for one person to pass at a time. The governor was most culpable! There was no musquetry from any part of the ramparts until the head of the light division column was close to the small breach.—Amongst others lay Captain Dobbs, of the 52nd, on his back, at the foot of the breach, and stripped of his uniform. Our officer at first thought he was a Frenchman who had tumbled headlong during the strife from the top of the breach; but while he was holding a piece of lighted wood, to contemplate, with admiration, his extremely placid and handsome countenance, even in death, a captain of the 52nd knew it to be the body of poor Dobbs. On lifting him up, the blood flowed copiously from his back, a musket ball having entered at the breast, and passed through his body.—A soldier of the third division came up to me and said, "Captain Hardyman of the 45th, is killed!" for although three generals and seventy other officers had fallen, yet the soldiers fresh from the strife talked of him; and if a soldier's praise can

add to a man's fame, certainly no one had a greater share than Hardyman; he was the real type of a soldier, and kind to every one.

'When the troops had sipped the wine and the Cogniac brandy in the stores, the extreme disorders commenced. To restore order was impossible; a whole division could not have done it. Three or four large houses were on fire, two of them were in the market-place, and the town was illuminated by the flames. The soldiers were drunk, and many of them for amusement were firing from the windows into the streets. I was talking to the regimental barber, private Evans, in the square, when a ball passed through his head. This was at one o'clock in the morning. He fell at my feet dead, and his brains lay on the pavement. I then sought shelter, and found Colonel M'Leod with a few officers in a large house, where we remained until day-light. I did not enter any other house in Ciudad Rodrigo; and if I had not seen, I never could have supposed that British soldiers would become so wild and furious. It was quite alarming to meet groups of them in the streets, flushed as they were with drink, and desperate in mischief.

'On the morning of the 20th, the scene was dreary; the fires just going out; and about the streets were lying the corpses of many men who had met their death hours after the town had been taken. At eleven o'clock, I went to look at the great breach. The ascent was not so steep as that of the small one, but there was a traverse thrown up at each side of it on the rampart; hence there was no way into the town, as the wall was quite perpendicular behind the breach. When the third division had gained the top of the rampart, they were in a manner enclosed and hemmed in, and had no where to go, while the enemy continued to fire upon them from some old ruined houses, only twenty yards distant.

'I counted more than sixty-three soldiers of the third division lying dead on the *terre-plein* of the rampart, exactly between the traverses I have already described. I did not see one dead soldier of that division on the French side of those traverses; but I saw some of the light division.

'I saw General M'Kinnon lying dead on his back, just under the rampart, on the inside, that is, the town side. He was stripped of every thing except his shirt and blue pantaloons; even his boots were taken off. He was a tall thin man. There were no others dead near him, and he was not on the French side of the traverse either; nor was there any possibility of getting at the general without a ladder, or traversing a considerable distance along the ramparts to descend into the town, and then passing through several narrow lanes, ruined houses, and over broken stone walls, being a distance of at least a quarter of a mile, and what no human being could have accomplished during the night. It is said that he was blown up. I should say not. There was no appearance indicating that such had been his fate. Neither the state of his skin, nor the posture in which he was lying, led me to think it. When a man is blown up, his hands and face, I should think, could not escape. I never saw any whose face was not scorched. M'Kinnon was pale, and free from the marks of fire. How strange, that with the exception of the general, I did not see a soldier of the third division who had been stripped! Neither was there any officer among the dead, or else they had been carried away. I should not wonder, (if it is not uncharitable), that the general had been killed with all the others between the traverses, and that some *tender-hearted* follower of the army

had taken his clothes off, and then just given him a hand over the wall, and so placed him in the position described.

'The two divisions attacked without knapsacks. The greater portion of the light division lay at the foot of the *small breach* in the ditch; hence it was that they fought on the slope, and rolled down in succession as they were killed; but on gaining the ramparts (there being no interior defences) they followed the French right and left, who retreated, panic-struck, into the interior of the city, keeping up, however, a running fire from the different streets, or the massive stone buildings.

'The third division, at the first onset, were fired on from the parapets of the ramparts, and assailed by missiles and live shells, which were rolled from the summit of the wall: but the enemy did not stand on the crest of the great breach to oppose their ascent; for, if they had, it would have been impossible to escape behind their traverses. The enemy had left a space for one man to pass at a time, on the left of the right traverse, but expecting the attack, they had previously blocked it up with barrels filled with earth, having placed others behind to stand on for the purpose of firing over them. Before the morning, all these barrels, except one, were thrown down the scarped wall.'—vol. i. pp. 122—127.

The investment of Badajoz, and the successful conversion of this species of attack into that of escalade, are recorded by Captain Cooke, we believe, with extreme fidelity. Although we have repeated accounts of the battle of Salamanca, so famous for giving the Duke of Wellington the opportunity of exhibiting all the best qualifications of a general, yet the topic is of so much interest, that we cannot refuse our attention to any one who was present at the scene, however small be the amount of the information which he has to add. After describing the plain which was the site of the memorable victory, the author thus proceeds.

'The arrangement of our troops was inimitable; *years* could not have improved it. Our right had been fairly turned since the 20th; the army were presenting a new front, so that the *first* or *last*, whichever it may be termed, of military movements was to be effected, that is for the contending armies to *change places*. The French could not attack our left that day; if they had, the right of their army must have been either surrounded or cut to pieces. The third division would have been on their flank, the light division would have engaged them in front, the masses behind the Table Mountain could have debouched on either side, while our cavalry, artillery, and the rest of the army, could have moved forward, and attacked the left of the French in the plain, which must have advanced to support such a movement. The Table Mountain is the mark of the French marshall's discomfiture. Military men say the French ought to have taken possession of it: but was their army up and strong enough to maintain it? The advance of the enemy at six o'clock in the morning was not that of their whole force: I should say, that it was merely a *reconnoissance;* half a dozen squadrons of cavalry and a division of infantry must not be taken for a whole army. Nor had the French soldiers wings; for in justice to them, more could not have been done by legs. The Duke of Ragusa might have had his army in hand, and could have placed a corps of observation where his centre stood; then towards evening manœuvred with his main

body at a greater distance from our right flank, and threatened to cut us off from Rodrigo, (and thereby change positions with us) until night fall; at the same time keeping his communications open with Alba de Tormes, in the event of his not deeming it advisable to follow up such a movement the next day. At all events, the French general would have gained time, which was precious to him, as reinforcements were on the road to join him. The fact was, the French marshal was completely out-generalled: the Table Mountain puzzled him; and the third division descending from Cabrerizos at twelve o'clock, and raising clouds of dust as they passed along the rear of our army, caused the Duke of Ragusa to imagine that we were drawing off, which I am confident led him to take hasty measures, forgetting that he had been manœuvring only on *blank* ground the four previous days. The Earl of Wellington saw his over haste and his error; knowing that to support such an extension of the left, the enemy ought to have advanced in force on the village of the Arapiles, or that they must expose their left to a flank attack, which they did. On the other hand, had they advanced towards the Arapiles in the plain in force, our right and centre would have become engaged, and the troops concealed behind the Table Mountain could have debouched, and hovered on their right flank.

'This was the first *general action* fought on the Peninsula, where the Earl of Wellington *attacked*; which led the French marshal still farther from his reckoning. The General-in-Chief, of course, did not wish to fritter away his army in useless skirmishes, and therefore only waited for a *fit moment* to bring it fairly in contact with the enemy, to *finish* well when once commenced; and as the Duke of Ragusa brought himself to action within the precincts of Salamanca, the advantage was ours, the wounded soldiers having speedy assistance, while those of the enemy who managed to drag themselves far from the field, endured the most distressing privations. The French were formed on the heights behind the village of the Arapiles, with an extensive forest in their rear.

'The field of battle generally was composed of light sand, with a few straggling blades of parched grass. A very light breeze blew towards the French, which gave them the benefit of the clouds of dust and the volumes of smoke arising from the immense masses in motion, notwithstanding the heavy rain on the preceding night. Near one P.M. the third division were passing in rear of ours. I was strolling about, here and there coming across a dead or wounded soldier of those who had fallen in the morning, when a Portuguese caught my attention. He was resting on his elbows with his legs extended, suffering indescribable pain from a wound in his stomach; his face pale, his lips discoloured, and stifled groans issuing from his nearly lifeless body, while an almost tropical sun was shining on his uncovered head.

'Soon after the third division had reached its destination, a column of French descended a hill *en masse* on our extreme right, towards the village of Miranda. Three eighteen-pounders opened on them, which took full effect, and spoiled their regularity. The enemy hesitated, while the discharges of our heavy ordnance were overthrowing all opposition. They went to the right-about to get out of range. Our columns, formed behind the Table Mountain, now debouched in double time, showing the French marshal that the long-expected crisis was at hand. A sharp fire of musketry opened on some companies of the 7th fusileers, supported by the

light companies of the foot guards, as they broke through the village of the Arapiles at half-past two. The third division had already brought up their right shoulders, and were pushing on very successfully, when the enemy's horse furiously charged the grenadiers and right of the 5th regiment, while advancing in line, which they repulsed, and continued their movement. The fire gradually increasing, at half-past four the armies were in contact. The musketry rolled without intermission, only interrupted by the still louder artillery. The fourth division, breathless, amidst showers of grape, musketry, and round-shot, had succeeded in planting their standard on the crest of the enemy's position; but at that moment a French division, in close column, and at a run, with fixed bayonets, forced them down the hill, whilst others advanced on their left flank, which was exposed, and carried the centre of the battle again into the valley; but our heavy cavalry, in the right centre, were bearing down all opposition, driving the left of the enemy before them, and putting them into the greatest confusion. Major-General Le Marchant was killed heading this charge. Marshal Beresford, Generals Leith, Cole, and Alten, were wounded. On the part of the French that fell, were the Duke of Ragusa, Generals Fercy, Thomieres, Desgraviers, Bonnet, Clausel, and Menne, besides their losing numerous prisoners, standards, and cannon. At six the battle was at the height—no cessation of musketry, and the cannon of both armies thundering away as if there were to be no end of it. The columns of smoke and dust were rolling up in dense volumes, so that the atmosphere became dark above the bloody scene; yet there was not a cloud to be descried, except those which arose from the battle. A Spanish peasant was looking on with his arms folded; I heard him exclaim, "*Que grandisimo mundo!*"

'The inhabitants of Salamanca were crowding the places of public worship, to offer up prayers for the success of our arms. *Apropos*, it was Sunday.

'At half-past six, a brigade of Portuguese guns opened on the enemy, in front of our division. At seven, the Prince of Orange, one of the General-in-Chief's aides-de-camp, rode up, and ordered our division to move on the left to attack. We moved towards the Table Mountain, right brigade in front, in open column; having passed it, we then closed to column of quarter distance. The enemy's skirmishers soon advanced, and opened a brisk fire. The shades of evening now approached, and the flashes of cannon and small arms in the centre and on the heights were still vivid, while the enemy were making their last struggle for victory. An English officer of General Pack's brigade passed us, covered with dust and perspiration; he complained of the rough usage of the French. They allowed the Portuguese to approach nearly to the summit of the point of attack, then charged them, and used the bayonet without remorse, taking that part of the field under their especial protection.

'The enemy's light infantry increased, and retired very deliberately; the ascent was gentle. The first brigade deployed, supported by the second: the first division was marching in reserve.

'Our skirmishers were obliged to give ground to the obstinacy of the enemy; and nearly ceased firing. The line marched over them, dead and alive.

'Appearances indicated a severe fight, for we were near the enemy's reserves. The Earl of Wellington was within fifty yards of the front, when

the adverse lines commenced firing. The General-in-Chief ordered us to halt within two hundred yards of the enemy. They gave us two volleys with cheers, while our cavalry galloped forward to threaten their right flank. At this time I heard that a musket-ball had perforated the Earl's cloak, folded in front of his saddle. As we were about to charge, the enemy disappeared, not being in sufficient force to withstand the attack. This advance was beautifully executed.'—vol. i. pp. 182—189.

To follow Captain Cooke through the succeeding details of his narrative, would be only to repeat the story of the latter epoch of the Peninsular war, and we are afraid that with no better Cicerone than the author of these volumes, the pilgrimage of the Pyrenees would be rather an uninteresting amusement. Our readers may be assured that Captain Cooke bears ample testimony to the fact, of the battle of Vittoria having been fought, of Burgos having been unsuccessfully besieged, of St. Sebastian having been captured after great slaughter; and upon the same authority we may state, that these actions and these sieges were carried on precisely in the way in which they were minutely described at the time, in the dispatches of his Grace of Wellington.

The only novel feature which we remark in Captain Cooke's narrative of the events which succeeded the battle of St. Jean de Luz, is his account of the very curious and equivocal intercourse kept up between the advanced piquets of the contending armies. A passage descriptive of the nature of this communication will not fail to interest the reader.

'At day break, on the 10th December, we perceived the advance of the enemy within one hundred yards of our picquet, loitering about as usual, without any outward display of any thing extraordinary going on, or any signs indicating that they were about to assume offensive movements. At eight o'clock, Sir James Kempt came to my picquet, and having seated himself by the fire, the assembled party consisted of Lieutenant-Colonel Beckwith, (a staff officer) of the Rifle Corps, Lieutenant-Colonel W. Napier, Major Sir J. Tylden, Lieutenant Maclean, and the Honourable C. Monk, of our regiment, who all entered into an indifferent conversation, without contemplating that an attack was meditated by the enemy. Lieutenant-Colonel Napier remarked that he thought the French loiterers seemed very busy, which induced us to approach the window, which commanded a full view of the enemy's picquet house, and having looked at the same time, without seeing the cause of alarm, some of the party burst into a loud laugh, and declared that it was only Napier's fancy: but he still persisted, and would not give up his point, saying that he had seen them very often before, in a like manner, walking off by ones and twos to assemble at given points before making some rapid and simultaneous assault; and sure enough, before the expiration of half an hour, these ones and twos increased considerably all along the hedges.

'Although Sir J. Kempt was always on the alert, (no general could be more so,) still he persisted that nothing would take place, and ordered the first brigade to return to its quarters at Arbonne, a distance of more than two miles, and over a very bad road. Lieutenant-Colonel Beckwith

remarked that he now agreed that the French seemed to be eyeing the post, and advised Sir James to rescind the order, as it would be better to conceal the troops, and to wait until the evening should develope their intentions. The field officer rode off to warn the other companies in advance to be in readiness. These were formed disadvantageously on a gentle concave acclivity, which could not be helped from the nature and shape of the country.

'Lieutenant-Colonel Beckwith alone remained, and before he rode off, walked round the sentinels with me, as I was ordered to defend the post, should the enemy come on, to oblige them fully to develope their intentions. Shortly after this, one of the sentinels, stationed on the most rising ground, turned his back to the French, and beckoned me. On reaching his post, he informed me that he had seen a mountain gun brought on a mule's back, and placed behind a bush. In a few minutes, the Duke of Dalmatia, with about forty staff officers, came within point-blank range of my picquet, to reconnoitre the ground. During this interval I fancied that I could hear the buzz of voices behind a small hillock, and in clambering a fruit tree near my picquet house, I could just descry a column of the enemy lying down in readiness to pounce on us. There being no longer any doubt that they were about to attack, I instantly mounted my horse, leaving the company in charge of the next senior officer, whom I met within a quarter of a mile, and told him there would be a general action fought that day, and there was no time to be lost. Sir James Kempt ordered me to send a mounted officer from the picquet to General Baron D'Alton, and to be sure and not to begin the firing until the last moment. He sent also the greater part of another company to my assistance. In two or three minutes after I returned to the picquet some French soldiers, headed by an officer, issued from behind the hedges, and moved round our left flank within one hundred yards. The officer naturally thought we should fire at him: therefore, to feign indifference, he placed his telescope to his eye, looked carelessly about in all directions, and made a bow to us. Further to the left we could also see a body of French cavalry debouching from the small thicket of La Bourdeque, three miles distant, near the Great Bayonne road.

'The French soldiers, witnessing our civility to their small party, were determined not to be outdone in *politesse*, and called out to our sentinels to retire, in French and Spanish. At half-past nine o'clock, A. M., the enemies, skirmishers, in groups came forward in a careless manner, talking to each other, and good-naturedly allowed our sentinels to retire without firing on them. They imagined from their superiority of numbers to gain this post by a *coup de main*, and the more effectually by this means to surprise, if possible, the whole line of out-posts. However, when they were within twenty yards of our *abbates*, I said, "now fire away." The first discharge did great execution. These were the first shots fired, and the beginning of the battle of the *Nive*.'—vol. ii. pp. 60—63.

Whilst the British troops lay in front of Bayonne, the intercourse appeared to be conducted on a more friendly footing, at least so we should conclude from the following anecdote.

'Various acts of complaisance now passed between the vanguards of the hostile armies. A lady from Bayonne, with a skipping poodle dog, one

day came to see *les habits rouges* of *les Anglais:* and while she was going through those little elegancies, so peculiarly characteristic of the French, the poodle dog came towards us, and from an over officiousness, some of the French soldiers whistled to keep it within bounds, which so frightened the little creature, that at full speed it entered our lines and crouched at our feet. Without a moment's delay we sent it back by a soldier to its anxious mistress, who was highly delighted, and with her own delicate hand presented a goblet of wine to the man, who, with an unceremonious nod, quaffed the delicious beverage to the dregs, touched his cap and rejoined us, with a pipe in his mouth and a store of tobacco—the latter having been presented to him by the French soldiers.'—vol. ii. pp. 72, 73.

A scene in a little town in the south of France, into which the author and a party of stragglers had entered, deserves to be quoted, it being but rarely that Captain Cooke condescends to notice the trifling subjects of manners and customs.

'The second day we entered a small town crowded with troops: the rain descended in such torrents that the cavalry horses were put into the lower rooms of the houses, and we were quartered in the house of a cobbler, which was divided into three compartments: the soldiers filled the loft: the horses the kitchen: and we put up in the shop, in which there were two beds in dark recesses. The little cobbler, seeing our boots soaked through, very good humouredly proposed making us some *bonne soupe*, and without further preamble, set about the *cuisine*. His figure was unique—he wore a cocked hat square to the front, and as old as the hills. His hair was greased to excess, and grimed with the remains of powder, ending in a *queue* of nine inches long, and about four in circumference, tightly bound with a leathern thong. His height was hardly more than five feet, he possessed a swarthy broad bony visage, small penetrating grey eyes, thick, bushy, black eye-brows, a short neck, long sinewy arms, covered with hair (the shirt sleeves being tucked up), large hands and feet, narrow shoulders, short body, broad hips, and bow legs—and was the reputed father of a delicate daughter of about fifteen years of age, with light hair, skin as fair as alabaster, and cheeks vying with roses: she meekly lent a willing hand in making us welcome to their abode, strewed with old shoes, *sabot* lasts, leather, soles, heels, waxed ends, and live poultry—the latter being tolerated as guests owing to the urgent entreaties of the little grisette, who was in great dread that they might be plucked if left to roost in the loft amongst the soldiery. A large iron kettle was slung over the wood fire and filled with water, into which a few cabbage leaves were immersed, and when it simmered, half a pound of hog's lard was added (from an earthen jar hanging by a cord from a large beam,) with a little pepper and salt; half a dozen brown pans were then laid out, into which our host cut with a clasp knife some slices of coarse bread, and with a wooden ladle, the contents of the cauldron were poured over it, the grease floating on the surface of the boiling liquid. "*La voilà!*" said our host, "*La voilà, Messieurs, la bonne soupe!*" To refrain from appreciating the kind intentions of the cobbler and his fair daughter, was impossible; but we could not partake of such a mess. The times of scarcity were gone by, and as our canteens arrived at this juncture, stored with every thing good, and a keg of excellent wine, we invited the civil little cobbler to partake,

and he spent a glorious evening, shedding tears over his cups, and declaring that *Les Anglais* were *de tres bon garçons;* while the daughter, sitting in the chimney corner, sang some pretty French songs. At the usual hour of rest, by common consent, we laid down on one bed, and the cobbler and his daughter turned into the other; but for decorum sake, the father lay with his head on the bolster, and the daughter placed a pillow at the foot of the bed, and thus turning *dos-a-dos*, they avoided each other's feet; and by the glimmering of the fire we could see the little girl's bright eyes under the coverlet.

'Making our adieu on the following morning, and the weather clearing up, we continued our march, at the end of which the troops entered the various chateaux and farm houses on each side of the way. The country being very much intersected with hedges, green fields, plantations, and gardens, we suddenly encountered, near some scattered cottages, a man, who was so terrified at our appearance, that he ran up, seized the bridles of our horses, and led us to a large oven, filled with ready-baked bread, all of which he insisted on giving to the soldiers: thence he took us to an out-house, where there was a quantity of wine casks: "*All, Messieurs,*" exclaimed the peasant, "*is yours.*" We assured him that every thing consumed would be duly paid for, which he would not hear of, in his over eagerness and civility, and, breaking from us, he rushed into the ranks of the soldiers (who were quietly at ordered arms, waiting until the different houses should be marked off for their reception, according to usage), and bawled out, "*Camarades*, although your officers will not sanction your having bread and wine, I insist on supplying you." At length, to put an end to such rhapsodies, we agreed that, at the utmost, he might give a pint of wine to each soldier, of which they cheerfully and thankfully partook.

'On the following morning, when the soldiers had fallen in, and the over-generous peasant found what an orderly set of people he had to do with, he boldly came forward, and demanded payment, and when expostulated with, bawled out with the greatest indecency, before the rest of the assembled villagers, that we were *des voleurs*, and with the greatest effrontery put himself at the head of the company, as if to stop its march. Such vile behaviour so disgusted us, that we ordered one of the soldiers to put him out of the way.'—vol. ii. pp. 110—113.

The narrative abruptly ends with the retreat of the French from Toulouse.

About one hundred and fifty pages of the last of these volumes are occupied with the accounts contributed by the Earl of Munster and Lieutenant Moodie, of the campaigns which they respectively witnessed. They are both written with remarkable simplicity and force, and the contribution of the Earl of Munster contains the evidences of a sound and practical understanding, as also the traces of a well disciplined and highly cultivated mind. But in both instances, as we, at the commencement, observed, the publication of the narratives of each writer has been anticipated: and, indeed, it so happens, that those portions of them which were most likely to prove interesting, and which we, under other circumstances, would have

had no hesitation in extracting, have, within our recollection, been circulated by the daily and weekly vehicles of intelligence.

We cannot, however, leave this work to the fate, whatever it be, which is assigned to it, without once more protesting against the unworthy contrivance which has been resorted to, for the purpose of attracting to it the public attention. Such men as theEarl of Munster and his companions in arms, have nothing to fear for their character and their honour, so far as the sensible portion of the community, at least, is concerned. But it is no slight misfortune that such men should be traduced in the minds of even the simpletons of the community; the beings who put faith in the newspaper advertisements, and live under the impression that all booksellers are provided with a conscience. Why should manly dignity, why should high name, and worth without a stain, be implicated in the machinations of the counting-house? We trust that a stop will be put to this system: but we confess that we look for a complete removal of it more to the firmness of the innocent who are unconsciously involved, than to the virtue of those who have betrayed them. It is utterly false to call this book by the title with which it is labelled at the instance of the publisher, 'Memoirs of the late War, by the Earl of Munster, Captain Cooke, &c.' The true description of it would be—"A weak and desultory version of the foreign dispatches in the London Gazette, from the year 1811 to that of 1813. To which have been added, by the means of scissors and paste, a considerable series of pages, from a monthly publication. All the trash has been done by Captain Cooke, while the rational portion of the work is copied from a periodical."

ART. VII.—*The eventful History of the Mutiny and piratical Seizure of H. M. S. Bounty; its Cause and Consequences.* 12mo. p. 356. Being No. XXV. of "The Family Library." London: Murray, 1831.

ALTHOUGH forty years and more have elapsed since the occurrence of the Mutiny on board the Bounty, yet we think that Mr. Barrow has rendered a service to the public, and especially to the navy, by collecting into one authentic narrative the circumstances by which that singular and romantic transaction was attended. Hitherto they have appeared only in detached publications, and have been much misrepresented by the partizans of the commander on one side, and of the principal mutineers on the other. Mr. Barrow has, we think, steered his course evenly between the two parties; he has admitted palliations where they were fairly entitled to consideration, and has not hesitated to let censure fall upon those to whom it was in reality due. He has, moreover, added some documents which have not been before published; the journals of recent voyagers have enabled him to bring the story to a complete conclusion; his official situation, as one of the secretaries of the Admiralty, has put it in his power to rectify dates and supply omissions, in some

instances, and thus to present a full and accurate report of one of the most extraordinary and interesting events, that ever occurred in what may be called the domestic history of the British navy.

The celebrated expedition of Captain Cook having made the world more fully acquainted with the existence, and numerous and valuable productions of the islands in the Pacific, our merchants were not long in endeavouring to turn his discoveries to some practical advantage. It struck those who were connected with the West-India islands, that the importation into them of the bread-fruit tree, which was found so abundantly in Otaheite, would be of the greatest benefit to those settlements, by supplying food to their black population; and in compliance with a representation to that effect, addressed to George III. by the West-India merchants, his Majesty was pleased to direct that a vessel should be dispatched to the South Seas for that purpose. This vessel having been fitted out at Deptford, was called the Bounty, and entrusted to the command of Lieutenant Bligh; her establishment consisting in all of forty-four persons, of whom we need only name Fletcher Christian, one of the master's mates, and Peter Heywood, one of the midshipmen. She sailed from Spithead on the 23rd of December, 1787, and for some time encountered the most unfavourable weather, especially upon her arrival off Cape Horn, where the storms of wind, with hail and sleet, were so tremendous, that Bligh, who was a capital sailor, though a rough and most ill-tempered man, found it necessary to bear away for the Cape of Good Hope, which he reached in safety on the 23rd of May, 1788, determined to make Otaheite by the eastern instead of the western course. He remained at the Cape thirty-eight days to re-fit the ship and replenish provisions, and refresh the crew; and having sailed again on the 1st of July, they did not reach Otaheite until the latter end of October, the ship having, since leaving England, run over the distance by log of not less than twenty-seven thousand and eighty-six miles. They were well received at Otaheite—indeed, so hospitably, that the ship was soon filled with provisions, and so rapidly did an intimacy arise between the ship's company and the natives, that in a few days there was scarcely a man belonging to the Bounty who had not his *tayo*, or friend and patron, on the island.

Every thing went on as well as could be desired. Young plants of the bread-fruit tree were every where to be met with, and leave was at once freely given to Bligh to take away as many of them as he chose. Every house was open to him and to his people, and on every occasion they were treated by the islanders not only with a generous hospitality, but with a degree of affection that could hardly have been expected from strangers. 'Every man was free to indulge every wish of his heart; from the moment he set his foot on shore, he found himself surrounded by female allurements in the midst of ease and indolence, and living in a state of luxury, without submitting to any kind of labour!' Indeed, so de-

lightful was the repose which the sailors here enjoyed, that it was imagined by Bligh, though without foundation, to have kindled in their hearts a strong attachment to the place, and to have been the principal cause of the mutiny which afterwards broke out.

The plants for which the vessel was dispatched having been collected and carefully stowed on board, and the preparations for her departure having been all completed, the Bounty sailed on the 4th of April, 1789, and after touching at one or two other islands, was, on the morning of the 28th, steering to the westward in the most perfect order, the plants in a most flourishing condition, all the men and officers in good health, and every thing bearing the promise of the most successful results, when, just before sun-rise, Christian, with a cutlass in hand, accompanied by three other men, armed with muskets and bayonets, suddenly appeared in the commander's cabin; and seizing him, while yet in bed, they tied his hands with a cord behind his back, and threatened him with instant death if he spoke or made the least noise. They then hauled him out of bed, and forced him on deck, where he was detained until the launch was hoisted out, Christian holding him with a strong gripe by the cords, and threatening to kill him every moment, while the others stood around him with their pieces cocked. Orders were then given for particular persons to hasten into the launch, into which they were allowed to take a store of twine, canvas, lines, sails, cordage, a cask of water, some bread, rum and wine, and also a quadrant and compass. All this having been accomplished in an incredibly short space of time, Christian then said—"Come, Captain Bligh, your officers and men are now in the boat, and you must go with them; if you attempt to make the least resistance, you will be instantly put to death," and without farther ceremony, he was forced over the side into the boat, which was instantly veered astern by a rope. After having undergone in that position a great deal of ridicule, and been kept for some time to make sport for the mutineers, Bligh and his companions, amounting in all to eighteen, were at length cast adrift in the open ocean! The most able of the ship's company, including Heywood, Young, and Stewart, three midshipmen, remained in the Bounty with Christian.

Before we trace the further course either of the launch or the ship, the question naturally presents itself, what was the cause that led to so sudden and so violent an act of perfidy? Christian, the chief of the mutineers, had been up to that period, an exceedingly well conducted man. He was of a respectable family in the north of England; this was the third voyage which he had made with Bligh, who had named him lieutenant, and in consequence of his abilities, had entrusted the third watch to his charge. Heywood, Young, and Stewart, were also young men of respectable families, and of good abilities. Bligh had not entertained the slightest suspicion that disaffection prevailed in any part of his crew; no preparations for a mutiny had been observed; indeed none had actually been

made, for it was in truth the result of a very few moments' deliberation, although Bligh imputed it to an organized plan, adopted for the purpose of enabling the men to return to Otaheite, where they had formed so many *tender* friendships with the fair sex, and desired, as he thought, to spend the remainder of their lives. But such was not the fact, although it is natural enough to suppose, that in the minds of some of the men, that idea might have been predominant.

'Thirteen of the party, who were with me,' says Bligh, in his account of the mutiny, 'had always lived forward among the seamen; yet neither they, nor the messmates of Christian, Stewart, Heywood, and Young, had ever observed any circumstance that made them in the least suspect what was going on. To such a close-planned act of villainy, my mind being entirely free from any suspicion, it is not wonderful that I fell a sacrifice. Perhaps, if there had been marines on board, a sentinel at my cabin-door might have prevented it; for I slept with the door always open, that the officer of the watch might have access to me on all occasions, the possibility of such a conspiracy being ever the farthest from my thoughts. Had their mutiny been occasioned by any grievances, either real or imaginary, I must have discovered symptoms of their discontent, which would have put me on my guard: but the case was far otherwise. Christian, in particular, I was on the most friendly terms with: that very day he was engaged to have dined with me, and the preceeding night he excused himself from supping with me, on pretence of being unwell; for which I felt concerned, having no suspicions of his integrity and honour.'—pp. 71, 72.

This view of the case has, in fact, for a long time been received as the true one; but it appears from a manuscript journal which was kept by Morrison, the boatswain's mate, and a man of good education, and very considerable talent, who was afterwards tried for participating in the mutiny, condemned, and pardoned, that the seeds of discord had been sown in the Bounty from a very early period of the voyage. Amongst other things he mentions that Bligh, on approaching the equator, ordered some decayed pumpkins to be issued to the crew, at the rate of one pound of the fruit for two of biscuit. To this the men made some objection, when 'he flew upon deck in a violent rage, turned the hands up, and ordered the first man on the list of each mess to be called by name; at the same time saying, "I'll see who will dare to refuse the pumpkin, or any thing else I may order to be served out," to which he added, "you d——d infernal scoundrels, I'll make you eat grass, or anything you can catch, before I have done with you." This speech had the desired effect, every one receiving the pumpkins, even the *officers*.' Morrison mentions several other circumstances, which tended to alienate from Bligh the respect of his officers and men; but the following was the incident which, in the journalist's opinion, led immediately to the mutiny.

'In the afternoon of the 27th (April), Lieutenant Bligh came upon deck, and missing some of the cocoa-nuts, which had been piled up between the

guns, said they had been stolen, and could not have been taken away without the knowledge of the officers, all of whom were sent for and questioned on the subject. On their declaring that they had not seen any of the people touch them, he exclaimed, "Then you must have taken them yourselves;" and proceeded to inquire of them separately, how many they had purchased. On coming to Mr. Christian, that gentleman answered, "I do not know, Sir, but I hope you do not think me so mean as to be guilty of stealing yours." Mr. Bligh replied, "Yes, you d—d hound, I do—you must have stolen them from me, or you would be able to give a better account of them;" then turning to the other officers, he said, "God d—m you, you scoundrels, you are all thieves alike, and combine with the men to rob me: I suppose you will steal my yams next; but I'll sweat you for it, you rascals—I'll make half of you jump overboard, before you get through Endeavour Straits." This threat was followed by an order to the clerk "to stop the villains' grog, and give them but half-a-pound of yams to-morrow; if they steal them, I'll reduce them to a quarter."'—pp. 79, 80.

From such language and conduct upon the part of the commander, we must conclude that his officers were, for the most part, persons of a very inferior description, and that was, to a certain extent, the fact. The statement of Morrison is here fully borne out by the evidence of Fryer, the master, on the court-martial, who, on being asked "what did you suppose to be Mr. Christian's meaning, when he said he had been in hell a fortnight?" answered, "from the frequent quarrels they had had, and the abuse which he had received from Mr. Bligh." "Had there been any very recent quarrel?" "The day before, Mr. Bligh challenged all the young gentlemen and people with stealing his cocoa-nuts." This, and several of the other circumstances alluded to by Morrison, are omitted in Bligh's printed narrative, but many of them are slightly glanced at in his original journal, which contains sufficient proof of the truth of Morrison's testimony.

It further appears from Morrison's journal, that Christian, a fiery and passionate youth, was the sole instigator of the mutiny. "When Mr. Bligh," writes Morrison, "found he must go into the boat, he begged of Mr. Christian to desist, saying—"I'll pawn my honour, I'll give my bond, Mr. Christian, never to think of this, if you'll desist," and urged his wife and family; to which Mr. Christian replied, "No, Captain Bligh, if you had any honour, things had not come to this; and if you had any regard for your wife and family, you should have thought on them before, and not behaved so much like a villain." Lieutenant Bligh again attempted to speak, but was ordered to be silent. The boatswain also tried to pacify Mr. Christian, to whom he replied, "It is too late, I have been in hell for this fortnight past, and am determined to bear it no longer; and you know, Mr. Cole, that I have been used like a dog all the voyage."

In fact it appears from the minutes of the court-martial, that the whole affair was planned on the morning of its execution, between

the hours of four and eight o'clock, when Christian had the watch. This statement fully agrees with the account which Christian himself gave of the transaction to Morrison, who thus records it in his manuscript journal.

'He said, that, "finding himself much hurt by the treatment he had received from Lieutenant Bligh, he had determined to quit the ship the preceding evening, and had informed the boatswain, carpenter, and two midshipmen (Stewart and *Hayward*), of his intention to do so; that by them he was supplied with part of a roasted pig, some nails, beads, and other articles of trade, which he put into a bag that was given him by the last-named gentleman; that he put this bag into the clue of Robert Tinkler's hammock, where it was discovered by that young gentleman when going to bed at night, but the business was smothered, and passed off without any further notice. He said he had fastened some staves to a stout plank, with which he intended to make his escape; but finding he could not effect it during the first and middle watches, as the ship had no way through the water, and the people were all moving about, he laid down to rest about half-past three in the morning; that when Mr. Stewart called him to relieve the deck at four o'clock, he had but just fallen asleep, and was much out of order; upon observing which, Mr. Stewart strenuously advised him to abandon his intention; that as soon as he had taken charge of the deck, he saw Mr. Hayward, the mate of his watch, lie down on the arm-chest to take a nap; and finding that Mr. Hallet, the other midshipman, did not make his appearance, he suddenly formed the resolution of seizing the ship. Disclosing his intention to Matthew Quintal, and Isaac Martin, both of whom had been flogged by Lieutenant Bligh, they called up Charles Churchill, who had also tasted the cat, and Matthew Thompson, both of whom readily joined in the plot. That Alexander Smith, (*alias* John Adams), John Williams, and William M'Koy, evinced equal willingness, and went with Churchill to the armourer, of whom they obtained the keys of the arm-chest, under pretence of wanting a musket to fire at a shark, then alongside; that finding Mr. Hallet asleep on an arm-chest in the main-hatchway, they roused and sent him on deck. Charles Norman, unconscious of their proceedings, had in the mean time awaked Mr. *Hayward*, and directed his attention to the shark, whose movements he was watching at the moment that Mr. Christian and his confederates came up the fore-hatchway, after having placed arms in the hands of several men, who were not aware of their design. One man, Matthew Thompson, was left in charge of the chest, and he served out arms to Thomas Burkitt and Robert Lamb. Mr. Christian said he then proceeded to secure Lieutenant Bligh, the master, gunner, and botanist."

'"When Mr. Christian," observes Morrison in his journal, "related the above circumstances, I recollected having seen him fasten some staves to a plank lying on the larboard gangway, as also having heard the boatswain say to the carpenter, 'it will not do to-night.' I likewise remembered that Mr. Christian had visited the fore cock-pit several times that evening, although he had very seldom, if ever, frequented the warrant officers' cabins before."'—pp, 86—88.

Upon this statement Mr. Barrow remarks—

'If this be a correct statement, and the greater part of it is borne out by

evidence on the court-martial, it removes every doubt of Christian being the sole instigator of the mutiny, and that no conspiracy or preconcerted measures had any existence, but that it was suddenly conceived by a hot-headed young man, in a state of great excitement of mind, amounting to a temporary aberration of intellect, caused by the frequent abusive and insulting language of his commanding officer. Waking out of a short half-hour's disturbed sleep, to take the command of the deck—finding the two mates of the watch, Hayward and Hallet, asleep, (for which they ought to have been dismissed the service instead of being, as they were, promoted)—the opportunity tempting, and the ship completely in his power, with a momentary impulse he darted down the fore-hatchway, got possession of the keys of the arm-chest, and made the hazardous experiment of arming such of the men as he thought he could trust, and effected his purpose.'—p. 88.

The mutiny having been thus far successful, and the launch, with Bligh and his unhappy companions—those we presume in whom Christian conceived that he could place no confidence—having been turned adrift in the open ocean, their first object was to examine the state of their resources, when they found that they possessed altogether, one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, sixteen pieces of pork, each weighing two pounds, six quarts of rum, six bottles of wine, twenty-eight gallons of water, and four empty barricoes, or small casks. These scanty stores they increased a little at the island of Tafoa, at which they touched, but from which they were speedily driven by the hostility of the natives, "and now," says Bligh, "every countenance appeared to have a degree of cheerfulness, and all the men seemed determined to do their best." They requested him to take them towards home; and as they could hope for no accesion to their supplies until they reached Timor, from which they were then at a distance of full twelve hundred leagues, they agreed to be content with an allowance not exceeding one ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water per day. "We then bore away," says Bligh, "across a sea where the navigation is but little known, in a small (open) boat, twenty-three feet long from stem to stern, deeply laden with eighteen men." On the morning of the 3rd of May, they had to encounter a violent storm; the sea ran so high that the same sail was becalmed between the mountain waves, which they found too much to have set when they rode on the top of the billow. Nor could they venture to take it in, as the sea was curling over the stem of the boat, and obliged them to bale with all their activity and strength. One may imagine the terrible distress which they were thus compelled to endure. The men were almost constantly wet, and the only mode they had of obtaining a *change* of clothes was to immerse them in the sea, and after substituting the moisture of that element for that of the rain-water, to wring them and put them on, a process which they found comparatively *comfortable!* The rum was occasionally served out to them in a tea-spoonful at a time, and the bread was divided amongst them in morsels equal to the twenty-fifth part of a pound for each!

They sometimes increased their stock of water from the heavy rains which fell, and they considered it a feast when they obtained an ounce of pork for dinner. Though they passed in sight of several islands, yet they were afraid to approach them, fearing the hostility of the natives, if their defenceless condition should be discovered; and thus they had the additional vexation of starving, apparently within view of plenty. Storms and rain accompanied them, with few intervals, almost the whole way. On the 22nd of May it blew so hard, that the sea flew over them with great force, and kept them constantly baling with the utmost horror and anxiety. Some birds which they caught at this time would appear to have been sent providentially to their assistance, as besides the flesh and blood and entrails of the bird, they frequently found in its stomach flying fish and small cuttle fish, which were carefully preserved and divided. At length, after suffering the most dreadful dangers, their strength being almost wholly exhausted, and their clothes so threadbare from constant wringing that they could neither keep out moisture nor cold, they reached the "barrier reef" of New Holland, in which they discovered a break. Through this the boat rapidly passed with a strong stream running to the westward, and came immediately into smooth water, and all their past hardships seemed at once to have been forgotten. In the evening they landed upon an island, in the neighbourhood of which they discovered a great quantity of oysters, on which they lived most sumptuously. Having been thus considerably refreshed, they proceeded with renewed spirit on their voyage to Timor, which they fortunately reached on the morning of the 11th of June.

'"It is not possible for me," says Bligh, whom this voyage alone would prove to have been a most able as well as a most intrepid navigator, "to describe the pleasure which the blessing of the sight of this land diffused among us. It appeared scarcely credible to ourselves that, in an open boat, and so poorly provided, we should have been able to reach the coast of Timor in forty-one days after leaving Tofa, having in that time run, by our log, a distance of three thousand six hundred and eighteen nautical miles; and that, notwithstanding our extreme distress, no one should have perished in the voyage."'—p. 118.

Bligh and his surviving companions subsequently proceeded to Batavia road, whence they procured passages to England; five died at Coupang, one was left behind, and not afterwards heard of, and one had been murdered at Tafoa. Upon his arrival at home, Bligh was promoted to the rank of commander, and was speedily sent out a second time for the purpose of transporting the bread fruit to the West Indies—a service which he successfully performed, though unfortunately the plant by no means turned out so well as had been expected. In fact it has never thrived there, owing either to the difference of latitude, or to the nature of the soil.

The government having properly resolved on the apprehension and punishment of the mutineers, the Pandora frigate, of twenty-

four guns, and one hundred and sixty men, was dispatched for that purpose, under the command of Captain Edward Edwards. The voyage of this frigate was almost as unfortunate as that of the Bounty itself, the vessel having been wrecked, and the crew having been exposed to all the horrors of a navigation of eleven hundred miles in open boats. But the captain succeeded in taking fourteen of the mutineers, of whom ten were brought safe to England, the other four having been lost when the Pandora was wrecked. From the reports of the prisoners, as well as from other sources, it appeared that, after the mutiny, the pirates proceeded to the island of Toobuai, where they arrived on the 25th of May, 1789, having previously thrown over-board the greater part of the bread fruit plants, and divided amongst themselves the property of the officers and men whom they had turned adrift. They at first resolved to settle on this island, but finding that they were in want of live stock, they returned to Otaheite, where they procured abundance of supplies of every kind, having deluded the credulous islanders with an artful story, which they had fabricated, about the arrival of Captain Cook at Toobuai, and of his having detained Bligh to assist him in forming an establishment there. After returning to Toobuai, they agreed so little amongst themselves, that Christian gave up the hope of settling there, and it was resolved that they should all go back in the Bounty to Otaheite, where those who so wished might land and remain; the others were to retain possession of the vessel and go wherever they might choose. Sixteen of the mutineers accordingly went on shore, at Otaheite, on the 20th of September, of whom fourteen were subsequently taken on board the Pandora, the other two having fallen by violent deaths; the remaining nine, including Christian, sailed in the Bounty from Otaheite on the night of the 21st, having persuaded seven Otaheitan men, and twelve women to accompany them. It was not even conjectured whither they meant to go; but Christian had been frequently heard to say, that his object was to discover some unknown or uninhabited island, in which there was no harbour for shipping; that he would run the Bounty on shore, and make use of her materials to form a settlement. For twenty years after the Bounty sailed on this occasion from Otaheite, nothing had been heard of her, and if ever the name was mentioned, it was followed by the expression of an opinion that the vessel and her crew had gone to the bottom. In the May of 1809, however, intelligence was received at the Admiralty, that the captain of an American ship, on landing the previous year at Pitcairn's Island, had discovered there an Englishman named Smith, the only individual surviving of those who had sailed from Otaheite in the Bounty; and it appeared from the report of this man, that shortly after they arrived at Pitcairn's Island, they ran the vessel on shore and broke her up; that about four years after that event, the Otaheite men, whom they had taken with them, secretly revolted (in consequence

of a great jealousy that existed) and killed every Englishman except himself, whom they severely wounded by a pistol ball in the neck; and that on the same night the widows of the Englishmen arose, and put to death the whole of the Otaheitans, leaving Smith the only man upon the island, with eight or nine women, and several small children. It was further stated, that Smith, upon his recovery, applied himself with great industry to the cultivation of the land, which was well stocked with hogs and poultry, and produced an abundance of fruits and vegetables, and that he brought up his colony, then (1808) amounting to thirty-five persons, including some grown up young men, sons of the mutineers, in a very religious and proper manner. Christian, it was said, became insane, shortly after the arrival of the Bounty, and threw himself off the rocks into the sea, and another had died of a fever before the massacre took place.

Although no doubt was entertained of the general accuracy of this narrative, yet no steps were taken in consequence of it at the Admiralty (then much engaged in the war); nor was any thing more heard of the colony until the year 1814, when reports, not essentially differing from that just mentioned, were received from Sir Thomas Staines and Captain Pipon, then cruizing in the Pacific. They also chanced to fall in with Pitcairn's Island,* where, to their astonishment, they found the descendants of the mutineers under the patriarchal dominion of "a venerable old man, named *John Adams*, whose exemplary conduct, and fatherly care of the whole of the little colony could not but command admiration. The pious manner in which all those born on the island have been reared, the correct sense of religion which has been instilled into their young minds by this old man, has given him the pre-eminence over the whole of them, to whom they look up as the father of one and the whole family." They further ascertained, that Christian had not become insane, or thrown himself into the sea, as at first represented, but that he had become odious to the whole of his followers on account of the oppressive manner in which he treated them, and that in consequence of his having seized upon the wife of one of the Otaheitans, he was shot by the indignant husband, an act that gave rise to a series of quarrels, which did not terminate until the whole of the Englishmen perished, Smith, alias John Adams, alone excepted. The account given by Captain Pipon in a private letter to the editor, of their reception at Pitcairn's Island, has about it all the freshness of novelty.

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*So called from the son of Major Pitcairn, of the Marines. This young gentleman is said to have first seen it, when sailing with Captain Carteret, in 1767. It is situated in 25° 4′ South latitude, and 130° 25′ West longitude, at the south east extremity of a chain of islands, which, including the Society and Friendly Islands, exceed a hundred in number, many of them wholly uninhabited.

'The first young man that sprung, with extraordinary alacrity, up the side, and stood before them on the deck, in reply to the question, "Who are you?"—said, that his name was Thursday October Christian, son of the late Fletcher Christian, by an Otahetian mother; that he was the first born on the island, and that he was so called because he was brought into the world on a Thursday in October. Singularly strange as all this was to Sir Thomas Staines and Captain Pipon, this youth soon satisfied them that he was no other than the person he represented himself to be, and that he was fully acquainted with the whole history of the Bounty; and, in short, that the island before them was the retreat of the mutineers of that ship. Young Christian was, at this time, about twenty-four years of age, a fine tall youth full six feet high, with dark, almost black, hair, and a countenance open and extremely interesting. As he wore no clothes except a piece of cloth round his loins, and a straw hat, ornamented with black cocks' feathers, his fine figure and well-shaped muscular limbs were displayed to great advantage, and attracted general admiration. His body was much tanned by exposure to the weather, and his countenance had a brownish cast, unmixed however with that tinge of red so common among the natives of the Pacific islands.

'"Added to a great share of good humour, we were glad to trace," says Captain Pipon, "in his benevolent countenance, all the features of an honest English face." He told them that he was married to a woman much older than himself, one of those that accompanied his father from Otaheite. The ingenious manner in which he answered all questions put to him, and his whole deportment, created a lively interest among the officers of the ship, who, while they admired, could not but regard him with feelings of tenderness and compassion; his manner, too, of speaking English was exceedingly pleasing, and correct both in grammar and pronunciation. His companion was a fine handsome youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age, of the name of George Young, son of Young, the midshipman.

'If the astonishment of the two captains was great on making, as they they thought, this first and extraordinary discovery of a people who had been so long forgotten, and on hearing the offspring of these offenders speaking their language correctly, their surprise and interest were still more highly excited when, on Sir Thomas Staines taking the two youths below, and setting before them something to eat, they both rose up, and one of them, placing his hands together in a posture of devotion, pronounced, distinctly and with emphasis, in a pleasing tone of voice, "For what we are going to receive the Lord make us truly thankful."

'The youths were themselves greatly surprised at the sight of so many novel objects—the size of the ship—of the guns, and every thing around them. Observing a cow, they were at first somewhat alarmed, and expressed a doubt whether it was a huge goat or a horned hog, these being the only two species of quadrupeds they had ever seen. A little dog amused them much. "Oh! what a pretty little thing it is!" exclaimed Young. "I know it is a dog, for I have heard of such an animal."

'These young men informed the two captains of many singular events that had taken place among the first settlers, but referred them for further particulars to an old man on shore, whose name, they said, was John Adams, the only surviving Englishman that came away in the Bounty, at which time he was called Alexander Smith.

'This information induced the two captains to go on shore, desirous of learning correctly from this old man the fate, not only of Christian, but of the rest of his deluded accomplices, who had adhered to his fortunes. The landing they found to be difficult, and not wholly free from danger; but, with the assistance of their two able conductors, they passed the surf among many rocks, and reached the shore without any other inconvenience than a complete wetting. Old Adams, having ascertained that the two officers alone had landed, and without arms, concluded they had no intention to take him prisoner, and ventured to come down to the beach, from whence he conducted them to his house. He was accompanied by his wife, a very old woman, and nearly blind. It seems they were both at first considerably alarmed; the sight of the king's uniform, after so many years, having no doubt brought fresh to the recollection of Adams the scene that occurred in the Bounty, in which he bore so conspicuous a part. Sir Thomas Staines, however, to set his mind at ease, assured him, that so far from having come to the island with any intention to take him away, they were not even aware that such a person as himself existed. Captain Pipon observes, "that although, in the eye of the law, they could only consider him in the light of a criminal of the deepest dye, yet that it would have been an act of the greatest cruelty and inhumanity to have taken him away from his little family, who, in such a case, would have been left to experience the greatest misery and distress, and ultimately, in all probability, would have perished of want."

'Adams, however, pretended, that he had no great share in the mutiny; said that he was sick in bed when it broke out, and was afterwards compelled to take a musket in his hand; and expressed his readiness to go in one of the ships to England, and seemed rather desirous to do so. On this being made known to the members of the little society, a scene of considerable distress was witnessed: his daughter, a fine young woman, threw her arms about his neck, entreating him not to think of leaving them and all his little children to perish. All the women burst into tears, and the young men stood motionless and absorbed in grief; but on their being assured that he should, on no account, be molested, "it is impossible," says Captain Pipon, "to describe the universal joy that these poor people manifested, and the gratitude they expressed for the kindness and consideration shewn to them."'—pp. 289—293.

Captain Beechey's still more recent account of this interesting colony is already familiar to the public. None of the reports agree exactly as to the time and manner of Christian's death; but we can hardly think that the variance between them is so material, as to give countenance to the singular story which is related by Mr. Barrow, of the supposed appearance of this daring mutineer in England, about the time of the American captain's visit to Pitcairn's Island. If this story were true, it would be the most surprising part of the whole of this dramatic narrative. Mr. Barrow shall relate it in his own words.

'About the years 1808 and 1809, a very general opinion was prevalent in the neighbourhood of the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland, that Christian was in that part of the country, and made frequent private visits to an aunt who was living there. Being the near relative of Mr. Christian Curwen, long member of parliament for Carlisle, and himself a native, he

was well known in the neighbourhood. This, however, might be passed over as a mere gossip, had not another circumstance happened just about the same time, for the truth of which the editor does not hesitate to avouch.

'In Fore-street, Plymouth Dock, Captain Heywood found himself one day walking behind a man, whose shape had so much the appearance of Christian's, that he involuntarily quickened his pace. Both were walking very fast, and the rapid steps behind him having roused the stranger's attention, he suddenly turned his face, looked at Heywood, and immediately ran off. But the face was as much like Christian's as the back, and Heywood, exceedingly excited, ran also. Both ran as fast as they were able, but the stranger had the advantage, and, after making several short turns, disappeared.

'That Christian should be in England, Heywood considered as highly improbable, though not out of the scope of possibility; for at this time no account of him whatsoever had been received since they parted at Otaheite; at any rate the resemblance, the agitation, and the efforts of the stranger to elude him, were circumstances too strong not to make a deep impression on his mind. At the moment, his first thought was to set about making some further inquiries, but on recollection of the pain and trouble such a discovery must occasion him, he considered it more prudent to let the matter drop; but the circumstance was frequently called to his memory for the remainder of his life.'—pp. 309, 310.

From a letter recently received by Captain Beechey, it appears that old Adams died in March, 1829. The latest of our naval visitors to the island is Captain Waldegrave, who arrived there in H. M. S. Seringapatam, in March, 1830, with a supply of various articles of clothes, and agricultural and other instruments, sent out, in consequence of Beechey's representations, by his Majesty's directions. Captain Waldegrave's reception was of the most cordial description. He mentions that three Englishmen had already found their way into the island, one of whom, named Nobbs, claimed to be the supreme spiritual pastor of the community, he being, as the editor suggests, 'probably one of those half-witted persons who fancy they have received a *call* to preach nonsense—some cobler escaped from his stall, or tailor from his shopboard.' It is with infinite regret that we further learn from a paragraph, which has lately gone the round of the newspapers, that a vessel sent to Pitcairn's island by the *Missionaries* of Otaheite (those moral scourges of the Pacific) has carried off the whole of the settlers to the latter island! If this be so, it crowns the iniquities of those harpeys, who ought to be swept from the face of the earth.

Of the ten mutineers who were eventually brought home, three only were condemned and executed, the remainder were either acquitted or pardoned. Among the latter was Mr. Peter Heywood, whose fortunes seem to have excited the particular interest of Mr. Barrow. He will, perhaps, be surprised to find that we have passed over the very vehement effusions both in verse and prose, to which the return of that young gentleman to England, as well as his trial and pardon, gave rise on the part of his sister, Miss Nessy Heywood.

In truth they are not much to our taste. We have no conception of a genuine sisterly affection, giving a poetical expression to feelings which arise out of the real perils of a brother, exposed to an ignominious death. The woe that springs in a truly affectionate heart from such a source as this, is silent. It seeks to hide its shame and agony, instead of arraying them in the garments of poetry. That Heywood was less guilty than his fellow mutineers who were executed, is a fact, which we suppose we are to consider as sufficiently proved, by the mercy of the crown having been exercised in his favour; he was afterwards employed in the public service, in which he acquitted himself in the most satisfactory manner. He died in the present year, having reached nearly to the top of the list of captains.

ART. VIII.—*Campaigns and Cruises, in Venezuela and New Grenada, and in the Pacific Ocean, from* 1817 *to* 1830: *with the Narrative of a March from the River Oronoco to San Buenaventura on the Coast of Choco; and Sketches of the West Coast of South America, from the Gulf of California to the Archipelago of Chiloe. Also, Tales of Venezuela: Illustrative of Revolutionary Men, Manners, and Incidents.* In three volumes. London: Longman and Co. 1831.

SINCE the publication of the very lively and faithful Sketches of South America, the manners and habits of some portion of its inhabitants, by Captain Hall, we have met with no work, on the same subject, that is better calculated than the one before us, to sustain, amongst the British public, that interest for the great South-Western Continent which the gallant captain, by his acute observation and his versatile talents, had been amongst the first to excite. The author, in the present case, however, had the advantage of his predecessor, in a considerably longer residence in that country, and in being a witness to a greater variety of aspects of the national character, than it fell to the lot of Captain Hall to become acquainted with. Wanting the skill and address of the captain as a writer, our author may still boast of a far more copious fund of information than the former had it in his power to collect; and though we miss in his volumes the ornaments and graces with which a practised hand can recommend those subjects, that in themselves are destitute of all attraction, yet so varied and extensive is the personal familiarity of the present author with the manners of the South American people—so completely exempted are his pages from all the appearances of bad faith or exaggeration, that we cannot hesitate to rank his volumes with the very best illustrations which we possess, of the peculiarities in the customs and general character of foreign countries.

The writer of these volumes deserves to have it told, that, up to the moment of his publication, we had no detailed accounts of the very important and interesting campaigns, in which, as we shall see, he was engaged. The general spirit of adventure, which

usually agitates a youthful mind, assisted by an ambition for a military life, had impelled our author to direct his views to South America, at a time when Europe, exhausted by too protracted an indulgence in the martial passion, and languishing under the effects of its debilitating influence, appeared to be guided by a resolution to avoid in future the seductions of war. He volunteered his services in the cause of South American patriotism, and joined a company of lancers which set out from Europe in the year 1817, in order to support the newly formed government of Venezuela, then consisting of Bolivar, Marino, and Sir Gregor M'Gregor. After numerous adventures, interspersed with perils more or less formidable, the author, with his companions, who were bound for the same destination, proceeded to the head quarters of Bolivar, which happened to be at the time on the road between the river Apuri and the city of Calabozo. Bolivar was then deliberating what course he should adopt in the prosecution of a war, which he had commenced under the most favourable auspices, having, by a bold and ingenious manœuvre, succeeded in obtaining the command of the Apuri. The description which our author gives of the appearance of the constitutional forces, at the period of his joining in the same service, is well worth attention.

'The dress which was worn by him (Bolivar) and his suit, corresponded perfectly with the scanty resources of the patriot army. His helmet was such as was then usually worn by a private light dragoon. It had been sent him as a pattern, by a merchant of Trinidad, who had imported on speculation from London some yeomanry accoutrements, which had been sold off on the commencement of the peace. A plain round jacket of blue cloth, with red cuffs, and three rows of gilt sugar-loaf buttons; coarse blue trowsers; and *alpargates*, or sandals (the soles of which are made of the fibres of the aloe plaited,) completed his dress. He carried in his hand a light lance, with a small black banner having embroidered on it a white skull and crossed bones, with the motto "*Muerte ò Libertàd!*"

'The native officers, by whom he was surrounded, were chiefly men of colour, of lighter or darker shades; except the two generals, Paëz and Urdanéta, who are white. Few of them had any jackets. Their usual dress consisted of a shirt, made of handkerchief-pieces of different colours, and generally of checked patterns, very ample in size, and with wide sleeves, worn *outside* large white drawers, which reached below the knee; and a hat made of *cogollo*, or split palm leaves, with plumes of variegated feathers. They were almost all barefoot; but every one wore large silver or brass spurs, with rowels of at least four inches in diameter, and some of even more extravagant dimensions. They generally wore, under these hats, coloured silk or cotton handkerchiefs, for the purpose of shading their faces from the sun; although, to all appearance, their spreading *sombréros* might have afforded sufficient shelter for such dark complexions. We afterwards found, however, that dark as they all were,—and several were even quite black,—they could not endure the severe heat as well as most of the English. One of Paëz's favourite cavalry officers, Col. Juan

Gomez, had a helmet given him by that general, the casque of which was of beaten gold, the work of some rude country artist. Another, who commanded his body guard, Col. Jose Carbajàl, wore a silver helmet; and many officers and distinguished soldiers had silver scabbards to their sabres, besides silver stirrups, and weighty ornaments of the same metal on their bridles.

'On observing our party approaching, these wild looking chiefs spurred forward to meet us, with a shrill shout of welcome; ahd favoured us with a profusion of embraces, as is their custom on meeting intimate friends after a long absence. They were soon, however, obliged to leave us, and postpone the examination of our dress and accoutrements to the evening bivouac; as Bolivar himself rode on in silence, merely returning our salute with his peculiar melancholy smile, as he passed.

'When we halted for the night, we were summoned by an aid-de-camp to attend the Gefe Supremo. We found him seated in a cotton net hammock, under some trees (a tent being of course out of the question); and were received by him with the politeness of a man who had seen the world. After slightly apologizing for the poorness of accommodations to be found in the patriot service, he expressed his joy at seeing, at last, Europeans in his army, that would be capable of disciplining his troops, and assisting the native officers by their instruction and example. He then made enquiries, on various points, which showed him to be well acquainted with the state of affairs in Europe; and dismissed us, after recommending us, individually, to the particular care of some of the officers of the staff.'—pp. 66—68.

Such were the commander-in-chief and his staff, and a few pages on we have a still more ludicrous account of the constitutional army, the strange and various costume of which appears not to have struck the author, until he contemplated those forces in contrast with the royalist troops. This he had an opportunity of doing in a short time after his arrival, for the enemy had so far succeeded in harrassing Bolivar, that the latter had no alternative but a conflict, the event of which was exceedingly doubtful.

'At sunrise the two armies were formed, opposite and in sight of each other; divided only by a small river, the passes of which were obstinately contested, with various success, during the day. The contrast between the clothing and appointments of the royalist and patriot forces was here very conspicuous. The regiments of the former wore their respective uniforms, which they had lately received from Carácas. This gave them a martial appearance, and a decided advantage, in the confidence with which it inspired them, when they saw the ragged appearance of the patriots, independent of their consciousness of superiority in numbers and discipline. The only corps, on our side, with any pretensions to uniform, was Bolivar's guard. This had received English marines' coats, which had been condemned in London and sold to Bolivar's agent; with trowsers, or drawers of various colours. The greater part, especially the front rank, wore hussar caps, which had once belonged to the unfortunate *Husares de la Reyna.*

'The rest of the army wore, literally, what they could get. Some were to be seen, in every corps, with Spanish uniforms, either with or without

broad brimmed straw hats; but these few were so far from improving the appearance of the line, that they made it resemble a rabble, and displayed to greater disadvantage the miserable clothing of their comrades. Many were nearly stark naked; but the greater part wore small ragged blankets and pieces of carpet, which they plundered on the retreat, with holes cut in them for the head to pass through. Straw hats were in general use; but some colonels had partially introduced into their corps a kind of non-descript *schakos*, made of raw cow's hide of various colours. The fire-arms, too, of this devoted army were all old, and, generally speaking, in a very bad condition. Some muskets were absolutely without locks, and were apparently carried for show, until the fall of a few friends or foes should give their owners an opportunity of exchanging them for more effective weapons. The rear-rank men were, of course, the worst armed; though, as to dress, there was little difference to be perceived. Many of these had lances, or bayonets on poles; and not a few carried their cartridges in their breasts, for want of pouches.

'The remnant of the cavalry, that had escaped on the night of the 14th, when they were so unfortunately surprised, had as ill-assorted accoutrements and apparel as the infantry. All had lances of different lengths; and some few carbines were to be seen among them, which, by the way, were muskets that had been cut short in the barrel. They were stationed in the rear; for they were totally unfit, from their small number, and the tired state of their horses, to take any share in the action. The park and baggage guard were Indians, armed with bows and arrows. These, however, were a timid, peaceful tribe, unused to the sound of musketry, who, therefore, took every opportunity, when not closely watched, of conveying themselves out of the way of mischief. On the whole, our army wore a most unpromising appearance. We had not even any musical instruments to animate the men, except a few old cracked drums, that were any thing but spirit-stirring, and Captain Grant's prize clarionet. But, to do the troops justice, they behaved, in spite of every disadvantage, as well as men could do, struggling for victory long after the battle was evidently lost. If the day could have been gained by the number of generals, we had certainly enough on the field for that purpose.'—pp. 82—85.

Bolivar having been worsted in this battle, he and his followers were under the necessity of seeking their safety in flight. The author, in attempting to keep up with the fugitive soldiers whom he had just commanded, soon found that it required the agility of a native to overcome all the obstacles which opposed a very rapid journey through the country, and was ultimately reduced to the condition of a solitary wanderer. He proceeds—

'I followed, of course, as long as I could; but was soon sensible of the impossibility of escaping in a hilly country, encumbered as I was with boots and a sabre, and fatigued with the day's exertions; to say nothing of our having been, for the last two days, rapidly retreating by forced marches, without any provisions being served out. I therefore threw myself, exhausted, into a bush, where I lay expecting, every moment, to be bayonetted by the pursuers. Finding, however, that several had passed without observing me, I began to entertain some hopes of being able to rejoin our army; and crept farther into the underwood, to the brink of a

rock, from whence the whole field could plainly be seen beneath me. It was thickly spotted over with bodies, especially in the defile leading to Los Morros, where men and horses were lying in heaps. Our army had totally disappeared, except a few stragglers, who were still entangled in the broken ground, and whom the enemy had surrounded, and were firing at, not choosing to encumber themselves with prisoners. A Spanish general, whom I believed to be Morillo, and his staff, were halted on a small eminence, which the patriot army had previously occupied. A few prisoners, apparently officers, were occasionally brought to him, and, after a short pause, while by his gestures he appeared to interrogate and threaten them, were taken aside and shot.

'Night soon approached; and it was evident, by the number of fires, that the greater part of the Spanish army had encamped on the field. Towards midnight, I left my place of concealment, and reached the small river, which had been the scene of the hottest part of the recent conflict. The banks were strewed with bodies, many of which were lying in the shallow stream; and the vultures and wild dogs had already commenced their banquet. I had but little leisure, however, to look about me. Having drank heartily of the brook, I proceeded cautiously up the bed of the river, being concealed by the bushes on the banks, and secure of not being met by any patroles, in that direction.

'By day-break, I had advanced pretty high up the valley; and, hearing the crowing of cocks, ventured, at all hazards, to approach a cottage, which I saw not far off, surrounded by sugar-cane patches and plantain groves. The inhabitants, a venerable old Indian, with his wife and four daughters, came out to receive me with great formality; supposing from my colour and dress that I was a Spaniard. They soon found, from my imperfect manner of speaking the language, that they were mistaken: and readily comprehending that I was one of the English, who they had heard were with Bolivar, assured me that I was in no danger of being betrayed by them, for they also were patriots, as, indeed, most of the Indians in that part of the country were. The old man explained to me, in a few words, the danger there was of my being discovered in the cottage by stragglers from the Spanish camp, who would, in all probability, come up the valley in seach of plaintains and other fruit, and to plunder what they could. He, therefore, sent one of his daughters to show me a place of concealment, in a thick copse behind the sugar-cane patch. She spread for me here a mat of rushes to rest on; and after bringing water for my feet, set before me a wooden tray, with a substantial breakfast of broiled fowl, eggs, and roast plantains, besides various fruits. In the evening, one of the youngest children brought me a supply of provisions, in a basket; and told me that several Spanish soldiers had come up to the cottage, and were waiting there, while her mother was making them *arépas*.

'I remained in this place of concealment for a few days, visited but rarely by the old man, who was fearful of being watched, and detected in concealing an officer of the insurgent army, which would have cost him his life; but I was constantly supplied with provisions by the daughters, whose occasional absence would not be so much remarked. I felt uneasy, however, at exposing this kind family to danger; besides being in constant expectation of discovery, by means of the numerous parties of soldiers, whom I could see from my retreat, during the day, traversing the

plantations in search of fugitives from the late action; several of whom they had already found in the neighbourhood, and shot. I therefore determined on removing into the forest above the valley, and endeavouring to find some companion in distress, with whom I might seek my way to Bolivar's camp. My worthy host endeavoured to dissuade me from this resolution; assuring me, that he did not apprehend any danger of discovery. Finding me, however, decided on not endangering them any longer, he and his family bid me farewell, with many embraces and kind wishes. They furnished me with a basket, containing roast plantains, and dried meat. The old man gave me at parting a flint and steel, with a cane containing *yesca*, (a kind of tinder made of dried fungus) and an Indian *churumbéla*, with tobacco, which I found of real value in the damp woods, where I lay concealed for some time afterwards.

'The trees in these mountain forests are chiefly the *caoba*, or mahogany, which grows to a majestic size, and affords a delightful shade. There are, besides, many different kinds of wild fruit-trees, which are resorted to by the *araguato* monkey. Panthers inhabit these wilds; but, although I often heard their yells, they never approached near enough to give me any serious apprehensions. When my provisions were expended, I was in the habit of going down, cautiously, to the outskirts of the plantations, after dusk, and cutting sugar-cane: this is well known to be nutritious enough to support life for a long time, without any other food. I ventured, occasionally, near enough to cottages, where I could hear no watch-dogs, to forage ripe plantains: and was, in one instance, fortunate enough to find some *tazajo*, hanging on bambu poles. This lucky windfall I transferred to my basket havresack, without much scruple. I found it difficult to guard against the depredations of the monkies, which frequently robbed me of my provisions, if I lost sight of them for a moment. The mountains here abound with snakes and centipedes, which I used often to discover under the dry leaves, that composed my bed. The former were, however, perfectly harmless, when not molested; although it was necessary to use caution on rising, to avoid touching them; as that would, of course, have provoked them to bite.

'The woods at night were brilliantly illuminated by the *cucuis*, or lantern flies, which, flitting in myriads from tree to tree, resemble sparks of fire. This insect is a small dark coloured beetle, similar to that which is found under rotten wood, in England. It carries its greenish phosphoric light in the tail; and its lantern remains invisible, except when it is flying, as it is covered by the wing-cases when in a state of rest.

'I soon began to find this solitary way of life too irksome to endure with any degree of patience. I even entertained serious thoughts of surrendering myself to the Spaniards, at all hazards, rather than lead the life of an outlaw, any longer, among these wild mountains; when I unexpectedly met with a comrade, who soon dissuaded me from this intention, and was eventually the means of enabling me to escape, in safety, to Bolivar's army. One night, as I was cutting a supply of sugar-cane, as usual, I saw, by the moonlight, a native close to me, busily engaged in the same occupation. We were, at first, rather cautious of approaching each other; but, as he soon discovered me to be an Englishman, he informed me that he was an alferez, belonging to Zaraza's cavalry, and had taken refuge in the woods, after the defeat of La Puerta; adding, that he also

was foraging for his support. We were both rejoiced at this accidental meeting; and agreed to continue together, for mutual assistance. This event was particularly fortunate for me, as my new companion, whose name was Bicente Artaóna, knew the country well, and was a stout active young criole, whose assistance in procuring provisions, and afterwards in crossing rivers, I found extremely serviceable. The days now passed much more agreeably than in my former solitude, for Bicente knew several places of security in the mountains, to which he used to guide me. Here many patriot families from the neighbouring towns, as well as some of the fugitives, who had followed us in the retreat from Vitória, had taken refuge from the Spanish army. The wretched abodes, in which these wanderers found shelter, were generally in the dry beds of torrents, and were concealed by the overhanging banks. Their most active young men sometimes ventured out in search of provisions; but were often taken, and shot by the *Godos*.

'The rains not falling now so frequently, we determined to commence our march in quest of our friends; although perfectly ignorant of the present situation of the army. Having laid in a pretty good stock of provisions, by means of the skilful foraging of Artaóna, we left the mountains, guiding our march by the two gigantic rocks, called the Morros of San Juan, which loomed, at the other side of the valley, in stern and solitary grandeur. While descending the mountains, we followed the course of torrents, as being the most unfrequented route we could take. This was attended by severe exertion, as we were obliged to leap from rock to rock, for hours together, and, occasionally, to swim across any deep pool, to which we came. I was, of course, under the necessity of throwing away my boots, with which it would have been impossible to proceed; but still my companion, the soles of whose feet were invulnerable, was obliged often to halt for me, as I was utterly incapable of keeping up with him, in walking barefoot over gravel and flinty roads. On reaching the more open country, we always concealed ourselves during the day, in some wood, and proceeded forward by night; carefully avoiding every beaten track, as well as all houses and plantations.'—pp. 88—94.

They had not advanced far in their speculative journey, when they found themselves in the midst of the Spanish quarters. From these unfriendly precincts they clandestinely retired, and having approached the neighbourhood of a town called Ortis, our author's companion went on to the town to obtain some news. Here he met with a friendly priest—a patriot also, to whom he unfolded the history of his English friend, and returned with an invitation from the clergyman to come to his house, with which the author very willingly complied.

'The priest, Don Cayetano Guaxardo, a venerable looking elderly man, received us with the greatest kindness. He lamented, in particular, the hardships that I had lately suffered; and expressed his surprise, that an European could undergo as much fatigue as a criole. On noticing the ill state of our clothing, which, it must be owned, was tolerably ragged, after the rough usage it had met with in the woods and ravines, he insisted on our accepting linen and pantaloons of his own. This was a positive luxury to us, after wandering near two months without a change of

raiment. At the same time, as he was a remarkably stout *Clerico*, and we were both rather slender, the ludicrous figure we cut, in his ample mosquito trowsers, gave us, and him, a hearty laugh, in spite of our fatigue and distress. Don Cayetano also furnished me with a large pair of boots, which had evidently appertained, not long before, to some Spanish dragoon; assuring me that Artaóna would guide me that night to a place, where we should be able to procure horses. He expressed his regret at being afraid to shelter us in his house; as he was in hourly expectation of the arrival of the Spanish advanced guard. He therefore advised us, for our sakes as well as his own, to leave Ortiz without farther delay. Then, dismissing us with his blessing, and hearty wishes for our safe arrival among our own people, he filled our havresacks with provisions, and gave me, at parting, a bundle of cigars, which were very scarce in this part of the country. I must not omit to mention, that on examining our stores, at the first halt we made, we found a few dollars wrapped in paper, which the worthy old priest had put privately into each of our havresacks, to ensure us a supply until we should join the army.'—pp. 98, 99.

After this practical specimen of clerical benevolence, we conceive it to be the very height of injustice on the part of the present writer to indulge, as he does in many places, in invectives the most severe against the general body of the South American clergy. We see, however, in this fact, only another added to the thousand instances which we daily witness, of the unconquerable obstinacy of early impressions. Surely the prejudices of education must be strong, indeed, when they can survive, in a reasonable man's mind, the conviction of their injustice!

Having, after a long and wearisome pilgrimage, at length succeeded in finding the object of his search, our author once more joined the patriotic leader, whose recent discomfiture had not lessened his claims to the support of every generous and honest man. The rainy season—a time of necessary cessation from all warlike operations—was spent by the patriot troops in Achaguas, a district which is occasionally converted into an island by the swell of adjacent rivers. Here it was that Paez, a sort of prime minister to Bolivar, established no less a refined institution than a mint, which was destined for the sole accommodation of the army. Our author observes—

'This new establishment, for the simplicity of its machinery, and economy observed in the number of officers employed, was perhaps unrivalled in any country. In a room in the Plaza, where some of the English were quartered, a block of wood was fixed in the brick floor, and a small anvil was driven into the top of it; having a die engraved on it, representing one side of a *pezéta*, or quarter-dollar. The stamp, for the reverse of this coin, was on a short piece of steel, secured in a handle of iron, for the convenience of striking it with a sledge hammer, when placed on a piece of metal of the proper size and weight, which was laid on the under die, or anvil. The shape of this coin was totally disregarded; nor was the master of the mint much more particular about the weight of

each separate piece. This, certainly, was of very little consequence, when it is considered of what metal this money, purporting to be silver, was coined.

'Paëz had collected, for this purpose, a considerable quantity of old silver, of different kinds, such as stirrups, sword scabbards, and various other ornaments, taken from the enemy by his troops, who were exceedingly expert in plundering: he had also bought up private and church plate to a large amount. All this was melted down, with one fourth of copper, which mixture, together with the previous alloy contained in the silver, formed, it must be allowed, a base metal worthy of such a mint. The only officers employed in the coinage, were a smith of all work, who had been used to make and repair coarse articles in silver, and his son, a lad of about fifteen years old. There was no mystery practised, with respect to the adulteration of the current coin; the doors being left open, without even a sentry on them. The process was simply this. After having run the metal into narrow bars, these were heated red hot, in a common forge, and hammered out to the proper thickness. The blanks were then cut, as nearly of the proper weight as could be guessed, with a cold chisel; and were finished for stamping, by roughly filing off the corners of each piece, so as to leave a kind of polygon, resembling what is called in the West Indies, *cut-money*.

This coin, though undoubtedly a base currency, was of the most essential service to the army, and the neighbouring country; as there was previously a great want of a circulating medium. It readily passed current, for the full value assigned it; because Paëz, whose word was confided in by the inhabitants of his province, had promised to call it all in, when he should be enabled to do so, by a more flourishing state of affairs. This promise was punctually performed, about a year after; when Bolívar brought up sterling money from Guayana sufficient to call in all the depreciated coinage. Few, however, of the Llanéros troubled themselves about exchanging it, and it long after continued in circulation in Varinas.

'Our diversions, while quartered at Achaguas, were, necessarily, very circumscribed; the deep mud in the savannas, and the swollen state of the streams, not admitting of our riding to the neighbouring plantations, with any degree of comfort. As for walking in the town, those who were fortunate enough to be still possessed of shoes or boots, in which number were included the newly arrived English, soon found that they were a useless incumbrance, even in the streets, which were mostly knee-deep in mud. Our chief amusement consisted in visiting the families of emigrants. Numbers of these were here, who had seen better days, and whose conversation, interspersed with anecdotes of their eventful times, was highly interesting. Among them, the Padre Cura of Guadualíto, Don Manuel Quadras, was particularly visited by the English officers in the evenings. He was a man of superior education and talents; and had been accompanied in his exile, (as it might be called,) by his sister and two nieces; whose guitars, and singing, were always ready to enliven the dull hours we passed in these winter quarters.

'Paëz, meanwhile, did every thing in his power to make us as comfortable as possible; and provided a corral full of milch-cows, purposely for the English. Whenever he could procure any *aquardiente*, to animate his guests, he would invite all the town to a dance, in which he used to join in the most unwearied style of any. He is excessively fond of this

amusement, and was considered, by the ladies of Achaguas, the best dancer in Varinas. At other times, he would order a number of wild horses to be driven into the Plaza, which was covered with a smooth turf; and would amuse himself by giving them to his guard to break in, and frequently by mounting them himself, as he is a very expert rough-rider.

'The feast of San Juan Bautista, which is always celebrated in South America by horse-racing and bon-fires, was kept up in a most extraordinary manner in Achaguas. There was no ground whatever, either in the town or the neighbourhood, on which racing was practicable. Paëz, however, mounted his horse before day-break, attended by several of his staff, most of them without saddles, and having on merely their shirts and drawers; and proceeded with them round the town, playing on *vihuelas*, and calling on every body, especially the foreigners, to turn out and follow him. The streets were excessively muddy; and the diversion consisted, chiefly, in every one making his neighbour as dirty as he possibly could. This object was so easily effected, that the natural colours of both horses and men were soon completely undistinguishable. Those that refused, or even delayed to join the revellers, were pulled out of bed, *sans ceremonie*, and rolled in the mud. Among the rest, the alcalde of the town, Don Pepe Nunez, who was always remarkably neat in his dress, and who had been lately married, was detected in endeavouring to escape, and shared the common fate. After riding about some time in this pickle, Paëz led the way in swimming the river Apúrito, where all that had been concerned in this frolic effectually cleansed themselves, and their horses, from the mud with which they were covered. They then separated to their quarters, to clothe themselves, and prepare to attend the general at breakfast, to which every officer at head-quarters had been invited.

'What this *dejeunè à la fourchette* wanted in elegance, was amply compensated by the plenty and variety of the viands. Of meat, there were ribs, *zezúas* and *rayas* of savanna beef, wild hogs from Mericúri, and venison from the neighbouring woods of Gamarra. Of poultry, there were wild ducks, *pauxis*, and *guacharacas*, and plenty of fish from the Apurito. Maize bread, in *arèpas*, *bollos*, and *roscas*, with cheese and *quarépo*, crowned the banquet.'—pp. 114—118.

During the leisure which the suspension of hostilities afforded the author, he took occasion to make frequent and close observations of the domestic manners and customs of the people. Some of the results of his inquiries will be read with interest:—

'In the few farms which remain inhabited, being necessarily remote from the cultivated districts, and, in a great measure, from all civilized society, may be seen a curious specimen of pastoral life; where hospitality is exercised as a matter of course, and the visitor is considered as the person conferring the obligation. The houses attached to these *hatos* are all on the ground floor, consisting in general of a large hall, the walls of which are hung round with saddles, bridles, and lazos; containing, for furniture, one large table, and several long massy escanos, or settles, too heavily made to be ever moved. Here all the inmates eat, when driven in by the rain; and the males of the family all sleep, in bad weather; each having an undressed bullock's hide for a bed. This *cuero*, as it is called, although suppled in some measure by constant use, is by no means softer

than the earthen floor. There is, also, a separate apartment, or two, for the females' use in winter. In the summer, it is the custom for all to sleep in the open air, on account of the heat; and the neighbourhood of the corral is generally selected, as a protection against the *zancúdos*, which always prefer attacking the cows, whose skins they completely cover.

'On arriving at one of these farms, no ceremony whatever is used, except the usual salutation of "*Ave Maria purisima!*" The travellers' horses are immediately unsaddled, and turned loose; for it is quite a matter of indifference whether they stay or not, as there are always plenty of horses close at hand, which are considered completely public property. Water is then brought to wash the stranger's feet; after which, every one spreads his cloak or blanket in the shade, and lies down, using his saddle for a pillow. Meanwhile, one of the family has already saddled a horse, and set out in search of a calf, or young heifer, for which they have seldom far to ride; indeed, they generally keep one tied up in the corral, in readiness for their daily use, as meat will not keep here until the next day after being killed. In less than half an hour, an abundance of roast beef is set before the visitors; and sometimes, but very rarely in the remote haciendas, some *arépa*. Salt is usually very scarce, (it was at this time worth twelve dollars a pound); and, when it is to be procured, is melted in water, and presented in a calabash, into which each morsel of meat is dipped. By this management, a small quantity of salt goes farther than if it were used in substance. The repast concludes with milk, cheese, and generally aguardiente.

'Although these people, secluded as they are from society, must naturally be very desirous of hearing news of any kind, their innate sense of politeness forbids them to annoy their guests by asking questions, until they have satisfied their appetite. They retire to rest soon after sunset; and, previous to lying down, the patriarch of the family, who has probably scores of young descendants on the farm, working in company with, and in no way distinguished from, the peons, recites the *Rosario*, or evening service to the Virgin; every one present standing, and joining in the responses. This religious ceremony is scarcely ever omitted by the South Americans. It is scrupulously adhered to by the boatmen on the Orinoco, when they land for the night; and, as I had an opportunity of seeing, by the Guerilléros, as my friends of the palm forest modestly stiled themselves.

'These cattle farms, or *hatos* as they are usually called, formerly carried on a very extensive trade in cheese, *tazajo*, and mules, previous to the breaking out of the war with the mother country. But, when the revolution commenced, the communication was cut off between the plains, and the hilly country near the sea coast, where they used to dispose of the produce of the farms. Besides, every man capable of bearing arms was obliged to join one side or another; for there can be no such thing as neutrality during a civil war;—especially as this was conducted. All supplies from the coast were, in like manner, cut off from the Llanéros; and, among the rest, that very necessary article, salt. The want of this occasioned great distress in the plains; as the food of the inhabitants consisted almost entirely of meat. Without salt, it was of course impossible to make good cheese, or preserve the *tazajo*, even if there had been any means of disposing of these commodities when made.

As a substitute for salt, they used frequently to collect earth from places in the savanna where the cattle had long been in the habit of resorting;

and, after pouring boiling water on it, they strained the infusion, and evaporated it to dryness. It will easily be conceived, that nothing but extreme necessity would recommend this salt; which, besides its dirty appearance, was exceedingly bitter.

'Their manner of milking cows is rather singular. As they are totally wild, the farmers are obliged to be constantly on the look out, at the season when they drop their calves. All those found within the bounds of their farm they collect, and convey to the corrals, followed by the cows; which assemble morning and evening, where their calves are tied up, as long as they have any milk. At milking time, the calves are let loose by turns, and soon find their respective mothers; but are quickly followed by a milker, who can then approach the cow without alarming her, and, having tied the calf to her knee, may proceed to milk the animal without interruption.

'Some cows, however, will give down no milk at first to their calves, while confined in a corral. These are literally strangled into compliance. A lazo is thrown round the animal's neck, the other end of which is passed over the forked branches of a tree, always either suffered to remain on clearing the ground for a corral, or planted there afterwards, chiefly for this purpose. The cow is then hoisted up, by two or three men, until she can barely touch the ground with her hind feet. This is said to take immediate effect; and is repeated as often as she refuses to give down her milk.

'When the Llanéros wish to procure horses, they drive together a herd of *chucaros;* out of which every man who wants a horse singles out whichever he prefers, and noozes him with the lazo. Two or more men hold this line firmly, until the horse falls from actual strangulation by the halter, which is tightened round his throat by his own violent efforts to escape; while, at the same time, he receives repeated severe stunning blows on the head with a bludgeon, which is used unsparingly, during the first stages of horse-breaking. While the animal is insensible, they tie his legs, put a *bozal,* or kind of head-stall on him, with a *tapojo,* or moveable strap, by which his eyes can be covered when necessary, and immediately saddle him; taking particular care that the girths, which are made of twisted hide, are drawn sufficiently tight. They at first merely use a hair rope—(*cabestro*)—by way of halter; as the horse cannot for some time endure a bit in his mouth, without rearing and falling on the rider. The legs are then untied, and the noose that is round the throat, being slackened, the animal in a short time recovers from the temporary strangulation, and rises, but remains quiet; trembling, however, violently, until its eyes are uncovered.

'When the rider has mounted, and has well secured himself in his seat, he raises the *tapojo,* and the contest commences, between the strength and activity of a terrified wild animal struggling for freedom, and the inimitable horsemanship of the Llanéros. The horse appears, at first, so confused and astonished as to be incapable of motion; but is soon roused by the shouts and blows of the rider's companions. When once he has recovered from his momentary stupor, the exertions that he makes to get rid of his burthen are wonderful, and most trying to a rider. The South American horses have, nevertheless, very little vice, and rarely, if ever, roll on the ground, or run against trees; manœuvres that would inevitably dismount the best possible rider.'—pp. 121—126.

The author, in his various observations on the character and customs of the inhabitants who came under his notice, is generally sensible, considerate, and impartial, except where a difference of religion comes in any way within the range of his contemplation. But he occasionally gets over even this weakness, and yields the tribute of his applause to genuine charity, at the same time that he might naturally be expected to disapprove of its motive. Thus, in surveying the institutions of Bogota, he does not fail to mark out, for particular approbation, the hospital of San Juan, the plan of which is so admirable.

'The hospital of San Juan de Dios, established, as usual, in a monastery of that order of friars, is a noble institution; and redeems these friars, at least, from the charges of gluttony, indolence, and total uselessness, which are imputed, with too great truth, to many of their brethren of other orders. Several hundred sick, of every description of disease, whether inhabitants of the capital or strangers, are admitted here, carefully nursed, and even, if necessary, clothed by these friars. They have a handsome chapel, and a dispensary for the poor; to whom they also daily distribute food at the kitchen. The expenses, which are considerable, are defrayed by the revenues from the estates, which these, as well as some other friars, possess; and by sums collected in begging through the town.'—vol. i. p. 185.

There are not, perhaps, many persons out of London who are acquainted with the fact; but it is nevertheless undoubtedly true, that there are no fewer than half-a-dozen establishments in this city conducted on a plan quite as universal, and as indiscriminate in its charity as the hospital of Bogota: that is to say, if a savage from the coast of Africa, in passing through the streets of London, were to fall and break a limb, it is only necessary that the first passenger who witnesses the accident should call a coach, place the friendless stranger within it, and direct the driver to convey him to the nearest of the great hospitals. We will venture to say, that the first grandee of the land could not command, nor indeed would he receive, more prompt, more kind, more suitable attention, than that poor outlaw of civilization would experience in the asylum to which he might be brought, until his health and strength should be completely restored.

It is well known, that the inhabitants of Valparaiso are constantly subject to devastations by earthquakes; but as there is no evil without its good, they hence very shortly become expert builders, from the incessant practice of repairing to which they are thus condemned. The substantial material employed in the construction of their houses is a species of brick called *adobes*.

The author gives us a brief but emphatic account of the police establishment of the metropolis of Chili, which we recommend to the attention of our magistrates, in the hope that nations pretending to a vast deal more refinement, would only imitate the Chilians in the success with which they adapt their institutions to the practical purposes they have in view. Their system is quite admirable,

inasmuch as by the simplest means those results are fully obtained, which the most elaborate, and, we may add, very expensive machinery has been found unable to produce.

'The police of Santiago is pretty alert, and the city is well watched during the night, by *Serénos* (so called from being out in the night-air; from which also *Serenados*, or night songs, are derived). These are very vigilant watchmen, being obliged to find securities to a certain amount, previous to this trust being committed to them. They are responsible, either by fine or imprisonment, in case of culpable negligence, for the safety of the houses under their charge; all of which are assessed, according to their respective value, to pay the corporals and privates of this guard. They are obliged to proclaim the time and weather, every quarter of an hour in Santiago, and every half hour in Valparaiso; besides occasionally sounding a shrill whistle, for the purpose of announcing their presence, or calling their comrades. It is also a part of their duty to convey messages to any part of the city, by night (as in the case of a physician, *comadre*, or *Padre confesor* being suddenly wanted); and this they do, by passing the word from station to station, with the fidelity and secrecy, and almost the celerity, of a line of telegraphs. While patrolling back and forward, they make it their business to examine diligently the fastenings of doors and windows; for they have a right to claim,—and are always ready enough to enforce it,—a certain sum of money, as a fine, from those householders whom they convict of negligence in this respect. A foreigner, in particular, if he happens to leave the door of his lodgings a-jar after night-fall, may depend on finding a Seréno stationed there, when he returns, ready to complain loudly of the expenses he, the faithful watchman, might have been called on to pay, if any less honest person had found the entrance unsecured.'—pp. 345, 346.

The author, in common with every traveller who has visited that capital, was struck with the number of churches, which give to Lima an external appearance of great magnificence. Connected with the history of one of the smallest of these edifices is the following tradition, which constitutes a very fair specimen of the legends of the New World.

'About fifty years ago, one of the mountain Indians, who used to attend mass, and confess occasionally, at a small village among the mountains, not far from the capital, became so much attached to the Padre Cura, who had attended him during a dangerous attack of the small pox, that he presented him with some pieces of pure gold, in return for his kindness. The curiosity of the Padre being greatly excited, he questioned the Indian as to where he had procured them, and was informed, under strict injunctions of secrecy, that he had discovered a *huaco*: that is, a place where treasures have been concealed, by the former possessors of the country, probably about the time of the Spanish invasion. These hoards are numerous throughout South America, and particularly in Peru. Many of them are well known to the Indians, who, nevertheless, rarely make use of the riches contained in them. They confidently believe, that the race of the Incas is to be one day restored to the power of their ancestors, and therefore keep the treasures carefully concealed, for the use of their

sovereigns when that time shall arrive. Consequently, no great surprise was excited in the Padre; and the Indian still continued to bring him occasionally considerable quantities of gold, until enough had been amassed to build a church, which had long been the object of the priest's ambition. When he applied to the Archbishop of Lima, for the necessary permission, he was obliged to confess how he had become possessed of this wealth; and was enjoined, by the prelate, to use all diligence to discover the situation of the *huaco*, that the riches it contained might be appropriated to repairing and beautifying all the churches in the capital. After great importunity, the Indian consented to conduct him by night to the spot, being a small cave, the entrance to which was concealed by brush-wood, in the centre of a thick mountain forest. On his return from visiting it, the Padre is said to have cut a small piece of bark from every tree he passed, so as to enable him, as he hoped, to find his way again to the *huaco*. He was disappointed, however, in his expectation of getting fraudulent possession of the treasure; for the shrewd Indian, whose suspicions had been aroused by the eagerness with which his confessor had begged to be shown the cave, had watched him; and, detecting his artifice, had marked numerous forest trees, in every direction, in the same way. It is needless to add, that the Indian never appeared again at the same village church.'—pp. 373—375.

The author, it appears, spent no less than thirteen years in South America, a period of time which is calculated to give great weight and interest to his reports and opinions. He obtained leave of absence in 1829, and returned to his native land in the spring of 1830.

The extracts which we have made above, are exclusively drawn from the first volume, which, in every respect, comes under the description of a regular book of travels. But, strange to say, in the two succeeding volumes, the author altogether changes his plan, and presents us with a pair of genuine romances, the object of which, it is fair to state, is still that of illustrating the original subject. However incongruous the latter may be with the first portion of the work, it must perhaps be acknowledged, that the familiar and graphic representations which novels admit of, are the most effectual vehicles for conveying information concerning peculiar manners and customs. The first of the Tales is entitled 'The Earthquake of Caraccas,' and has for its foundation a plot which may be told in a few words. A Creole merchant at Caraccas, determined to make a conclusive arrangement for his family, gives to his only son the whole of his property, whilst he compels his daughter to retire to a convent. A particular day is appointed for the ceremony of her initiation, and the evening before is celebrated in the father's house by a magnificent festival. In the midst of the revelry, Don Beltran (such was the merchant's name) was apprehended on a charge of treason, and dragged off to prison. He, nevertheless, gave directions that the ceremony of his daughter's *profession* should be carried into effect. At the hour appointed, next day, the church where it was to take place was crowded in

every part; all the priests and attendants were in readiness, and the procession about to move, when suddenly the shock of an earthquake rent the edifice asunder. The young lady who was about to be doomed to the cloister, was amongst the survivors who escaped the ravages of the earthquake. She was indebted for her safety to a lover who had long paid his addresses to her against the consent of her father, and who contrived to gain admission to the church, to be a witness of a ceremony which was to blast all his hopes. The young couple retired in safety, and found an asylum in the house of the young gentleman's mother. The same visitation which had released the daughter from the convent, also liberated the father from prison, for the walls of the dungeon where he lay were separated by the violence of the earthquake. His first object was to return home—collect all his treasures—and after discovering where his daughter resided, he embarked with her on board a vessel which he purchased, for the island of St. Thomas. The ship was overtaken by pirates and plundered, and Don Beltran landed at his destination with only a few dollars in his possession. In the course of time they are noticed by the wealthy portion of the inhabitants of the island, and an offer of marriage is made to the daughter by an affluent, but very old merchant of St. Thomas's. But on the day which was compulsorily appointed for her marriage with the elderly suitor, the lover to whom she had originally betrothed herself, took the bold measure of carrying her off, thus sealing their mutual happiness. The story itself may appear to be very meagre, but it is merely the basis on which a very considerable superstructure of real incidents and events, together with descriptions of manners, customs, and domestic life, is raised.

The second tale is called the 'Savannas of Varinas,' and has for its theme the adventures of a young hero, named De Castro. This youth, the son of a Spaniard, having lost his mother during his infancy, was placed under the care of an uncle, a rich farmer, in the Llanos. He grew up apace, and, when advancing to maturity, was attracted by the beauty of his cousin Juanita. During the height of his passion he was recalled by his father, and obliged to engage in a mercantile house in Caraccas. In this occupation he passed a very unpleasant time, until, by the death of his father, he became his own master, and, having time and money at his disposal, he made a voyage to Spain. At Cordova he found his paternal grandfather, who introduced him to all the sports and games of the country. Don Castro being a youth of spirit and activity, proved himself no mean combatant in the arena of the bull-fights. He became so distinguished for his courage and address, that the grandfather easily persuaded him to take a commission in the royalist army, then engaged against the insurgent forces in South America. He joined a Spanish regiment for that purpose, and in a little time appeared in the

costume of a royal officer, at the head-quarters of Murillo, then commanding the king's forces in the northern provinces of the South Western Continent. De Castro soon found cause to be disgusted with his new situation; Murillo availed himself of every opportunity of shewing how much he distrusted the young officer; and when De Castro's cousin, the brother of Juanita, was taken prisoner by the royalist army, no entreatries of his could prevail upon the commander-in-chief to recal the sentence of death which he had pronounced against this relation. De Castro, in the indignation of resentment, abandons the royal cause and joins the constitutional forces. He is ultimately reconciled to his Llanero friends, and terminates his heroic career by taking Juanita to his arms. This tale, as in the former case, is nothing more than a contrivance for placing the characters and manners of the people intended to be illustrated in various aspects, such as could not be conveniently represented in a simple narrative. Although we feel that in the plan on which the author has founded his work, the dignity of history is in some measure compromised, by its being turned into the subaltern of romance, still our reluctance to approve of that plan may partake somewhat of the prejudice which long custom is so apt to engender. We must, however, leave this matter to be determined by the appellate jurisdiction of the public, assuring them that the business of investigating this work will be an exceedingly pleasing and instructive occupation.

Art. IX.—1. *The Moral and Intellectual Character of the Established Clergy Described and Vindicated. A Sermon preached at the Visitation of the Bishop of Peterborough, at Oakham, in the County of Rutland, July* 14, 1831. By the Rev. George Wilkins, D.D. (of Nottingham). In No. 464 of "The Pulpit."

2. *The Present Degenerate State of the Church. A Sermon delivered at St. Clement Danes, on Tuesday evening, October* 18, 1831. By the Rev. N. Armstrong, A.B. In No. 465 of "The Pulpit."

If we had been subjected to the misfortune of possessing delicate nerves, we should doubtless have felt no inconsiderable degree of annoyance, on finding that the Rev. George Wilkins, of Nottingham, a Doctor in Divinity, took an opportunity of preaching a formal sermon against The Monthly Review, in the presence of a portion of the clergy of the diocese of Peterborough, and of such of the parishioners of Oakham as he or they could prevail to listen to him, in the church of that place on a week-day, in the middle of the dog-days of the last summer. To be attacked thus from the pulpit by name, when we were not present to hear our reverend assailant, and where, if we had heard him, we should not have been allowed to reply to his angry invective, is, it must be admitted, a situation of at least some novelty, even though it might

not be one productive of much pleasure. We might here enlarge upon the uncharitableness of censuring a man in his absence, or through any medium which he is not likely to hear of for some months after the slander has been circulated; we might dwell upon the unfairness of the contest, in which the antagonists do not meet face to face, but one stabs the other in his back, and runs away, and hides himself for some time, in order to await the results of his ungenerous attack. But we utterly despise such puling strains as these. We are friends to discussion—if it be necessary, to violent discussion—we care not where, or by what instrumentality it is carried on. It signifies to us not one jot whether we be left out of it, or forced into it, whether we be inveighed against in our absence or our presence, from the pulpit or the parliament, in sermons or in satires, in publications of any description, fixed or periodical. We stand at all times prepared to maintain the cause of truth; our journal furnishes us with the ready means of defending our arguments; and if they be drawn, as we believe they are, from the armoury of reason and of justice, if they be calculated to promote a genuine spirit of Christianity, as distinguished from that artificial system which the established church (that splendid imposture!) has too long substituted for it in this country, we shall throw ourselves fearlessly upon the public, and confidently demand their judgment in our favour.

It is worth observing, as a personal trait of the Reverend George Wilkins, that it was his business at Oakham to preach to the clergy of that part of the diocess, and not to the people. In fact there would have been very few persons, perhaps not ten, besides the clergy of the district, present, on the occasion when he delivered his discourse. He sets out, indeed, with admitting that he ought, 'after the manner of St. Paul, to address his fellow-labourers in the Christian vineyard, either on some point relating to doctrine or discipline, or to excite them to renewed exertions and vigilance in the discharge of their sacred functions.' But for the non-performance of this sacred duty—the identical duty which he was appointed to perform—he assigns two reasons, which to him must have appeared perfectly satisfactory. In the first place he says, that he resides at so great a distance from Oakham, that he knows very little of his reverend brethren of that part of the diocess!—and secondly, he says, that they are so thoroughly informed of every thing that they ought to know, and reduce that knowledge so completely to practice, that he deemed it wholly unnecessary to follow, with respect to them, the example of St. Paul above mentioned! Such is the literal meaning of his words, though they are more circumlocutory. 'The circumstances,' he says, 'which render my personal labours necessary in a *distant* and very extensive field of operation, leave me no opportunity of knowing more than *a very little* of my brethren in this district, but that [very little] knowledge, while it leads me to the assurance that *I cannot over-estimate* their

general worth and character, tends to convince me also, that it would be presumption to offer advice to those who are, many of them, so much better qualified to give it to myself.' So then, here is a divine appointed to enlighten and exhort his clerical brethren, whom he does not know; and whom, not knowing, he proclaims to be too perfect in their knowledge and conduct to need either his instructions or his exhortations! Verily this is very different from the language, as well as the example, of St. Paul!

This is in truth but a part of the system of polite humbug, of which the whole establishment of the Church of England is made up. The clergy of the same diocess, instead of becoming mutually acquainted, live apart from each other, or mingle like persons in ordinary society, according to the rules of the most approved stiffness and formality. Instead of assisting each other as labourers in the same vineyard, each man is working only for himself and his own family, seeking by all means promotion to the best living, and very often tainting his aspirations by the most malignant hatred of his more successful brethren. Instead of desiring to see the vineyard well filled with active and intelligent labourers, instead of advising and assisting each other in the duties which they have to perform, they very often excuse themselves after the manner, not of St. Paul, but of Mr. Wilkins, and exclaim—"really my friends, you are all so virtuous, so learned, so zealous in the execution of your duties, that I (though I have not the honour of your acquaintance) am well convinced that you are the most respectable clergymen upon the face of the earth!"

But this is not all. Mr. Wilkins left his flock at Nottingham, where he says his field of operation is a very extensive one, for the purpose of addressing his brethren of Oakham and its neighbourhood, on some point relating to doctrine or discipline; but instead of doing that, he enters into an elaborate eulogy upon the conduct, not merely of the clergy of that district, as to whom his knowledge is so *very little*, but of the whole body of the clergy of England, as to whom his knowledge must of necessity have been still *less!*

After praising 'the profound learning, the varied talents, and watchful zeal, of his diocesan, the preacher divides his discourse into three points, and proposes to shew—

'First, that the ministers of the established church have received mercy and favour from on high, and that this mercy and favour is their great comfort and support; secondly, "that they renounce the hidden things of dishonesty, neither walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully:" and, lastly, that "by manifestation of the truth in doctrine and practice, they commend themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."'

With reference to the first point, he observes that 'it would be easy, if it were necessary, to trace out the channel of Apostolicity through all its courses and windings, whence, by a pure and perennial stream, the English clergy derive their appointment and their

authority.' We can assure Mr. Wilkins that this is a most *necessary* piece of information, which it would be not quite so easy for him, as he imagines, to give to the world. The courses and the windings of the channel, through which he fancies the character of Apostolicity to have descended to the Church of England, are much more intricate than he seems to be aware of. There are some daring divines, Bossuet for instance, who have taken it upon them to demonstrate, that the channel in question never found its way to the ecclesiastical establishment of this country; that the stream was in fact dammed up by the violent passions of Henry VIII., and the lamentable self-interested servility of Cranmer. We are not now going into a dissertation upon this point, we merely observe that it is one upon which grave doubts are entertained, and which therefore it would have well become Mr. Wilkins, upon such an occasion, to have explained to the very best of his ability. As to the *purity* of the perennial stream of which he talks, we presume that he intended it merely as a poetical ornament of his composition. For who that is acquainted with the vices of Luther, of Henry VIII., and the many perjuries and gross violations of the most solemn engagements perpetrated by Cranmer, to go no farther, can for a moment delude himself into the belief that the stream of the reformation was a pure one? And as to the appointment and authority of the clergy of the establishment, it is more than suspected that they have neither, so far as a divine origin is concerned. Indeed it is now pretty generally admitted, that the established clergy are little more than a mere police, collected originally from the dregs of the ancient church of this country, and converted to the purposes of the state. "It ought long ago," says an able writer in the Times newspaper, "and in truth and honesty, to have been admitted, that the temporal church of this country (for temporal it is in every respect) was a political establishment, more than a religious one; designed and calculated infinitely more for retaining men in their obedience to the monarchy of England, than for making them partakers of the kingdom of Heaven." It is in this blinded and reprobate sense, that Dr. Wilkins boasts, with so much apparent pride, of "kings having been made the nursing fathers, and queens the nursing mothers of the church;" and of the church of this country, being bound 'in bonds of union with the state.' This is but acknowledging, in other words, the political character of the establishment; a character which is undoubtedly any thing but apostolical.

The preacher seems really to think that he judiciously advocates the cause of his "order," when he speaks of the works of 'the head and the *heart*,' which they have produced, and by means of which, he presumptuously tells us, they "have put to silence the ignorance of foolish men;" when he enumerates their attentions to the 'manifold institutions which adorn and dignify our native land,' their reputation 'in the walks of literature and science,' and their

services in 'every department of useful knowledge.' We have certainly read some novels, and poems, and pretty little stories, some journals of tours, critical articles, and other secular compositions, which were avowed or known to have been the works of clergymen of the established church. But we have yet to learn that more than two or three out of the whole number of the living clergy of England, consisting of 12,559 individuals, have obtained any reputation in the walks of literature. And even if Dr. Wilkins could count thousands for those three, we are much at a loss to discover the connexion, which such a reputation would have with their duties as ministers of a Christian church. As to those extraordinary works of the 'head and heart,' by which they have silenced the ignorance of foolish men, we beg leave to ask him when they have been published, under what titles, and where they are to be found? We believe that we should probably have met with some of those prodigies of eloquence, had they been in existence, but we must confess that we know nothing of them. Their merit, however, can hardly be so great as the doctor supposes, since they have at best succeeded only, according to his account, in putting to silence the *ignorance* of *foolish* men! No great triumph, we apprehend, for such very learned persons to obtain!

But let the reader mark the whole tone of this passage, and observe how very widely it differs from the humility of the Gospel! After magnifying the gifts which, he says, the clergy have received from on high, he bursts forth in this hymn of clerical praise.

'With respect to the application of these gifts, look at that body of *sound* and *pure* divinity which the *great* writers and teachers of our church have given to the world!—works by which they have separated the dross of paganism and the conceits of a vain philosophy from the unsophisticated simplicity of the gospel, and have "rightly divided the word of truth." Look again at those endless works, both of the head and heart, by which they "have put to silence the ignorance of foolish men"—have "convinced the gainsayers," and brought home the hopes and consolations of the gospel to every ingenuous bosom. Look at the extent and utility of their personal ministrations—at that active faith, zeal, and charity, by which they have given life and energy to the manifold institutions which adorn and dignify our native land, and which cast the brightest lustre upon an enlightened and a religious people. In the walks of literature and science they have ever maintained a high and well-earned reputation, and have so blended their information and services in every department of useful knowledge, as to approve themselves no less valuable citizens of the State than assiduous ministers of the church of Christ. These pretensions may be thought by some to be inconsistent with that humility which should characterise him who speaks of his own profession, but it is so much the humour and fashion of these revolutionary times to blacken our character, and to under-rate the sincerity of our actions, that, put upon the defensive, we are compelled to invite inquiry, and to maintain the claims, which, as a ministry, we have to your veneration and regard, and of which an attempt is made to deprive us by those clamorous for innovation and change, and

by others hostile to the continuance of our ancient and venerable institutions.'

Now let us suppose only the half of this panegyric to be true, we ask, as we have asked before, where are the fruits of this sound and pure divinity, of these *endless* works of the head and heart, of these hopes and consolations brought home to every ingenuous bosom? We are discussing the matter practically, and we desire to be informed of the actual amount of good, which all these works have produced amongst the members of our community? Let the Rev. Mr. Armstrong answer this question. We suppose that Dr. Wilkins would not object to the testimony of one of his own brethren. 'The world,' says Mr. Armstrong, 'seems to be Christianized just because the church has lowered herself to the character of the world. The church has come down to the world; and then she boasts of the world that it has come up to her. But the world has not come up to her; the world has dragged her down to itself. The distinctions of the church of God are almost lost in the earth. We have not the heavenly proofs of God's church appearing before us, whithersoever we turn round.' Here is as complete a contradiction as language can give, to the assertion so boldly made by Dr. Wilkins, that he and his brethren throughout the kingdom, have 'brought home the hopes and consolations of the gospel to every ingenuous bosom,' and 'that through the grace given to them (the established clergy), the strength of God has been made perfect in their weakness!'

Dr. Wilkins is pleased to rank us amongst those who are hostile to what he calls 'our ancient and venerable institutions,' meaning thereby the church as by law established. He is very right. We have frequently declared ourselves to be the open foes of the established church, because we conscientiously consider it to be the grossest mockery of religion that was ever palmed upon a credulous people. It is ridiculous to hear him praise its antiquity, for at best it is not more than three centuries old. That would be a pretty good age for a tree, or for a brick or stone building, but for a church it is but a *yesterday*, seeing that for fifteen hundred years after the birth of the supposed founder of that church, no such institution was in existence, and never would have existed in this country, if Henry VIII. had not wanted to get rid of his wife.

The doctor, who pours out many phials of his wrath against an article which was inserted in THE MONTHLY REVIEW for May last (p. 79), has marked out for particular censure the passage which we shall now take the liberty to repeat.

'"Even among those who frequent the churches of the establishment, there are exceedingly few who understand what religion truly means, and who practise it with any degree of genuine piety. They, for the most part, believe that they are sufficiently religious if they attend at the services of the church on Sunday, and abstain from doing injury to any body. If

any one of them be asked what is meant by the Trinity, and whether he believes in the incarnation and divinity of Christ, it is of all things the most probable that he will give an answer which shall betray the grossest ignorance. Certain it is, that his answer will not agree in all its parts, with that of a person who sits before or behind him in the neighbouring pew; and that he thinks himself entitled to hold what opinions he pleases upon the subject, inasmuch as the church itself being founded upon the principle and the right of private judgment, he supposes that the same right appertains to him as an individual. We need not remark upon the myriads of sects which have sprung from this prolific source, and openly abandoned the established church, since, even at this late hour, her own doctors dispute about some of the most essential points of Christian faith."' —*Monthly Review for May*, 1831.

Now what is the answer given by the reverend preacher to the charges against the church, which are contained in this passage? Simply this, 'that we *may* keep in *check*, but we cannot extinguish the perverseness of the human mind,' and then he refers to the dissensions which prevailed on points of doctrine even among the first converts of the Apostles. We have not said that it was possible for the Church of England, or any other church whatever, to prevent differences from existing in men's minds upon questions of religion. What we did say, and now maintain, is this, that the Church of England, having been founded upon the right of private judgment, has necessarily given rise to the myriads of sects which abound at present in this country, and has, by consequence, produced so great a confusion with respect to doctrine amongst us, that even those who frequent that church have no uniform system of belief. But if we inquire among the sects who have sprung from the principle of the right of private judgment, and have long since abandoned the church, we shall find that there is scarcely any one point of faith, beyond that of the existence of a Deity, which they hold in common; and of this wide-spreading dissension, we say, the Church of England has, from the very basis upon which it is constructed, been the immediate and criminal author. We blame it not for its inability to extinguish the perverseness of the human mind, but for the systematic encouragement which it holds out to that perverseness, and for the irreparable injury which it has thereby inflicted upon the Christian faith.

For let us ask Mr. Armstrong, what is at this moment the state of the church in this country? What is the very title which he has given to his sermon—a sermon preached but a few days ago in the heart of this metropolis? 'The Present *Degenerate* State of the Church'--that isthe title which he has prefixed to a sermon, delivered in the church of St. Clement Danes. From this well considered and really eloquent discourse, we shall detach a few passages, in order to convince the reader that we have made scarcely a single charge against the establishment, which the evidence of this minister does not fully bear out and substantiate.

'*We have not the devotedness that characterized God's church in its purest age.* We have not that devotedness characterizing the church at the present day. Christian people are not Christian people devoted to Christ. They are not *the stewards* of Christ; the generality of Christians are *proprietors;* they lend a little to Christ now and then; they *give* a little to Christ, if you please, now and then, when an appeal is made to them; and, if that appeal have a great many arguments in it, if it come home to the flesh, they give perhaps a great deal. But the Christians of the present day would not be known to a Hindoo, they would not be known to a Turk, they are not known to the infidel, as the men that are so identified with Christ, that their wealth, their influence, their power, are Christ's—that every thing they have, and every thing they are, belong to Christ. This is not the case; therefore, we want this mark in the church. Look over the church; look at the Church of England—look at the Church of Scotland—look at the dissenting churches, if you please: and you find this first mark is wanting; namely, devotedness to the Lord Jesus Christ. Are all the baptized multitude who crowd our churches devoted to the Lord Jesus Christ? No man dares to say it. We must not be charged with a calumnious spirit, we must not be called haters of the brethren, when we say that they are not more like the true church of Christ than the heathen world is like the true church of Christ.'

In speaking of the *fruits* of the establishment, we have never ventured to use language of censure so strong as this. Let us hear the same reverend gentleman a little further.

'Again, *The brotherly love that characterized the first Christians does not exist in the visible church;* that is, it does not *characterize* the visible church. No man, looking over the church now, can say it is a collection of people who love one another; but he would say it is an assemblage of people who *hate* one another, who speak bitter things against each other.

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'See how the high churchman is set against the low churchman. See how evangelical is set against legal; and see how one class of evangelicals is set against another class of evangelicals. See how the churchman is set against the dissenter; and how the dissenter is set against the churchman. See how they bite and devour one another. See what a menagerie of wild beasts let loose on each other the church is,—the church that ought to be the church of love—that ought to bring out the manifestation of the Lord Jesus Christ, the God of love, who was love embodied, who exhibited love in his life, who exhibited love in his death, who exhibited love in all the blessings he gives, and in the meritorious way in which he purchased the blessings.'

We do not pity the man who can read this honest and manly exposition of the true state of the Church of England, without feeling seriously alarmed for the spiritual safety of the millions of souls, perplexed and misguided by the false lights which that institution holds out to the people.

'Again, look at the church, and say, *is the church a church of prayer?* Christ was a man of prayer; all the saints, the ablest saints, are described to us as being emphatically men of prayer. Prayer is the acknowledg-

ment that there is a God; prayer is the opening of the mouth wide, that God may fill it; prayer is the holding communion with the Lord, deriving out of his fulness. Now, would a stranger be constrained to acknowledge, as he looked at the visible church, that it was a body of *praying* individuals? If he came into our assemblies on the Sabbath-day, would he acknowledge it?

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'If he goes into the churches of England and Scotland, he looks into the countenances of hundreds and thousands, and he sees listlessness, and heedlessness, and deadness, pourtrayed on their countenances. Let him go into dissenting-houses, there he will see the people sitting, lolling, and looking about, while the minister is offering to God the best prayer he is taught to utter.

'Let him pass from the Sabbath-services, and go to *the dwellings* of Christians. Does he find them men of prayer in their closets, in their families? Let him cross the threshold of their houses, and see them in their social and collective unions. Are the people people of prayer? Do they assemble in each other's houses to pray? Are the churches open for prayer-meetings, and do the people attend them? If they are opened, they are opened seldom; and, if they are attended, they are attended by very few. The great majority attend them not; the great majority despise these prayer-meetings, and call persons who love them, and who engage in them, fanatics and enthusiasts, and people not fit for the world.'

We entreat the candid reader to refer to the passage which we have above quoted from the number of our journal for May last; and compare it with the testimony here given by Mr. Armstrong. It would really seem as if we had anticipated not only the outline, but some of the very expressions which this gentleman has adopted in his discourse.

Dr. Wilkins, in a passage upon the common standard of faith, which we shall notice more at length presently, expresses his belief that that standard was obtained by the aid of the 'Spirit of God;' he afterwards says, 'Thus far I have shown you that, as a ministry, we have received proofs of divine mercy and favour, sufficient to satisfy every considerate mind that we are under the favour of the Most High.' Let us hear what Mr. Armstrong has to say upon this subject.

'*Is the Spirit of God manifested in the visible church?* Where is there a proof before the world that the Spirit of God is in the church? The proof is not in *the devotedness* of the church, for that does not exist: the proof is not in *love*, for that does not exist: the proof is not in the pure preaching of *doctrine*, for that does not exist: the proof is not in the gifts of the Spirit, for they are blasphemed by the generality of people who call themselves Christians.

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'God's Spirit is banished from the visible church, as a great body, because of its wickedness and its unfaithfulness in doctrine and discipline.

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'We have lost the church: we have got a great world, but have no church.

Where is the manifested church having the graces of the Spirit, and the gifts of the Spirit, and displaying the same to prove a present God, and a living God? Brethren, we are out at sea; we have to look in vain for all these things.'

So much for the favour which Dr. Wilkins says the clergy enjoy from the Spirit of God! Again the same plausible and japanned panegyrist of the clergy of the establishment, informs us that 'nothing is kept back or hidden, and that we (the ministry) have not shunned to declare unto you *all* the counsel of God!'—But what does Mr. Armstrong say to this?

'Many ministers,' he declares, 'who know the truth, are afraid or deterred from speaking it by multitudes of persons who are round them, who call themselves Christians, but who cannot bear to hear all the truth. To instance one truth, the doctrine of election—how many are there in the Church of England who are afraid of bringing out that truth, for fear of offending the multitude!'

A plain contradiction, can, we suppose, go no farther than this. Were we not right, then, when we asserted, in the passage from this journal to which Dr. Wilkins has attempted a reply, that 'even at this late hour, the doctors of the established church dispute about some of the most essential points of christian faith?' 'We have not shunned,' says Dr. Wilkins, 'to declare unto you, *all the counsel* of God!' 'Indeed but we have,' says Mr. Armstrong:—

'Look, again, at the visible church, and consider it with reference *to doctrine*. Are all the doctrines that were preached by Christ and by the Apostles preached now in the visible church? No man would say that they are. I need not pursue this part of the subject further; it requires not to be enlarged upon.'

We must, in justice to ourselves, observe that we have not gone in search of the testimony of Mr. Armstrong, in order to confound the glossy and barefaced panegyric, which Dr. Wilkins has pronounced upon the clergy and establishment of the church. Two numbers of a periodical publication, entitled "The Pulpit," happened to have been sent to us, by whom we really do not know; one of these, No. 464, contained the sermon which was preached against the Monthly Review by Dr. Wilkins; and in the other, No. 465, we found Mr. Armstrong's discourse, and thus we had scarcely received the bane, when it was followed by the antidote.

But we have not yet done with our reverend and learned antagonist. Our leading charge against the Church of England is that it is, from its origin and character, the prolific parent of dissension in matters of religion. 'All minds,' as Dr. Wilkins very justly remarks, 'are not open to the same impressions—all minds have not the same temperature of feeling—the thoughts of the mind, and the imaginations of the heart, are various, and are infinitely diversified: hence, the large number of sects and parties into which the

religious community is divided: how variable and distant their doctrines, how discordant and changeable their sentiments!' This is all perfectly true; but is it, or is it not, the fundamental principle upon which the Church of England has been built, that, notwithstanding this characteristic weakness of the human mind, when left to its own control, it is the right of every man to judge for himself in matters of religion? If men have not that right, upon what ground were the people of this country justified in separating from the Church of Rome? Upon what ground were and are the people of Scotland justified in dissenting from the Church of England? Why the people of England, who, by the way, were at first forced by laws and by penalties to adopt the reformed religion, were taught to believe that they ought to shake off the authority of the Church of Rome, and depend upon their own judgment; the people of Scotland were led by their fanatic preachers into the same way of thinking; and the result is, that they have both established churches, essentially different from each other. This is the plain view of the case, and Dr. Wilkins cannot get out of it.

Well then, is there no inconsistency after all in the conduct of the English church, upon this very subject of the right of private judgment? The grossest inconsistency; for no sooner did that church make use of the principle of individual right, in order to shake off the authority of Rome, which she denied to be infallible, than she set up an authority of her own, which, if it does not claim to be infallible, is the strangest compound of affirmatives and negatives that the perverted ingenuity of mankind has ever produced. We beg the reader to give us his candid attention.

'Consummately wise and judicious,' says Dr. Wilkins, 'were our predecessors, who, knowing the propensity of our nature, and how apt mankind are to be swayed by the delusive charms of novelty, and guarding against those pernicious effects which the conceit of ability, and the love of popular applause, produce in vulgar minds, constructed an *approved standard* by which we are bound justly to mete out the exposition of holy writ, and to deliver instruction to the people committed to our spiritual care. By this *common standard* of our faith it is clear to all that our church *does not arrogate to herself infallibility*, nor does she presume to set up *a faith and doctrine founded on human policy and contrivance*; but such only as the plain dictates of conscience, and the legitimate inferences of reason, *aided, as we think, by the Spirit of God*, have led her most able and enlightened sons to deduce from those oracles of which she is the "keeper and witness;" and though it be her desire to bring and to keep all men in her communion, she has recourse to no other means than the *most gentle and persuasive*. She would *allure*, but not *compel*; she feels the inward assurance of correctness, but does not insist upon it—she *remonstrates*, but does not *condemn*—her spirit is the spirit of Christianity, and therefore her aim is *love, joy, and peace*.'

'The approved standard,' the 'common standard,' here spoken of, is no other than that collection of "Articles of Religion"

generally known by the title of the "Thirty-nine Articles." It is notorious that these thirty-nine articles were originally forty-two; that they were composed by Cranmer, by order of the privy council, about the year 1551; that although he is supposed to have consulted with Ridley and Latimer, he is, nevertheless, usually considered to have been the sole author of those articles, which, however, he submitted to six royal chaplains, Harley, Bill, Horn, Grindal, Perne and Knox, to Dr. Cox, and to two laymen, Cecil and Sir John Clarke. At this period Edward VI. was upon the throne: the articles were laid before his majesty! and he, a few days before his death, which occurred in the *sixteenth* year of his age, issued his mandate, desiring that all the bishops should cause all their preachers, arch-deacons, deans, prebendaries, parsons, vicars, curates, with all their clergy, to subscribe the said articles! The articles were then published by the *King's* printer, and thus they became the 'approved standard,' the 'common standard' of faith in the church; and so they remained until the fifth year of the reign of Elizabeth, when they were *amended* by a committee of the lower house of convocation, and reduced to their present number. It is an indisputable fact in the history of these articles, as Burnet says, on the authority of a variety of evidences, that these articles "were not passed in convocation" before they received the sanction of Edward VI. It appears moreover, from the terms of his mandate, that he commanded them to be published, "because they seemed agreeable to the Scriptures, and the ordinances of the realm." *Seemed* to whom? why to him, the boy-king! In his opinion the articles were conformable to the Scriptures, and to the laws of the country, and therefore they were published, and ordered to be subscribed. Did they not therefore receive their original sanction and authority from the fiat of the king? And was not this, in the weakest sense of the word, human authority of the very lowest description? Is the case of these articles mended by what took place in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth? Not at all. They were amended by a committee of the lower house of convocation, and sanctioned by the queen: so that, in fact, this very *approved* standard of faith has come down to us upon the authority of a boy, burthened with the wisdom of sixteen years, and of a woman who had already arrived at the venerable age of thirty-one! And with these astounding facts before his eyes, Dr. Wilkins has the hardihood to say, that the faith and doctrine of the Church of England are not founded on '*human policy and contrivance!* What then, were Edward and Elizabeth supernatural beings?—were Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and the committee of convocation, other than men?

But, adds the profound doctor, their reason was 'aided, as we think, by the Spirit of God.' Was it indeed? If it was, it is plain that there is an *infallible* authority in the Church of England, for the Spirit of God cannot err. It would be the height of blasphemy

to suppose that God is liable to error, and, therefore, if His Spirit aided Cranmer, when he drew up the articles, those articles form an infallible authority, and thus, it seems, we have, by means of the Reformation, simply exchanged the infallibility of the Church of Rome, for that of the Church of England, and the right of private judgment is a mere dream, a convenient argument made use of at the time, for a temporary purpose, but one to which the church, having gained its ends by plundering its predecessor, will now no longer give any countenance ! Is this the fact or is it not? If it be, the imposture is obvious, for if the right of private judgment be without foundation, there is nothing to justify dissent from the parent church, the Church of Rome. If the right of private judgment be well founded, then a convocation and a king may next year lawfully reduce the thirty-nine articles to one, or abolish them altogether, and then what will become of the aid which their framers are said to have derived from the 'Spirit of God?'

'She would *allure*, but not *compel;* she feels the *inward* assurance of correctness, but does not insist upon it; she *remonstrates*, but does not *condemn*.' Why what a coy, modest, blushing damsel, is this Church of England! She knows that she is right, but she will not gainsay any man who tells her she is wrong. No, not she, though she feels the truth *inwardly*, she is afraid to speak it out, and to insist upon it in the face of the world! She, gentle and persuasive creature, never sent men to the scaffold for differing from her!—no, never, through the aid of parliament either here or in Ireland, confiscated the properties of individuals who would not subscribe the thirty-nine articles; never imprisoned and exiled Catholics; never had laws passed by which they were excluded for nearly two centuries from all the most valuable franchises of freemen! She would *allure*, but not *compel!* Alas there are too many ensanguined pages in our history and our statute books, to bear witness of the glaring falsehood of this assertion.

'She remonstrates, but does not *condemn*.' Well, let us see. Section VIII. of the thirty-nine articles, declares, that among other things, the creed of Athanasius ought to be received and believed, for it may be proved by "most certain warrants of Holy Scripture." Be it observed, that we do not dispute about the propriety of this injunction: we are shewing merely the falsehood of Dr. Wilkins's assertion, that the Church of England remonstrates, but does not *condemn*. She calls herself, by some strange fatuity, the *Catholic* or universal church, though, in fact, her sway is limited to this country, and to a small section of Ireland. But let that pass. The very first paragraph in the Athanasian creed states that "Whoever will be saved: before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith." The creed then goes on to enumerate the different points of that faith, and concludes in these words: "This is the Catholic faith: which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved." Now this creed is pronounced upon stated occasions

by the minister, the whole people standing, in every church that is in communion with the Church of England; it forms an essential article of her faith. We ask therefore, is not the very utterance of the two paragraphs which we have cited, as strong a *condemnation* as language can express, of all persons who do not receive and hold the points enumerated in that solemn document? Is it not as strong a condemnation of a man's belief as you can pass upon it, to tell him, that unless it be conformable in all things with your own standard, he is sure to be damned to all eternity? And yet this is the church which remonstrates only, but does not condemn! A pretty way of remonstrating truly, to tell your neighbour that unless he agree with you in all the details of the Athanasian creed, he has not the slightest chance of being saved!

Dr. Wilkins gives us a very full account of the kind of education which the established clergy receive at the universities. We observe that in this system of preparation for preaching the Gospel, 'religion and philosophy go hand in hand,' that the student is well grounded in the ancient schemes of morality devised by the heathen masters; in logic, mathematics, natural history, astronomy, literature, the liberal arts of painting, poetry, and music. But we do not find that much attention is paid to divinity, or that any regard is had to the formation of those personal habits of piety and good conduct, without which, so far as the future pastor is concerned, all the rest of his accomplishments are but as the tinkling cymbal. Indeed it is notorious, that the most profligate youths of the universities are almost uniformly found to be those who are intended for the church, or rather, we should say, for the *livings*, which their friends have in view for them.

Having now examined pretty much at large the panegyric which Dr. Wilkins has bestowed upon the church and its clergy, and having shown by the testimony of one of his own brethren, and by the evidence of undoubted history, the falsehood of that panegyric in several of its most material points, we now come, with the greatest possible equanimity, to the more violent portions of the invective which he has been pleased to pronounce against this journal.

'And here I feel called upon to notice an attack lately made upon us, and upon our church, by an enemy who has published to the world, and n a work of considerable circulation,* a report of alleged blemishes and defects, the most wicked that a vitiated mind and a corrupt judgment could suggest: wicked because it is composed of misrepresentations palpably wilful, and because its object is the downfall of the establishment, at all hazards—reckless of any ruin or danger that may ensue.

'It commences by charging upon the church, and upon ourselves, the increase of crime. "It will not be denied," says this writer, "that crime, instead of being diminished *by all this machinery of religion*, [meaning the system of our national religion] is increasing, from year to year, with

* '"Monthly Review." May, 1831, p. 81.'

frightful strides; that among the classes of labourers, domestic servants, and shop-clerks, dishonesty prevails to such an extent that there is no security to be obtained against it; and that, from the unprotected numbers of the female sex, the most deplorable corruption has long since banished every principle of purity, and the natural sense of honour."

'That crime unhappily has increased among us, is a fact that none will deny; but the question is, by whom it is encouraged?—by the members and ministers of a church who dedicate their time, their attention, their means and influence, to suppress vice and foment piety; or by those who aim to alienate the public mind from that system of religion which has become hateful to them from being established and identified with the state? The true cause of the increase of crime is accounted for from the vast increase of our population; and we all know that in large masses of the people vice has the facility of walking protected and unseen; but I will, without fear of contradiction, affirm that crime, extensive and general as it is, is not greater, nor so great, in proportion to our present population, as it was some twenty years since. But were it otherwise—were it greater than it really is, could it with any pretence of reason or justice be taxed upon our body or establishment? Rather let this writer, and all others of the same class, consider, not what is the state of crime under the restraints which our religion imposes on society, but what it would be without them. Before they can prove all our *machinery of religion* detrimental to the moral conduct of the community, it is incumbent upon them to show what would be the quantum of morality divested of its power and influence.'

We pass by, as unworthy of notice, all that this meek and learned doctor has said about 'a vitiated mind and corrupt judgment,' and 'misrepresentations palpably wilful.' These uncouth phrases are the splenetic retaliation of baffled imposture; and may be easily forgiven, proceeding as they do from the pulpit of a church tottering rapidly towards its fall. We may, however, ask where the wilful misrepresentation really lies? Let the reader look at our words. Do we, as the preacher asserts, 'charge upon the church, and upon the clergy, the increase of crime?' No such thing. We have said that "crime, instead of being diminished by all this machinery of religion (by which we meant the system of the national religion) is increasing, from year to year, with frightful strides." It is assuredly one thing to say that a man has contributed to the perpetration of crime, and another to say that he has not prevented it. We have only asserted that the church, with all its agents, has not arrested the progress of crime, and the context plainly shews that we imputed this to the imperfection of its machinery, to its imbecility, in fact, and not to any other cause. We could not have been so absurd as to suppose for a moment, that the church would take robbers, and murderers, and prostitutes under its protection, and encourage them in their infamous career. We have made no such supposition, nor any thing at all like it. The whole drift of our argument was to show that the Church of England, as a corrector of the human passions, for which we presume all churches are intended, has decidedly failed: that it has not mate-

rially checked those passions, because crime is constantly on the increase; and that the church ceased therefore to be worth the enormous expenditure which it absorbed.

We know quite as well as Dr. Wilkins, that wherever there is a large population, there vices of every description will prevail; and that, as that population is multiplied, those vices will be multiplied in a certain proportion. But what we contended for is this: that the great mass of the people of this country are not sufficiently, nor indeed at all instructed in the precepts of religion; that the national church was not, and from its cold and aristocratical constitution, never will be, in close contact with the people; and that as a check upon crime it is perfectly useless. This we have said, and no more; and this we take leave now to repeat.

In answer to our remarks upon the very general ignorance of the lower orders of the people with respect to the degrees of guilt, the distinctions between different transgressions, and the conditions of repentance, the preacher observes;—'That wicked, profligate, and impious persons exist in great numbers, is another fact that cannot be questioned. That they are ignorant, and that they are impious, is not owing to any want of moral instruction, but to the abuse of that freedom, which they think fit to exercise, in avoiding all places of public worship and of religious instruction.' Thus, it will be seen, Dr. Wilkins admits the truth of the fact, but he says that the reason of it is that the people do not go to church. This is precisely our own view of the case. The exertions of the established clergy, so far as the great mass of the people is concerned, are confined exclusively to the pulpit. They do not visit the people at their houses; they do not receive the people at other hours than those fixed for the service; there is, in fact, no intercourse between the pastor and his flock, except that which passes in the church on the Sunday: and the sermons which are then preached, with some few occasional exceptions, and the liturgy which is then read, being both, perhaps, as dull and lifeless a combination of words as ever fell from human lips, the natural result is, that the people get tired of them, and stay at home, or go to the conventicles. Upon this point Dr. Wilkins and we are exactly agreed.

But, he adds, with great triumph, look at our charity schools! 'Schools for the education of the poor are every where to be found, and the clergy are every where sedulously employed, supporting these institutions by their authority; and are now teaching in them, with a laudable and zealous diligence, no less than 710,000 children of the poor.' Without questioning the calculation by which Dr. Wilkins has made out this number, we may admit as a fact, that a considerable number of schools exist in different parts of England and Wales. But are we indebted for them to the church? Has the church given up one acre of its glebe lands, or a quarter's income from its tithes, or other endowments, to the support of these

establishments? Do we not owe them, in every instance, without exception, to the benevolence of private individuals, to the charitable dispositions which pervade the middling classes of the country? Do the clergy, indeed, sedulously teach in those schools? Not they. The pastor of the parish or the district seldom goes near them, except when some public display takes place, the anniversary meeting, or some occasion when fine speeches are to be made before a well dressed assembly of ladies and gentlemen. Is the clergyman ever seen catechising the children and instructing them in the precepts of religion, preparing them for confirmation, and advising them as to the duties which they are afterwards to fulfil in society? Not they. A cold discourse, duly prepared, the mere use of his name as patron, or vice-president, make up, generally speaking, the whole of what Dr. Wilkins is pleased to call 'the sedulous employment' of the clergy with respect to these institutions. The fact is notorious, and one proof of it is, that juvenile offenders and juvenile prostitutes, are more upon the increase than any other nuisance by which our community is afflicted.

The preacher refers also to the number of religious tracts which the clergy disseminate. Tracts! The Apostles were desired by their divine Master to go and *teach* all nations, not to circulate tracts amongst them. Who has ever known any instances of criminals having been persuaded to repentance by tracts? They are literally trash, so far as religion is concerned. They are, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, used as waste paper; in the hundredth they are perhaps cursorily read, but never inwardly digested. A tract-distributing clergy certainly never was contemplated by St. Paul, when he said, "Faith cometh by *hearing*,"—and "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, *teaching* and *admonishing* one another." The preacher proceeds—

'The next point of attack is made upon what is called our "monotonous liturgy, and premeditated discourses," which the writer represents as "imposing an outward decorum without ever reaching the heart;" that it is all a mere "affair of state;" that, in short, "as far as religion is concerned, the Church of England is a striking failure." And then it is asked, "Where are their catechisms—where their attractive books of piety, which come home to the bosoms of families in their domestic retirement? They have none—not even an authorised form of morning and night prayer: so necessary for all classes, in order to enable them to express the gratitude which they owe to their Creator, and to implore his assistance! The only *one book* recommended on *all occasions* is the Bible, many parts of which are unfit to be exposed to innocent eyes." No observations of mine can be required to show the utter falsehood of these bold assertions; nor would it be very uncharitable to infer from them, that the deistical writer of them has little more respect for the Bible than he evinces for our establishment; and, indeed, we may generally observe that they who are most hostile to our church have rarely any skill to conceal the enmity they bear to that religion which it upholds, or to disguise their aversion to the restraints which the doctrine of a *divine* and crucified Saviour imposes.'

What! are *all* these assertions of our's false? Is the church liturgy then not monotonous? The Rev. Robert Cox, perpetual curate of Stonehouse, North Devon, in speaking of this liturgy, says that it is "too long both in a moral and physical point of view,—too long for keeping up a proper degree of attention and spiritual feeling even in the healthy and devout, and much more so for the volatile spirits of the young, and the weakened faculties of the infirm."* Monotonous! Why Mr. Cox applies to its endless repetitions the still stronger epithet of "*wearisome.*"† Does that liturgy ever reach the heart? If it did, how could it be considered so very long and wearisome? The late Henry Martin, indeed, bears witness that the liturgy did touch—the *breast*, for he says, "My services on the Lord's-day leave me always with a pain in the breast, and such a great degree of general relaxation, that I seldom recover it till Tuesday!" Is *not* the church too, as we have said, "a mere affair of state?" And is it not moreover, "as far as religion is concerned, a striking failure?" We answer these questions in the affirmative, and our affirmation is quite as good as that of Dr. Wilkins; for he has only asserted, but not proved, the contrary. We know that the church has a catechism, but we also know that it is not generally taught to the people; we know that it has a book of common prayer, but no attractive books of piety; that it has an authorized form of "morning and evening prayer," which is read once a week by the minister and congregation in the churches, but we did not allude to that; we meant to say that there was no "authorized form of morning and *night* prayer," to be used by families and individuals *every* morning and night, in their own houses, and by their own bedsides, expressive of their gratitude to the Deity who watches over them. And is *not* the Bible the only *one* book constantly recommended by the clergy to the people! If not, why are so many Bibles distributed? Why are so many Bible Societies patronized by the bishops and clergy?

Dr. Wilkins thinks he has obtained a triumph, by calling us *deistical* writers. If the charge were true, the triumph after all would be but a very poor one. Nothing can be more contemptible than the angry application of harsh names, without a shadow of argument to justify them. We shall merely say that we are not, and never have been deists; that we believe in the doctrine of the Trinity perhaps more sincerely than Dr. Wilkins; that we venerate the Bible quite as much as he does, though we entertain not the smallest respect for the church establishment; and that we are perhaps more thoroughly acquainted than he is, both in the letter and the practice, with 'the restraints which the doctrine of a *divine* and crucified Saviour imposes.' It is, in truth, because we plainly see that those restraints are unknown to the Church of England, in a

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* "Liturgy revised," pp. 7, 8. † Ibid.

practical sense, that we are opposed to the continuance of the establishment.

We now approach the close of this angry discourse.

'The last position of this writer which I shall notice is thus laid down by himself:—"The fundamental error in the constitution of the church of England is the want of a constant and active relation between its clergy and people. We know many of the former to be most accomplished scholars and most excellent men; but of all of them it may be said, that when once the gown is taken off, they have no thought about their flocks until it is put on again. They look upon the church as a mere profession, and as an instrument for the advancement of their temporal interests. How rarely do we see them called to the bed-side of the dying sinner! How few there are, among the married clergy especially, who would readily attend to such a summons even if it were sent to them!—they would hesitate between their natural affections and their clerical duty."

'At other times it would be prudent to pass over unnoticed such accusations as these, and leave them to that silent contempt which their extravagance merits; but in the present state of public excitement, when there are so many disquieted spirits panting for any change that may alter, either for the better or the worse, the constitution of the church or the state, we cannot admit even the most absurd calumnies to go abroad without some notice of them, our enemies being determined to construe our silence into an admission of the truth of their assertions, or into an inability to defend and justify our conduct. This attempt to stain our character with the charge of there existing no common sympathy of feeling between ourselves and our flocks, if it were true, would in a moment dissolve the bond of union which connects, in so many interesting relations, the priest and his parishioners together, and which has hitherto produced so much respect and veneration from the one, and been a source of such consolation and assistance to the other. But sad as such a dereliction of our sacred duty would be, worse, infinitely worse, would be our state and condition here, and immeasureably woful hereafter, if any one of us could be found so lost to sense, to propriety, to honour, to all the ties and sympathies of religion, and to nature, as to refuse a summons to attend the bed of a dying sinner! Culpable would it be in the friends of the dying not to make the call; ignominious in ourselves could we refuse it. No stronger argument could be urged against our sacred character, as he too well knows who has used it; for there is none that could so justly bring with it more merited contempt were it generally true. I myself have been for twenty-two years in the unremitted discharge of the most laborious parochial duties in different parts of the country, of which period the last fourteen have been occupied, with scarcely any interval, in a parish whose population has been gradually increasing from thirty to forty thousand souls: never, in any instance, have I desired, never, in any instance, have I dared, to refuse the solemn call to the bed of sickness, much less to the bed of death. I have lived, and continue to live, among the dead and dying: and, with all my numerous connections with the clergy, I have never found any other feeling than that of a prompt desire to commune with the distressed and fallen, and to console and pray with the afflicted. In the great number composing our body, there may be exceptions to this practice, but I am confident they are rare. In all my co-operation with the ministry, with

all my experience and acquaintance, I have never known, I have never even heard, of an instance of a refusal to attend the couch of a fellow-creature hanging on the brink of eternity:—it is an accusation whose truth I must question—it is an accusation which a cancered and malignant spirit could alone invent. To charge the clergy in a mass with this foul delinquency can proceed only from such as, having a scorn for truth, aim to bring discredit and contempt upon the establishment for purposes too base to be openly avowed.

'With such an enemy as this, and with such an host of others equally malignant, who now so vigorously assail our church, and endeavour to effect its downfal, by undermining the character and utility of its ministers, it becomes us to be more than ever active and circumspect.'

It seems to us that Doctor Wilkins would have infinitely better served his cause, if, instead of all this long tirade, he had simply stated the number of instances in which he had been himself called to attend the bed of the dying sinner. He has ingeniously eluded any statement of that kind. He tells us, indeed, that he lives among the dying and the dead. So do we, so does every man who happens to be near a church-yard, or who occasionally attends a funeral. He says that he has never refused the 'call to the bed of sickness, much less to the bed of death.' We should like to know how often he has received such calls since he went to Nottingham. "How rarely," said we, "do we see them called to the bed of the dying sinner!" He has not even asserted that they were often called, or indeed that they were called at all. He merely assures us that they never *refuse* visitations of that solemn description. This is mere trifling with a grave accusation against the system of the church, for it is notorious, that so slight is the influence of that church upon the minds of the people, that they very seldom think of seeking consolation from their clergy, during the awful moments that precede dissolution. The practice has literally become obsolete.

Who, let us be allowed to ask, has heard for a great number of years, of a married clergyman of the English church having sacrificed his life by attending a patient confined to his bed by a contagious fever? If instances of that description have occurred, let them be mentioned. It is well known that they never go near the fever wards in our public hospitals. If the cholera morbus should unhappily be introduced into this country, an opportunity will then be afforded to the married bishops and clergy, of proving the falsehood of the charge which we have pronounced against them. Then it will be seen whether their wives and children shall, or shall not, stand between them and the door which leads to the path of their duty.

We have done with our reverend antagonist for the present. We shall not be slow to meet him again, if he return to the combat. We are armed and prepared for him, as he may have seen, at all points, and shall now, in a friendly way, merely advise him, when he unsheathes his sword again, not to lose his temper.

ART. X.—*History of the Epidemic Spasmodic Cholera of Russia, including a copious Account of the Disease which has prevailed in India, and which has travelled, under that name, from Asia into Europe. Illustrated by numerous official and other documents explanatory of the Nature, Treatment, and Prevention of the Malady.* By Bisset Hawkins, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. 8vo. pp. 306. London: Murray, 1831.

ALTHOUGH this volume consists of little more than a compilation of documents, to which Dr. Hawkins has not been able to add any information derived from his own personal experience with respect to the disease of which it treats, yet we look upon it as a valuable work, and calculated to do much good at the present moment. We have already, in a former number, stated the reasons which have induced us to entertain but slight apprehensions of the consequences, even if the cholera should find its way to our metropolis and our great towns. In the first place, from being surrounded by the sea, our atmosphere is undergoing constant renovation. It is pretty well ascertained, that in those places where the disease has prevailed to any considerable extent, the atmosphere, if it has not caused the malady, has been a very active agent in propagating it. Indeed, it has been suggested by one of the medical gentlemen who have written upon this subject, that the cholera is caused by a derangement of the air which we inspire —a derangement that reduces its electricity far below the ordinary proportion. However this may be, it cannot be questioned that a tainted atmosphere greatly augments the number of patients in an infected district, and, therefore, as the miasma cannot long remain in our clouds, rapid as they usually are in their movements, we should hope, under the dispensing care of Providence, that our insular position may prove, on this occasion, as it has proved in times of war, of the most material service towards the safety of the nation.

The modern habits of our people are also, as compared with those of the inhabitants of the countries to which the malady has reached, cleanly and healthy. The natural consequence of these improved habits has shown itself, in the exemption of this kingdom for many years from every disease of a pestilential nature. One of the principal epidemics which have prevailed in England, was that too appropriately named *The Black Death*, which occurred in the reign of Edward III. Like the cholera, it originated in the marshes of the Indies; it travelled over all the world, and is said to have swept away a fourth part of mankind. It destroyed above fifty thousand persons in London alone, and so deeply was it felt as a universal calamity, that it had the effect of maintaining and prolonging the truce between England and France. May we not conjecture that the malady, which has for the last twelve months afflicted the north

of Europe, has produced a similarly pacific effect upon the councils of the Great Powers, and impressed their minds with the religious necessity of not adding to pestilence the still more formidable evils of a general war?

The Black Death was the great scourge of the fourteenth century. Towards the end of the sixteenth (1593), London was visited by a plague, which killed nearly twelve thousand individuals. It does not appear, however, to have spread through the country, nor to have extended generally to the continent. Ten years after that visitation, London was again (1603) afflicted by another plague, which was imported from Ostend, while it raged violently there as well as in the Low Countries. On this occasion, our capital lost upwards of thirty-six thousand of its inhabitants, who fell victims to the disease. Nearly the same number were carried away by a similar malady in 1625; in 1636, it appeared in the metropolis again, and destroyed upwards of thirteen thousand persons, and in 1643—4, the armies engaged in the civil war diffused a malignant fever over the whole country, which was attended with a roughness and a sliminess of the throat and jaws, with pain, but scarcely any swelling or inflammation. But the most formidable pestilence by which this metropolis has been invaded, was that which commenced in 1665, immediately after the great frost, and consigned to the tomb, or rather to the earth, for there was no time for the construction of tombs, sixty-eight thousand five hundred and ninety-six persons, according to the lowest computation. 'Since that time,' says Dr. Sims, as quoted by Dr. Hawkins, 'the plague has vanished from London, and all other epidemics seem to have become less malignant, owing to many causes; among which may, perhaps, be a greater use of fresh vegetable food, a less use of fish, an universal use of tea, superior cleanliness in our persons, a greater attention to the poor in times of scarcity, which are now scarcely felt in any extreme degree; and, lastly, the tremendous fire in 1666, since which the streets have been very much widened, and the houses so enlarged, that the same number of inhabitants now occupy above double the space.' Since that period London and the country generally have been free from contagious disease, with the exception of the year 1740, when occurred the severest frost that had been known for three hundred years; it was accompanied by a malignant spotted fever, which caused great havoc in Bristol and in Galway, and which reached London in the following year, where it produced a degree of mortality nearly equal to that of the great plague. Unless we enumerate the small pox and occasional typhus and catarrhal fevers, we may say, that for nearly a hundred years England has not been visited by any general malady, and this good fortune it owes partly to its strict quarantine regulations, but chiefly to the improved habits of the people. Within recent memory, several other countries, with which we have been in constant intercourse, have been

severally visited by the plague; Egypt, Turkey, Spain, Malta, Gibraltar, and the United States of America, have been within the last twenty years the seats of pestilence, and yet it has never touched our shores.

It may be also mentioned as a circumstance calculated to allay apprehension, that according to the report of a resident of Hamburgh, who left that city on the 15th of October last, the cholera, which had then prevailed for eight days in that crowded city, had only affected thirty-one individuals, and that even of these, several were mere cases of suspicion. This is undoubtedly a trifling proportion, in a population of 130,000 souls. The disease appears, according to the same authority, to have originated at that place in a low wretched quarter, called the "Deep Cellar," which is wholly frequented by beggars, vagrants, and other abandoned objects of both sexes. To these profligate classes the cholera has been hitherto confined: the alarm which was first excited by its appearance, has entirely ceased, and private parties and public amusements go on just as usual.

In Breslau, Berlin, and Vienna, where the malady still continues, it has hitherto preserved the same mitigated character. According to late accounts from the latter capital, there were remaining in all only 284 cases, of which existed in the city only sixty-six, the remaining 218 being in the most miserable parts of the suburbs. It should, moreover, not be forgotten, that in London, as well as in England generally, the autumn now coming to a close, and the latter part of the summer, have been remarkably unhealthy. Bowel complaints were seldom known to have been so prevalent, both amongst adults and children; they have not been fatal in many cases, but it has been remarked, that the state of the weather exercised considerable influence upon them. When the atmosphere was humid and laden with clouds, the malady increased; when the vapours were dispersed, and the sun appeared, or a bracing cold day came, the malady was alleviated, and frequently altogether removed. These facts go to prove the connexion which exists between the state of the atmosphere, and the ordinary course of our animal functions. Indeed, to any person who has reflected much upon this subject, and upon the wonderful sympathies which exist between many parts of animated nature, it must appear as if we were all but so many links of an electric chain descending from Heaven to the remotest material objects of the whole creation. We would infer from these facts then, that we have already had our visitation from the cholera, in the shape of the complaint which we have mentioned, and that we are not likely to behold it in any severer form in this country. In this impression we are countenanced by the remark of Dr. Onufriew, who states in one of the Russian official documents, that "during the prevalence of the epidemic at Orenburg, there was scarcely a single inhabitant of that city who had not some symptoms of disordered digestion. One complained

of oppression and pain in the heart; another of headache, slight sickness, looseness of the bowels, and the like. These trifling symptoms of disease were usually ascribed to errors in diet. But to me it appears, that their cause was *a general invasion of the system by cholera, which, however, was prevented from developing itself in its perfect characters, by a regular manner of living, and other circumstances of the kind.*" In the same manner we think that the cholera has already invaded this country, and that our general habits have subdued it to the more mitigated symptoms, which have been so widely experienced.

But although this is our sincere opinion, yet we think that the Government has done no more than its duty in taking the precautions which have been already adopted, against the approach of the more formidable disease. No regulations could have been better devised for that purpose, than those which have been lately issued by our Board of Health; and, as we have been requested to give them the benefit of our circulation, we need make no apology for here inserting them at full length.

'*At the Council-Chamber, Whitehall, the 20th day of October*, 1831. *By a Committee of the Lords of His Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Council.*

'Their lordships this day took into consideration certain rules and regulations proposed by the Board of Health, for the purpose of preventing the introduction and spreading of the disease called cholera morbus in the United Kingdom, together with an account of the symptoms and treatment of the said disease: and were pleased to order that the same be printed and published in the *Gazette*, and circulated in all the principal ports, creeks, and other stations of the said United Kingdom, with a view that all persons may be made acquainted therewith, and conform themselves thereto.

W. S. Bathurst.

'The measures of external precaution for preventing the introduction of the cholera morbus by a rigorous quarantine, have hitherto been found effectual, but as the disease approaches the neighbouring shores, not only is the necessity of increased vigilance more apparent, but it is also consistent with common prudence that the country should be prepared to meet the possible contingency of so dreadful a calamity. The intention of the following observations, therefore, is to submit to the public such suggestions as it appears to the Board of Health should either be immediately acted upon, or so far carried into operation as that, in any case, the country should not be found uninformed as to the best means of providing for its internal protection.

'To effect the prevention of the introduction of the disorder, the most active co-operation, not only of the local authorities along the coast in the measures of the Government, but likewise the exercise of the utmost caution by all the inhabitants of such parts of the country, becomes indispensably necessary. The quarantine regulations established by the Government are sufficient, it is confidently hoped, to prevent the disorder from being communicated through any intercourse with the Continent, in the regular channel of trade or passage, but they cannot guard against its

introduction by means of the secret and surreptitious intercourse which is known to exist between the coast of England and the opposite shores.

'By such means this fatal disorder, in spite of all quarantine regulations, and of the utmost vigilance on the part of the Government, might be introduced into the United Kingdom: and it is clear that this danger can only be obviated by the most strenuous efforts on the part of all persons of any influence, to put a stop to such practices; the utmost exertions should be used to effect this end. The magistrates, the clergy, and all persons resident on the coast, it is hoped, will endeavour to impress upon the population of their different districts (and particularly of the retired villages along the sea-shore), the danger to which they expose themselves in engaging in illicit intercourse with persons coming from the continent; and should appeal to their fears in warning them of the imminent risk which they incur by holding any communication with smugglers, and others who may evade the quarantine regulations.

'To meet the other objects adverted to in the introduction,—namely, to prepare for the possible contingency of the country being visited by this disorder, as well as to assist in its prevention, it is recommended that in every town and village, commencing with those on the coast, there should be established a local board of health, to consist of the chief and other magistrates, the clergyman of the parish, two or more physcians or medical practitioners, and three or more of the principal inhabitants; and one of the medical members should be appointed to correspond with the Board of Health in London.

'Every large town should be divided into districts, having a district committee of two or three members, one of whom should be of the medical profession, to watch over its health, and to give the earliest information to the Board of Health in the town, whose instructions they will carry into effect.

'As the most effectual means of preventing the spreading of any pestilence has always been found to be the immediate separation of the sick from the healthy, it is of the utmost importance that the very first cases of cholera which may appear, should be made known as early as possible; concealment of the sick would not only endanger the safety of the public, but (as success in the treatment of the cholera has been found mainly to depend on medical assistance having been given in the earliest stage of the disease) would likewise deprive the patient of his best chance of recovery.

'To carry into effect the separation of the sick from the healthy, it would be very expedient that one or more houses should be kept in view in each town or its neighbourhood, as places to which every case of the disease, as soon as detected, might be removed, provided the family of the affected person consent to such removal, and in case of refusal, a conspicuous mark ("Sick") should be placed in front of the house, to warn persons that it is in quarantine: and even when persons with the disease shall have been removed, and the house shall have been purified, the word "Caution" should be substituted, as denoting suspicion of the disease, and the inhabitants of such house should not be at liberty to move out or communicate with other persons, until, by the authority of the local board, the mark shall have been removed.

'In some towns it may be found possible to appropriate a public hospital to this purpose, or should any barrack exist in the neighbourhood,

it might, under the authority of the Commander of the Forces, be similarly applied.

'Wherever it may be allowed to remove the sick from their habitations to the previously selected and detached buildings, the houses from which they have been so removed, as well as the houses in which the sick have chosen to remain, should be thoroughly purified in the following manner:—

'Decayed articles, such as rags, cordage, papers, old clothes, hangings, should be burnt; filth of every description removed, clothing and furniture should be submitted to copious effusions of water, and boiled in a strong ley; drains and privies thoroughly cleansed by streams of water and chloride of lime; ablution of wood-work should be performed by a strong ley of soap and water; the walls of the house, from the cellar to the garret, should be hot lime-washed, all loose and decayed pieces of plastering should be removed.

'Free and continued admission of fresh air to all parts of the house and furniture should be enjoined for at least a week.

'It is impossible to impress too strongly the necessity of extreme cleanliness and free ventilation: they are points of the very greatest importance, whether in the houses of the sick, or generally as a measure of precaution.

'It is recommended that those who may fall victims to this formidable disease, should be buried in a detached ground in the vicinity of the house that may have been selected for the reception of cholera patients. By this regulation it is intended to confine as much as possible every source of infection to one spot; on the same principle, all persons who may be employed in the removal of the sick from their own houses, as well as all those who may attend upon cholera patients in the capacity of nurses, should live apart from the rest of the community.

'It should here be observed, that the fewer the number of persons employed in these duties the better, as then the chance of spreading the infection by their means will be diminished.

'Wherever objections arise to the removal of the sick from the healthy, or other causes exist to render such a step not advisable, the same prospect of success in extinguishing the seeds of the pestilence cannot be expected.

'Much, however, may be done, even in these difficult circumstances, by following the same principles of prudence, and by avoiding all unnecessary communication with the public out of doors: all articles of food, or other necessaries required by the family, should be placed in front of the house, and received by one of the inhabitants of the house, after the person delivering them shall have retired.

'Until the time during which the contagion of cholera lies dormant in the human frame has been more accurately ascertained, it will be necessary, for the sake of perfect security, that convalescents from the disease, and those who have had any communication with them, should be kept under observation for a period of not less than twenty days.

'The occupiers of each house where the disease may occur, or be supposed to have occurred, are enjoined to report the fact immediately to the local board of health in the town where they reside, in order that the professional member of such board may immediately visit, report, and, if per-

mitted to do so, cause the patient to be removed to the place allotted for the sick.

'In every town the name and residence of each of the members of the district committee should be fixed on the doors of the church, or other conspicuous place.

'All intercourse with any infected town, and the neighbouring country, must be prevented by the best means within the power of the magistrates, who will have to make regulations for the supply of provisions; but such regulations are intended only for extreme cases; and the difficulty of carrying such a plan into effect on any extended scale will undoubtedly be great; but, as a precaution of great importance, it is most essential that it should be an object of consideration, in order to guard against the spreading of infection.

'Other measures, of a more coercive nature, may be rendered expedient for the common safety, if unfortunately so fatal a disease should ever shew itself in this country in the terrific way in which it has appeared in various parts of Europe; and it may become necessary to draw troops, or a strong body of police, around infected places, so as utterly to exclude the inhabitants from all intercourse with the country; and we feel sure that what is demanded for the common safety of the state will always be acquiesced in with a willing submission to the necessity which imposes it.

'The Board particularly invites attention to a fact confirmed by all the communications received from abroad,—viz., that the poor, ill-fed, and unhealthy part of the population, and especially those who have been addicted to drinking spirituous liquors, and indulgence in irregular habits, have been the greatest sufferers from this disease, and that the infection has been most virulent, and has spread more rapidly and extensively in the districts of towns where the streets are narrow, and the population crowded, and where little or no attention has been paid to cleanliness and ventilation. They are aware of the difficulty of removing the evils referred to, but they trust that attention thus awakened will insure the most active endeavours of all magistrates, resident clergymen, and persons of influence or authority, to promote their mitigation, and as the amount of danger, and the necessity of precaution, may become more apparent, they will look with increased confidence to the individual exertions of those who may be enabled to employ them beneficially in furtherance of the suggestions above stated.

'*Board of Health, College of Physicians, Oct.* 20.

'The following are the early symptoms of the disease in its most marked form, as it occurred to the observation of Dr. Russell and Dr. Barry, at St. Petersburgh, corroborated by the accounts from other places where the disease has prevailed:—

'Giddiness, sick stomach, nervous agitation, intermittent, slow, or small pulse, cramps beginning at the tops of the fingers and toes, and rapidly approaching the trunk, give the first warning.

'Vomiting or purging, or both these evacuations, of a liquid like rice-water or whey, or barley-water, come on; the features become sharp and contracted, the eye sinks, the look is expressive of terror and wildness;

the lips, face, neck, hands, and feet, and soon after the thighs, arms, and whole surface, assume a leaden, blue, purple, black, or deep brown tint, according to the complexion of the individual, varying in shade with the intensity of the attack. The fingers and toes are reduced in size, the skin and soft parts covering them are wrinkled, shrivelled, and folded; the nails put on a bluish pearly white; the larger superficial veins are marked by flat lines of a deeper black; the pulse becomes either small as a thread, and scarcely vibrating, or else totally extinct.

'The skin is deadly cold, and often damp, the tongue always moist, often white and loaded, but flabby and chilled, like a piece of dead flesh. The voice is nearly gone: the respiration quick, irregular, and imperfectly performed. The patient speaks in a whisper. He struggles for breath, and often lays his hand on his heart to point out the seat of his distress. Sometimes there are rigid spasms of the legs, thighs, and loins. The secretion of urine is totally suspended; vomiting and purgings, which are far from being the most important or dangerous symptoms, and which, in a very great number of cases of the disease have not been profuse, or have been arrested by medicine early in the attack, succeed.

'It is evident that the most urgent and peculiar symptom of this disease is the sudden depression of the vital powers; proved by the diminished action of the heart, the coldness of the surface and extremities, and the stagnant state of the whole circulation. It is important to advert to this fact, as pointing out the instant measures which may safely and beneficially be employed where medical aid cannot immediately be procured. All means tending to restore the circulation and maintain the warmth of the body should be had recourse to without delay. The patients should always immediately be put to bed, wrapped up in hot blankets, and warmth should be sustained by other external applications, such as repeated frictions with flannels and camphorated spirits; poultices of mustard and linseed (equal parts) to the stomach, particularly where pain and vomiting exist; similar poultices to the feet and legs, to restore their warmth. The returning heat of the body may be promoted by bags containing hot salt or bran applied to different parts of it. For the same purpose of restoring and sustaining the circulation, white wine whey, with spice, hot brandy and water, or sal volatile, in the dose of a tea-spoonful in hot water, frequently repeated, or from five to twenty drops of some of the essential oils, as peppermint, cloves, or cajeput, in a wine glass of water, may be administered; with the same view, where the stomach will bear it, warm broth with spice may be employed. In very severe cases, or where medical aid is difficult to be obtained, from twenty to forty drops of laudanum may be given, in any of the warm drinks previously recommended.

'These simple means are proposed as resources in the incipient stage of the disease, where medical aid has not yet been obtained.

'In reference to the further means to be adopted in the treatment of this disease, it is necessary to state, that no specific remedy has yet been ascertained; nor has any plan of cure been sufficiently commended by success to warrant its express recommendation from authority. The Board have already published a detailed statement of the methods of treatment adopted in India, and of the different opinions entertained as to the use of bleeding, emetics, calomel, opium, &c. There is reason to believe that more information on this subject may be obtained from those parts of the

continent where the disease is now prevailing; but even should it be otherwise, the greatest confidence may be reposed in the intelligence and zeal which the medical practitioners of this country will employ in establishing an appropriate method of cure.

HENRY HALFORD, President of the Board.

These regulations are admirably clear, and all of a practical nature. We recommend the most particular attention with respect to the ventilation of houses, and the cleansing of the out-offices and drains, especially in close and narrow streets. To the poor we should say, with the Board, be of all things cautious in the use of spirituous liquors, and we may add of beer, of which not a glass should be taken beyond the quantity that is strictly necessary. Regard should be had to the quality of any spirits and malt liquor that may be taken. Weak, flat, sour beer, it is well known, is among the most deleterious of all drinks. It is wonderful to how small a portion of liquid one may safely and even comfortably reduce one's daily allowance, by making the experiment. Every thing that tends to debilitate the system, or to lower the vital energy, as excesses of every description, should be carefully avoided. Whatever has the effect of preserving and improving that energy, serves, in the opinion of Dr. Hawkins, to render the system impregnable to the operations of the malady. We should guard also against exposure to cold, chills, and to wet and moisture; keep at a distance from marshy or swampy districts, attend diligently to the regularity of the functions of the bowels, but not by means of salts or other debilitating purgatives. The surface of the body should be kept by means of flannel and good clothing, in a warm perspirable state, but not so warm as to bring on excessive perspirations. Our diet should be moderate, and easy of digestion, generous without being exciting, and simple without being low. The mind should be kept as much as possible, in an even cheerful tenour, and, particularly, the imagination should not be allowed to dwell upon the disease as an object of terror. Indeed, we should think as little of it as possible, unless in the way of those precautions which prudence recommends. 'There is a moral courage,' as Dr. Hawkins sensibly observes, 'which is possessed by individuals who are even the weakest, perhaps, as respects physical powers, and which in them resists more efficiently the cause of the disease, than the bodily power of the strongest, who are not similarly endowed with this species of mental energy. Those who dread not the attack of disease, especially of epidemic disease, and who yet possess sufficient prudence to avoid unnecessary exposure to their predisposing and exciting causes, may generally be considered as subjected to comparatively little risk from them.'

According to all the accounts from every part of Europe where the malady has appeared, there is no point more clearly ascertained than this, that the *poor* have been its principal victims. Their scanty nourishment, their very indifferent food, their confinement,

both when sleeping and waking, to small and ill-ventilated apartments, their exposure when occupied out of doors to the inclemency of the weather, their thin clothing, their want of flannel under garments, of worsted stockings and strong shoes, and their immoderate use of spirituous liquors, must ever place them as the foremost and the most numerous in the ranks of death, when they have such an enemy as the cholera to contend against. To the opulent and easy classes of the community we should therefore appeal, if it were only for their own safety, not to mention the nobler motive of charity; we should entreat them to think often of the poor who every where surround us, and who must be every where ill clad, ill fed, ill housed, and exposed to that constant depression of mind, which, more than any other circumstance, invites and encourages the malady. Soups may be made for them at little cost; warm clothing, especially flannels, may be provided for them in abundance by very small subscriptions; coals and wood, and lime for white-washing their apartments, might through the same means be supplied to them, at least during the approaching winter, and until all danger of the cholera shall have passed away. One good effect from the apprehensions which it has already excited, will at least thus have been produced, and the general habits of the lower orders may, possibly, be in the end very much improved, both in a moral and a physical point of view.

NOTICES

ART. XI.—1. *An Essay on Junius and his Letters; embracing a Sketch of the Life and Character of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and Memoirs of certain other distinguished Individuals; with Reflections historical, personal, and political, relating to the Affairs of Great Britain and America, from* 1763 *to* 1785. By Benjamin Waterhouse, M. D. Member of several Medical, Philosophical, and Literary Societies in Europe and America. Gray and Bowen. Boston, 1831.

2. *Letters on Junius, addressed to John Pickering, Esq., showing that the Author of that celebrated Work was Earl Temple.* By Isaac Newhall. Hilliard, Gray, Little, and Wilkins. Boston, 1831.

We see, not without some surprise, that the question respecting the authorship of the Letters of Junius, has excited so much attention, even in America, as to produce frequent publications within the United States. Two are now before us, both printed at Boston. Mr. Newhall is the author of one, and Mr. Waterhouse of the other. The former attributes the Letters to Earl Temple; the latter to the Earl of Chatham. The former tract is written with simplicity and neatness; the style of the latter is most ambitious, always attempting to reach the skies; but oftener crawling in the dust. Each fails in proving the authorship of the noble person to whom he attributes the Letters.

From what we know of Lord Chatham's character, and the few

specimens we have of his literary compositions, of any kind, his authorship of the Letters is improbable in the very highest degree, and no fact or argument has yet been produced which gives Earl Temple a title to the authorship. After all that has been said and written on this curious and interesting subject, (for curious and interesting it assuredly is,) we think it involved in as much obscurity as ever.

The general subject of the authorship of Junius's Letters has not yet been fully discussed. We think it still open to investigation.

It was first regularly brought under the eye of the public by *Mr. Butler*, in a letter inserted in the Anti-Jacobin Review, and afterwards published by him in his Reminiscences, with many important additions. His Reminiscences, as we observed from the two works before us, have been lately republished in America.

Dr. Good, in his elegant and useful edition of Junius's Letters, has examined the different claims to the authorship of them, with great acuteness and sobriety of criticism.

An article attributed to *Sir James Mackintosh*, in the Edinburgh Review, contains many important and judicious observations on the nature of the evidence which must be produced, to establish a claim to the authorship of the letters. These should be read and seriously considered by all who engage in the inquiry. We do not recollect any other general disquisition of the subject.

Mr. Taylor's advocation of the pretension of *Sir Philip Francis*, is a work of research and discernment, and has received the powerful aid of an article in the Edinbnrgh Review, for the month of November, 1817, ascribed to no less a personage than the present Lord High Chancellor of England. Of a claim thus supported, one must speak with respect. But the immense inferiority of Sir Philip's acknowledged writings to the Letters of Junius, both in style and thought, raises a powerful, and, in our opinion, an insuperable objection to this hypothesis.

It has been totally destroyed by the letters published by Mr. Barker, in opposition to Sir Philip's claim.

We were surprised to find *Mr. Prior*, the biographer of Mr. Edmund Burke, contend for the identity of Burke and Junius.

Some singular facts have been adduced by Mr. Coventry, to shew that the Letters were written by the late Lord George Germaine: but either separated or conjunctly taken, they are inconclusive.

The claim of General Lee, Mr. Macaulay Boyd, and Mr. Wegg, may be passed over without any particular notice.

Mr. Glover's known high whig principles, his intimacy with many persons of distinction, particularly of the high whig party, invest him with one of the requisites to establish a claim to the authorship of Junius's Letters, and certainly Mr. Glover's Leonidas does not show that he was unequal to it. His connexions with the city supply another requisite; for, (which makes one of the difficulties of the inquiry), it is evident that Junius was intimately acquainted both with the court and the city politics, and with the principal actors in each. But, standing singly, these facts prove nothing; and the feeble simplicity of the style of Mr. Glover's Memoirs, is the direct reverse of the fervid, impassioned, and highly ornamented language of Junius; yet it should not be forgotten, that the object of the writer of the Memoirs was very different from that of the letter-writer, and therefore required

a very different style. Upon the whole we cannot but think, that, notwithstanding the superabundance of discussion which the subject has received, nothing conclusive upon it has yet been discovered.

ART. XII.—*A Topographical History of Leicestershire, being the first of a series of the Counties of England and Wales on the same plan.* By the Rev. J. Curtis. 8vo, pp. 227. Ashby-de-la-Zouch: Hextall. London: Sherwood and Co. 1831.

THE vice of topographical histories in general, at least so far as they have hitherto been executed in England, is, that they are a great deal too expensive. They have been for the most part compiled under the auspices of noble families, who have had some favourite points of heraldry to establish, or some achievements of their ancestors to emblazon; and no cost having been spared in the preparation of such works, they are literally sealed to the eye of the community at large, who, moreover, would feel but little interest in topics of an almost exclusively personal nature. What we want is, a series of such histories, written upon popular principles, and embracing all those subjects which the inhabitants of the counties, or strangers passing through them, would feel some curiosity about; and we are of opinion that Mr. Curtis has happily commenced in his present volume the labour, and an enormous labour it must be, of supplying such a desideratum.—His plan is, to avoid all unnecessary matter, and to abridge that which he uses, within the smallest possible limits; to give the principal features of the subdivisions of the county, with reference to its present state; and to afford such a condensed view of its ancient records, as may satisfy the casual reader, and serve as an index for the guidance of those who may be disposed to push their enquiries farther. It is not one of the least valuable features of this work, that it presents, in most cases, the valuation of the church livings, and the number of acres of land attached to them. The volume, which is illustrated by a neat coloured map, is printed in the most economical form; and we have no hesitation in recommending it to the favourable attention of the public.

ART. XIII.—*Oliver and Boyd's Catechisms.* 12mo. Edinburgh: Oliver & Co. London: Simpkin & Co. 1831.

No fewer than eleven of these Catechisms now lie upon our table, several of which have, we are happy to find, reached a second, and some even a third edition. They embrace almost every subject that is connected with the fundamental parts of a liberal education for either sex. French and Latin grammar, English grammar and composition, English and Scottish history, geography, zoology, drawing and perspective, the works of the creation, and, though last, the most important of all, Christian instruction. The author of the latter work, Dr. Morehead, naturally enough inculcates those doctrines which form his own peculiar faith, and therefore we cannot recommend it to general and indiscriminate use. We might also take some exceptions on the score of truth, to some of the answers which are given to questions in the Historical Catechisms. But with regard to all the other

numbers of this work, we must say that they are admirably calculated for the diffusion of sound principles of knowledge upon the various topics which they respectively embrace. To the schoolmaster as well as to the private tutor, they must, we should think, afford invaluable assistance.

ART. XIV.—*The Sunday Library; or The Protestant's Manual for the Sabbath Day.* Vol. V. By the Rev. T. F. Dibdin.—fcp. London: Longman & Co.

THIS publication, we observe, draws to a close, the editor having resolved to limit it to six volumes. Although entitled the Protestant's Manual, yet it is but justice to the liberality of the editor to remark, that he has avoided, in the present volume at least, the introduction of any points upon which Christians of any shade could rationally disagree. In this respect, and indeed with regard to the matter generally, we consider the selection which he has here offered to the public, by far the best of the whole series. It comprizes, among other excellent discourses, Blair's beautiful sermons on Tranquillity of Mind, and on a Life of Dissipation and Pleasure; the eloquent and facinating discourses of Alison on Winter, as the season of social amusement, and on the same division of the year, as the season of religous thought; Spry's charity — breathing arguments in favour of the final prevalence of Christian unity, and Chandler's masterly view of the Influence of Christianity upon Society. These are, all of them, compositions charming to educated men for the purity and beauty of their style, and replete with truths which, clothed in so acceptable a dress, dwell in our memories like fragrance in the atmosphere where the musk-plant has been. The volume has for its frontispiece an excellent engraving of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol.

ART. XV.—*A Manual of Medical Jurisprudence, compiled from the best legal Works, &c.* By Michael Ryan, M. D. London.

IT is really surprising how much may be done by a well disciplined and practical mind, to simplify the art of instruction. Here is a volume of such unpretending dimensions, that it may be conveniently carried in one's pocket; yet there is not a fact of importance or value connected with the science of which it treats, that is not to be found in its pages.

The work is published very opportunely, since its appearance is nearly coincident with the date of a regulation which the medical authorities have incorporated into their laws, and by which candidates for the diploma to practice are required to be provided with adequate information on the subject of medical jurisprudence. In a brief but energetic preface, Dr. Ryan has accurately and philosophically defined the nature of the science, which he so well handles. Four excellent chapters on the moral qualification of medical men commence the work, and prepare us for a luminous and learned exposition of those points more properly belonging to his task. The author next traces the course of legislation from its earliest infancy to the present time, as applied to medicine in all its departments. He then proceeds to consider, in regular series, the vast variety of cases in which medical men may be called on to give evi-

dence, the nature of which will be very much guided by the ability and attainments of the witness. The matter of this part of the work is obviously of a nature that cannot with propriety be dwelt on, in a publication so indiscriminately circulated as this; but those who are interested in studying the strange catalogue of physiological facts, which make up the history of man, will not fail to meet in these pages a great deal that will excite his surprize, as well as satisfy his judgment. Doctor Ryan seems to have laid down this important rule for his government in the composition of this book—namely, to combine the greatest number of ideas with the smallest amount of words. His work, therefore, may properly be designated as a Manual, which completely supersedes the necessity of purchasing any other production on medico-forensic law with which we are acquainted. The style is unambitious, but clear and strong, and such as becomes a philosophic theme.

We must, however, express our entire dissent from the doctrine of the respected author, on the question whether coroners should or should not be medical men. The doctor supports the affirmative in common with most of his professional brethren, and for the simple reason that neither he nor they seem to have considered with attention the whole process of our criminal jurisdiction. Suppose that it be proved that a coroner ought to be a medical man, what follows? Why that the judge who tries the case finally, must also be a member of the faculty; nay, the reasons are a thousand-fold stronger why the latter should take out his medical diploma, rather than the former. Every body knows that a mistaken verdict by a coroner's inquisition does no harm whatever; the prisoner is never disposed of on the finding of a coroner at all: but the verdict of a jury, pronounced before one of his Majesty's judges, is a decree of the law which settles his fate at once. How comes it, then, that the coroners, whose labours produce no more than the merest theoretical result, so far as justice is considered, should be obliged to have so much more medical knowledge than the very judge, whose view of the case determines the life or death of the accused?

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Continental Annual.—We have received a copy upon India paper of the illustrations intended to be inserted in a new periodical, entitled "The Continental Annual" for 1832; and we must say, after a very careful examination of the whole of them, that they appear to us to be the most finished and beautiful specimens of refined art, which have as yet been presented in this shape to the public. One pervading fault they undoubtedly have, in common with the picturesque annuals already in existence, that of a great sameness in the choice of the subjects. Cities, bridges, churches, palaces, columns, towers, squares and lakes, may, in many instances, afford excellent materials to the painter. But in our opinion they are not materials which can be made to produce the requisite effect, in the small space to which they are necessarily confined by an octavo volume. With this drawback, we

still must afford our applause to the design of this new annual, to the great merit of Prout's drawings, and to the superior manner in which they have been engraved by Le Keux, Willmore, Roberts, Wallis, Kernot, Carter, Fisher, Floyd, and Barber.

The Literary Souvenir.—To the editor of 'The Literary Souvenir,' we have also to return our thanks for the proofs of the illustrations which he has collected for his forthcoming volume. To his taste in the choice of his subjects and of his artists, we have frequently paid the just tribute of our praise, and he has seldom put forth better titles to that fair reward of his exertions than on the present occasion. In reviewing his new volume, we shall advert more particularly to these engravings, which tend to sustain the long established character of 'The Literary Souvenir.' We have been told, but upon this point we reserve our opinion, that its melange of poetry and prose is also of a high order.

Political Unions.—These societies are likely to become very numerous in England before the opening of the next session of parliament. They have been already organized in most of the great towns, and measures are in active progress for forming them in all the principal parishes of London. It is proposed also to have a general Metropolitan Union, and we believe it is intended that a certain number of the members of each society should furnish themselves with arms, in order to be prepared to assist the army and the civil magistrates, in case the Tories and high Churchmen should succeed in exciting any commotions.

Ugo Foscolo.—The new edition of the Rev. Mr. Stebbing's "Lives of the Italian Poets," is to comprise several additional lives, including that of Ugo Foscolo, with extracts from his private letters, and interesting particulars relating to his last hours.

The New Volcanic Island.—The eruption has now ceased, and the crater is filled with boiling water, from which a sulphurous smoke continues to issue. The isle is chiefly formed of a spungy lava and puzzolane. The brink of the crater is thirty feet in height at the lowest part, in other places eighty feet, and in the centre two hundred feet. It is easy to land on the south-west side. Smoke issues from several points of the sea around.

Spontaneous Combustion.—The *Philadelphia Chronicle* mentions the following instance of spontaneous combustion. A large piece of coarse muslin, thoroughly oiled for the purpose of making covers for boxes, was left over night, folded up loosely, in a shed. It was found, when the store was opened next morning, burnt entirely through, and apparently about to blaze. The fire appeared to have begun in the middle; and could not have been applied from without.

Emigration to Canada.—Comparative statement of the arrival of settlers at Quebec, to the 15th of August of the past and present year: 1830, Settlers 22,839; 1831, ditto, 38,955.

The Weavil.—Salt is said to be an effectual preventive against the destruction of wheat by the weavil. Mix a pint of salt with a barrel of wheat, or put up the grain in old salt-barrels, and the weavil will not attack it. In stacking wheat, four or five quarts of salt to every hundred sheaves, sprinked among them, will entirely secure them from the depredations of this insect, and render the straw more valuable as food for cattle.

Madame Catalani.—At a public

entertainment at Weimar, Catalani, a few years since, was placed next to the venerable Goethe. The peculiar attention paid to her neighbour, added to his imposing appearance, attracted the curiosity of the fair syren, and she inquired his name. "The celebrated Goethe, Madame." "Ah! celebrated—pray on what instrument does he play?" was the rejoinder.

Approaching Calamities in China.—A sort of revelation from the Gods is now published by writing, and by word of mouth, in every direction, declaring that this year, in the 6th, 9th, and 10th months, a great pestilence will prevail, and cause the deaths of persons innumerable. The first intimation of the approaching judgments was made by the deified astronomer Chang-Teen-Sze to Tung-Ta-laon-yay, of Hoo-pih province, on his way from Pekin, when in Kwang-yuen district. There will be an abundant harvest this year, but human beings will suffer greatly. The virtuous shall be spared, but the wicked will find it impossible to escape. Those who will not believe shall see. The ground will be covered with dead bodies. At the third watch, when cocks crow, and the dogs bark, a malignant God will go forth to slay by the pestilence. Those who hear their names called must be careful not to answer.

Taxes on Literature.—A few facts are better than a hundred arguments. The following curious calculation was placed before a meeting very recently held at the London Literary and Scientific Institution. The number of newspapers annually issued in America is 10,000,000: the number issued in Great Britain, about one-tenth of that amount. The number of advertisements which appeared in eight newspapers printed in New York, in one year, was 1,555,416—the number which appeared in 400 British papers in the same period was only 1,105,000.—Advertisements which in England cost 17 dollars, cost in America little more than one.

Garrick Club.—A new club, which bids fair to be a very numerous and well supported Society, has been just formed. The Duke of Sussex is the patron, the Earl of Mulgrave the president, and Sir G. Warrender the vice-president.

Travelling in India.—Intelligence has arrived that the luxury of coaches has at length been adopted in India. Between Panwell and Poona, several vehicles have been established, consisting of a sociable, shigrampo, buggies, and a carriage of a peculiar construction, capable of accommodating three passengers with comfort. On the completion of the new road on the Bhore Ghaut, two mail coaches are to be started to run regularly.

Fires in Chimnies.—By a late ordinance, the Prefect of Police at Paris requires that at the different stations of the fire-men there shall be kept in readiness an adequate quantity of common sulphur. It has been found that sulphur ignited at the hearth of a chimney gives out elements which effectually *prevent* the burning of the soot. This process, however, is only applicable to fires in chimnies.

New Knights.—In conferring the honour of knighthood on several recent occasions, his Majesty has obviously been led to distinguish men of literary and scientific merit. We thus find Mr. South, Mr. Rennie, Mr. Charles Bell, Mr. Herschell, and Mr. Harris Nicolas, in the list of persons so marked by the royal favour; and we have heard that a similar honour is intended for Mr. Babbage, and several other gentlemen eminent in literature and science.

Peculiarities of the present year.—The new Volcano off Sicely; the great number of the Auroræ Borealis which have been seen throughout Europe; the unusual quantity of insects of small kinds that have appeared, and other remarkable phenomena, show a very uncommon disturbance of the atmosphere during the present year.

Lee Sugg, one of the first ventriloquists who exhibited that curious talent in England, died last week at Southampton, aged 85.

Birth-place of Lord Brougham.—Sir John Sinclair has just published an analysis of his "Statistical Account of Scotland," and in the preface are inserted two short letters from Lord Brougham, one of which sets at rest the question, whether his lordship was born on this or the other side of the Tweed: "You ask (says Lord Brougham) after my place of birth, and relationship to Dr. Robertson. I was born in St. Andrew's-square, Edinburgh; and Dr. Robertson was my mother's uncle." The house in St. Andrew's-square referred to by Lord Brougham, is now occupied by Mr. J. F. Williams, the artist. The family afterwards removed to the house in George-street, now occupied by the Wine Company of Scotland.

The Clergy.—Charles the Second used to observe, that of all the persons he had ever met, the clergy of England were the most tenacious of their rights, and the most negligent of their duties. The clergy of the present generation have in no way degenerated from the virtues of their ancestors.

Tanning Leather.—Mr. Wm. Drake, of the firm of Drake and Sons, of Bristol, has recently taken out a patent for an improved process of tanning leather, by which the thickest hides may be tanned in one-tenth of the usual time, with a great saving of expense.

Education in France.—According to the last report of the board of public instruction in France, the number of communes supplied with schools is only 3728 out of a total of 38,135. Out of a population of 32,000,000, only 1,372,206 scholars are instructed in winter, and no more than 681,005 in summer. Out of 282,985 young men of from twenty to twenty-one years of age, who sought instruction in the last year, only 150,000 could read or write.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received another pile of announcements of works in the press, and in preparation, by a whole army of authors. We have frequently stated that to such paragraphs we cannot devote our space, and that they should be sent to the publisher as advertisements.

We confess that we cannot understand the paper, entitled "Color Images in the Brain."

The question put by Mr. E. Smith, of Liverpool, should be addressed to the publisher; and the Numbers which he wants should be specified. We shall take an early opportunity of noticing the little work to which he alludes.

The pamphlet to which Mr. Barrett alludes, has been received, and shall be noticed.

Article III. in the present Number of this journal, entitled "What will the People do?" is intended to be forthwith re-printed in a separate form as a pamphlet, which may be had at RIDGWAY'S, *or at* HENDERSON'S, *or at any other Bookseller's.*

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1831.

ART. 1.—1. *A Warning of the expected Manifestation of the Three Persons of the Trinity, for the Regeneration of the whole of Mankind, and the Sanctification of a part. Now published in consideration of the portending times we live in.* 8vo. pp. 322. London: Sherwood and Co. 1831.

2. *Six Sermons on the Study of the Holy Scriptures, preached before the University of Cambridge in the years* 1827 *and* 1828; *to which are annexed two Dissertations; the first on the reasonableness of the Orthodox Views of Christianity, opposed to the rationalism of Germany; the second on Prophecy, with an original exposition of the Book of Revelations, shewing that the whole of that remarkable Prophecy has long ago been fulfilled.* By the Rev. S. Lee, B. D., &c. Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge.

THE degree of internal conviction as to the truth of their national mythologies, which was required by the ancient governments in Europe and Asia, has never been clearly ascertained. We speak not of the outward profession of their creeds, or of the external observance of their religious rites and ceremonies: an open infraction of these was considered a legal offence, and as such it was punished. We allude to the *mental* belief of the truth of the established doctrines; and we think that it has not yet been shown whether the want of this was held to be a religious crime, by which the offender subjected himself to the displeasure of the gods, and to penalties which might be inflicted by them in a future life. It was widely different in the Jewish and Christian systems of government. Under the former, nonconformity was treated as an offence against the state. Jehovah was their legislator, and their immediate Territorial Lord. To call in question the propriety of his doctrine, was an act not only of irreligion, but of treason. In Christian governments this rule was not carried so far. At first the creed of the party and the practice of its precepts was left to his own conscience. Afterwards the non-observance of them was

made an offence against the state, and an alliance took place between the magistracy and the hierarchy, by which each obliged itself to support, by its own particular powers, the ordinances of the other. In this condition things were found by the reformers, when they commenced their operations; they thought the system a very convenient one, and fully adopted it with the view of succeeding to the power of those whom they had dethroned. They accordingly promulgated creeds and forms of discipline, and enforced them by the same penalties as the authorities, in whose places they had established themselves.

The first of the religious sects who rejected this compulsory mode of extending their own creed, were the Arminian divines of Holland. They considered morality to be of greater consequence than religious theory, and therefore their formulæ of belief were exceedingly scanty. They were viewed for a season with great jealousy, both by Catholics and Protestants; their tenets were condemned by the Calvinistic synod of Dort, and those who professed them were banished from Holland. Public opinion, however, was favourable to them; they were latently permitted to return, and by degrees they obtained influence, and the protection of the law. In the meantime a tacit relaxation of the system of the Protestants became general, which considerably modified their creeds, even in the lifetime of Arminius, who foresaw that such would be the consequence of his doctrine, to a much greater extent than he was willing to acknowledge. It is to his example that we owe the ultra-opinions of the Socinians, which have since prevailed so widely, even in the very bosom of the Church. Something of this laxity of opinion may be traced in the writings of Erasmus: but it was not until towards the close of the seventeenth century that it became generally discoverable. In England it first appeared in the writings of the "ever-memorable" John Hales of Eton, and the "immortal" Chillingworth:—we give them the epithets which they received from their contemporaries. Hales was originally a Calvinist; as chaplain of the English ambassador at the Hague, he attended the synod of Dort, where he was converted to Arminianism; and he made no scruple of avowing his new opinions after his return to England. Chillingworth was educated in the Protestant religion; in early life he abandoned it for the Catholic form of worship, to which he at first adhered with the most edifying zeal. He soon, however, returned to his former belief, and propounded his allegiance to it by a maxim, which now contains the whole practical creed of the Anglican Church:—"That the Bible, and the Bible only, as interpreted by individuals, is the religion of Protestants." He denounced and set at defiance all other creeds, confessions of faith, symbolic books and formularies, and thus reduced the whole of the doctrine of Protestants to two articles, that their creed is to be found in the Bible alone, and that each man's conscience is his own interpreter of the sacred volume. Chillingworth and his fol-

lowers admitted, indeed, that tradition should be respected, but that every individual should be his own judge as to its weight and value. It seems clear that some of the most eminent lights of the Anglican Church, amongst whom we may reckon Archbishops Laud and Sheldon, acquiesced in the truth of this doctrine, when it was originally propounded by Chillingworth. At first it was viewed with great jealousy, and many treated it as a daring impiety. It is impossible to read without indignation, the manner in which some Protestant divines annoyed Chillingworth in his last moments, on account of what they called his irreligion.

The doctrine insensibly gained ground. It was openly espoused by the latitudinarian writers* of Cambridge, of whom Burnet has given so interesting an account. Their great wish was to terminate entirely the asperities of controversy, to put Christian sects into good humour with one another, and to prove that sound morality was of greater consequence than religious orthodoxy. This they generally left to each man's own conviction, although they subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles, and adopted the liturgy and ceremonies of the Established Church. It soon became a question how far this was reconcileable with honour and with honesty, a question which has been often put to them, and by which they have been much embarrassed.

Three modes of answering, or rather of evading it, have been invented. In the first place it is said that Chillingworth, with the approbation, as it would seem, of Laud and Sheldon, considered the Thirty-nine Articles not as terms of communion, but as articles of peace, which were sufficiently observed if the party did not impugn them openly by word of mouth or in writing. Secondly, these terms of peace were widened by Doctors Hoadly and Balguy, and the other members of the Hoadlian school, who maintain that the peace is not broken, if the Articles be not impugned in the pulpit or in the national rites. Thirdly, a still more lax interpretation has been given by Archbishop Fowler and others, who maintain that the Thirty-nine Articles have lost their original meaning, and are now to be construed at the will of any party who subscribes them, provided he only adhere to the Bible, and oppose the Roman Catholic religion. We cannot say that we approve of any of these doctrines; we think with Dr. Tomline, the late Bishop of Winchester, that no person ought to subscribe the Articles, unless he be convinced of the truth of the doctrines imported in them, in the sense in which they were understood by those who framed them.

In the mean time a still greater religious revolution has taken

* A good history of Hales and Chillingworth, and their latitudinarian followers, is much wanted. They are not to be considered as a separate sect, but as numerous individuals,—more numerous, perhaps, than they are supposed to be, and existing either openly or secretly in almost every sect.

place in Germany, the seat of the reformation. Affrighted at the acrimony with which theological controversies were carried on, many wished to banish such contentions altogether, and to make charity the only essential point of faith. Consistently with this doctrine, these persons have simplified religion to the duty of loving God and our neighbour, in the manner prescribed by the Gospel. A German divine, of great eminence, was the founder of this sect, whose members have acquired the name of *Pietists*. A large proportion of the inhabitants of that country have taken another direction; although they have adopted the Bible, they deny its divine inspiration altogether, and maintain that the whole of its contents ought to be tried by the same rules as other works. They reject the miraculous relations; some miracles they explain away, and the rest they get rid of, either by denying the truth of the relation, or by contending that the event, if it really happened, was merely human, and that the supernatural circumstances intermixed with it, proceeded from the enthusiasm, weakness, or artifice of the narrator. The disciples of this sect are called *Rationalists*. It is a curious fact, that they were first made known in this country by the Bishop of Peterborough's translation of "Michaeli's Introduction to the New Testament," and by the annotations which the learned prelate appended to that work. In these he mentions several of the religious delusions which prevail in Germany, but never combats or exposes them. The Rationalists excited the particular indignation of Mr. Rose, who attacked them in those well known discourses, which we have noticed in one of our former numbers; but they found a zealous advocate in Mr. Pusey, of whose works we have also given some account.

The German Rationalists also found means to reconcile to their consciences the profession and support of the doctrines which we have mentioned, with the subscription of their respective formularies of faith. We have already ventured to express our disapprobation of the manner in which this has been done by the divines of our own country; but we think that the schemes devised by the German Rationalists, for a similar purpose, are still more open to objection.

We are, however, utterly at a loss to conceive, how it is possible for any Protestant divine, who adopts the principle of Chillingworth, that the Bible, and the Bible only, according to each man's interpretation of it, is the religion of Protestants, (and we believe that this principle is universally adopted), can, with any colourable propriety, object to the Rationalism of the German divines, inasmuch as they, who so object to it, act upon the very principle upon which that Rationalism is founded. They acknowledge the Bible, and adhere to their own interpretation of it. This, and no more than this, is done, and professed to be done, by every Protestant. We are equally at a loss to understand how the Latitudinarian, or the Hoadlian, reconciles it to his conscience, to maintain

doctrines directly contrary to, or at least widely differing from those of the Established Church, and for the maintenance of which the ecclesiastical benefices were fashioned at the time of the "reformation." If the Church has in fact departed thus most materially from the purposes for which those benefices were then declared to be intended, what becomes of its moral right to possess them any longer? It cannot be denied that, almost universally, those who subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles are guilty of hypocrisy and falsehood, in order to afford themselves a legal qualification for holding those benefices. Ought such a demoralizing and scandalous system as this to be permitted to go on any longer? The Church has not the power to correct this profligate system; it cannot, even if it would, bring back religion to the state in which it was when the Articles were at first promulgated and established; it cannot, consistently with the design of those Articles, substitute for them another formula of belief, and exact implicit adherence to it. Such an attempt would be eminently ridiculous and absurd, and must be ineffectual. Upon this point, we may refer the inquiring reader to the sermons of Mr. Lee, who has wholly failed in proving the necessity or utility (in a "reformed" Church) of a confession of faith of any kind. That reverend gentleman must either believe or disbelieve the maxim of Chillingworth above mentioned. If he disbelieve it, then he must admit that nothing has been gained in the shape of spiritual freedom by the reformation, and that the reformation was altogether unnecessary: if he believe in the maxim of Chillingworth, then he must admit that the Rationalist is as much entitled to interpret the Scriptures in his own way, as Mr. Lee, or any other Protestant. This is the real point in dispute between that gentleman and Mr. Pusey; and until Mr. Lee shews that he, and those who maintain his doctrines, have a right to the exercise of their private judgment, and that no other Protestant has the same right, all his arguments amount to nothing, they are mere "leather and prunello."

But the demerits of the "reformed" Church do not stop here; they are not limited to the hypocrisy that enables men, for the purpose of obtaining benefices and other temporal advantages, to subscribe and declare that they believe articles which they really do not believe: much more than this is fairly, and, indeed, inevitably to be imputed to the principle of religious freedom, which has been established by that Church, and which, by leading men's minds astray from the true course, has of necessity plunged them into the vast abysses of error that are now yawning for new victims everywhere around us. It is well known that Luther had scarcely sounded the trumpet of evangelical liberty, when up rose, obedient to the rebel call, the Anabaptists in Germany and the Low Countries. What was their creed? They held that they were expressly authorized by God to despoil and kill all the wicked, and to establish a kingdom of the just, to consist of such persons only as

should be re-baptized, and become members of their communion. The head of this sect, for a while, was a tailor of Leyden, who proclaimed himself king of Sion, and actually assumed and exercised the sovereignty of Munster, in Lower Germany. Guided by what he called the inspirations of the Deity, he married eleven wives, whom he put to death, together with numberless others of his subjects. He openly claimed the city of Amsterdam as his property, maintaining that it was conferred upon him as a gift by the Lord of the creation; he accordingly sent some of his disciples to take possession of it, who ran through the streets howling out "Woe to Babylon!" "Woe to the wicked!" When these enthusiasts were brought to the scaffold for their crimes, they sang aloud, and danced with joy, believing that they were full of the Holy Spirit! We shudder at reading of such enormous follies as these, and can scarcely conceive it possible that the human mind could fall into absurdities still more insane. But we find that Herman, another of this sect, illuminated by the same supposed interior light, proclaimed himself the Messiah, and taught his hearers that it was their duty to murder all the priests and magistrates in the world! We find, moreover, that another of their preachers, David George, persuaded a numerous sect of them, that "the doctrine both of the Old and the New Testament was imperfect, but that his own was perfect, and that *he* was the true son of God!" We do not mean to charge Luther with having inculcated such abominable doctrines as these; but we maintain that it was his principle of private judgment that gave rise to these, and the many other horrible excesses of a similar description, which have stained the history of mankind since the period of the much miscalled "reformation."

Who has not heard of Nicholas and Hacket in our own country, and of their "Family of Love," who held that the essence of religion consisted in the feelings of divine love, and that all other things relating either to faith or worship were of no moment? Need we mention our Venner, and his fifth-monarchy men, who proclaimed that they would acknowledge no sovereign but King Jesus, and openly acted upon the internal assurance that "one of them would put a thousand enemies to flight, and two of them ten thousand?" The Quakers are at present a harmless sect enough; but in their origin they were not so. They derive their existence from the "private judgment" of George Fox, a shoemaker of Leicestershire, who held that "the Scriptures are not the adequate primary rule of faith and manners, but a secondary rule, *subordinate to the spirit*, from which they have their excellence and certainty, and that the testimony of the *spirit* is that alone by which the true knowledge of God has been, is, and can be revealed." The voice of this *spirit*, it appears, induced him to feel a particular objection to oaths; it bade one of his disciples, William Simpson, to go naked through the streets, and to preach nakedness as a virtue! His doctrine was acted upon by a female, who walked stark naked into White-

hall chapel, when Cromwell was there, and by another woman, who went into the Parliament-house with a trencher in her hand, which she broke in pieces, saying, "Thus shall he be broke in pieces!" Another of the friends stationed himself at the door of the Parliament-house, with a drawn sword in his hand, with which he wounded several persons, saying that "he was inspired by the Holy Spirit to kill every man that sat in that house." This inspiration was the result of his "private judgment," and a similar guide led the celebrated James Naylor to fancy himself the Messiah, in which character he rode into Bristol, his disciples spreading their garments before him, and crying, "*Holy, holy, holy, Hosannah in the Highest!*" The impostor, after he was scourged by order of Parliament for his impiety, was followed by a number of deluded women, who kissed his feet and wounds, and hailed him the "Prince of Peace, the rose of Sharon, and the fairest of ten thousand!"

Is it not to the same principle of private judgment that the world is indebted for the Muggletonians, the Labbadists, and others, who were led by it into the most immoral practices? Do we not behold it also as the basis of the doctrine of the famous Baron Swedenborg, who, however, limited the right to himself, maintaining that "he was chosen to explain to men the *interior* and *spiritual* sense of the Scriptures?" The faculty of performing this office, he said, he received immediately from God, with whom he held frequent communications. According to his doctrine, God was a mere man, the angels were male and female, and intermarried, and followed different avocations; and he discovered a "new Jerusalem," which he prophecied would spread over the whole earth. In point of fact, it has spread very extensively in this country, for the New Jerusalemites have chapels in most of the principal towns. To the same prolific source of delusion we also owe one of the most impudent of all modern impostures, that of Joanna Southcote, who at first gave herself out to be the woman of Genesis, destined to crush the infernal spirit, and the woman of the Revelations, crowned with twelve stars, the said stars being so many ministers of the Established Church, one of whom, by the way, acted as her secretary. She had the amazing fortitude to give out, that she was specially authorized to sign 144,000 passports to Heaven, which she accordingly issued to her followers at a moderate price. Her private judgment subsequently took a new turn, which led her to proclaim that she was pregnant of the Messiah, and it is well known that the most costly nursery utensils of gold and silver, and cradles decorated in the most splendid manner, were prepared for the reception of the infant! The woman died without fulfilling the expectations of her disciples, but, strange to say, her sect still exists, and is increasing in some parts of England, the belief of her followers now being, that Joanna has only disappeared for a season, and that she will return to them at the appointed time, in order to give birth to the Messiah. They practice the rite of circumcision after the manner of the Jews, and also wear the beard on the chin.

To what other principle than that of private judgment, are we to ascribe the rise and rapid progress, and present extensive prevalence of the doctrine of the Methodists? "Going into a society in Aldersgate-street," says Wesley, describing the generation of this doctrine in his mind, "whilst a person was reading Luther's preface to the Romans, about a quarter before nine, (on the 24th of May, 1739,) I felt my heart strangely warmed: I felt I did trust in Christ, in Christ alone for salvation, and *an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death.*" Here we have the whole faith of the Methodists, which avowedly consists in the belief of "an instantaneous illapse of the Spirit into the soul, by which the person thus favoured is convinced of his justification and salvation." This illapse they considered to take place, without reference to the merits or demerits of the elect; sin was no hindrance, virtue no invitation to it. The consequences of such a principle as this are obvious, and it must be admitted, that they were consistently drawn out by the Hon. Richard Hill, who maintained, that "even adultery and murder do not hurt the pleasant children, but rather work for their good." "God sees no sin in believers," he continues, "whatever sin they commit. My sins might displease God; my person is always acceptable to him. Though I should outsin Manasses, I should not be less a pleasant child, because God always views me in Christ. Hence, in the midst of adulteries, murders, and incests, he can address me with,—*Thou art all fair my love, my undefiled, there is no spot in thee.*" "It is a most pernicious error of the schoolmen, to distinguish sins according to the *fact*, and not according to the *person*. Though I blame those who say, let us sin that grace may abound; yet adultery, incest, and murder, shall, upon the whole, make me *holier on earth, and merrier in heaven!*"

Was it not from the Lutheran principle of private judgment, that the Antinomians also sprung, a sect who hold that the faithful are bound by no law, either of God or man; and that good works of every kind are useless to salvation? Luther's convivial companion, Amsdorf, went rather farther than this, for he maintained, that good works were not merely useless, but actual impediments to salvation. Eaton, a Puritan, in his "Honeycomb of Justification," says, "Believers ought not to mourn for sin, because it was pardoned before it was committed." Thus we may clearly understand the force of Tertullian's observation:—"It is natural for error to be ever-changing; the disciples have the same right in this matter that their masters had."

Most, if not all of the vagaries which we have enumerated, are still prevalent amongst us in some shape or other; and to these we are every day adding some new discovery or new interpretation of Scripture, each more absurd than its predeeessor. Thus to the question,—"What must I do to be saved?" we have from the Reverend Legh Richmond the following reply:—

"Salvation is *wholly* of faith, from first to last. This is the grand discriminating principle between true scriptural, evangelical religion, and all mere imitations or assumptions of that title. Our paradox is, that 'weakness is strength.' The soul that *by* Faith, through Grace, is saved *without* works, obtains an inward principle of love, which *must work, cannot but work, and actually does work.* The order is thus: First, God loved us; secondly, thence we obtain faith to trust him; thirdly, we are *thus* saved; fourthly, we *therefore* love him who first loved us; fifthly, this love produces good thoughts, words, and works, as the *fruits*, not the *root*, of our salvation. Thus is He the author and finisher of our faith, and the author of salvation to all them that obey him. He has promised to all, as well as to David, to perfect the thing which concerneth his people: Whom he loveth, he loveth unto the end; trust him, therefore, evermore. *Such is the Christian's doctrinal, practical, and experimental creed,*"—Memoirs of the Rev. Legh Richmond, pp. 429, 430.

It follows from this, that God is the author of evil; for an evil it is, of the first magnitude, not to be saved. If it be true, that faith arises in our minds from the love which he bears us, it is a necessary consequence, that unless he loves us, we can have no faith. Now, it depends upon his will, whether he loves us or not; if he does not love us, we cannot be saved; and therefore, his willing not to love us, is to decree our damnation. Another absurdity follows from this doctrine. He who once possesses faith, must of necessity be saved, according to Mr Richmond, for it is an inward principle, as he explains it, which *must* work for our salvation. He who possesses the faith once, therefore, cannot help being saved, even though he were the most profligate of all sinners.

This doctrine is also maintained by Erskine in his "Freeness of the Gospel," in which he lays it down as a proposition, that "a *sense* of pardon or justification belongs to those who believe the testimony." Here is a theologue, who confounds pardon, by which we can understand only an act of mercy, with justification, which implies a degree of merit that does not stand in need of indulgence. And yet this same writer attaches no idea of merit to faith, or indeed to any other act of mind that expresses its acceptance of the Gospel; and he admits that "a man may be thoroughly and for ever miserable, although he has this pardon," or, in other words, this justification, from which it would follow, that the man who has been forgiven by the Deity, or who has been justified in his sight may be "for ever miserable!" The doctrine of the Hon. Richard Hill can hardly be said to exceed this in absurdity and impiety.

Again, what a parcel of nonsense is emitted from the press and the pulpits, from time to time, concerning the Millennium! The history of the doctrine connected with this subject has been very clearly and satisfactorily traced by the Rev. Michael Russell, of the Episcopal congregation at Leith, in a series of discourses which were published a year or two ago. The original tradition, common alike to Pagans, Jews, and Christians, was, that the earth, as well as the moral and religious state of its inhabitants, was to

undergo a great change at the end of six thousand years. This idea is found more or less clearly expressed in most of the Rabbinical commentaries upon the Old Testament. The number of six thousand was fixed upon by the Cabalists, because, in the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis, the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet, which, when used as a numeral, denotes a thousand, happens to occur six times. The six days which are said to have been employed by the Almighty in creating the world, are also looked upon by the same divines as confirming this idea; each day being emblematic of one thousand years, and it was inferred, that upon the completion of this period there would succeed a sabbath —a millennium of corresponding length, of rest, and of universal happiness.

As a matter of curiosity, it is worth observing, that this tradition makes its appearance in the Sibylline oracles, and other very ancient poetical and philosophic writings. Plato quotes it from Orpheus, and Plutarch, upon the authority of Theopompus, ascribes it to the Persian Magi. Porphyry relates that Pythagoras had brought from foreign lands the opinion, that, "after fixed cycles or periods of time, there will be a repetition of every thing which has formerly existed. The same things that have been will be again, and nothing entirely new is called into being." Seneca attributes to Eastern authors the dogma that the present world shall be destroyed by fire; and Strabo states that a similar tradition had come down from the Druidical priests and Etrurian soothsayers—a tradition which Sophocles has embodied in half-a-dozen of his magnificent lines. Nor is it an idea altogether new to scientific men, that the orb which we inhabit, like ourselves, might grow old, and stand in need of renovation; "that there were certain indications of an established order in physical events, which, in due course, would restore the pristine vigour of the elements, and bring back to nature the harmony which, it was generally imagined, had been lost or interrupted. The number seven was associated in the minds of ancient sages, with ideas of a sacred and emblematical character; and on this ground it was expected, that when six thousand years of toil and disorder should have passed away, the seventh millennium would usher in a happier series of events, re-establish the equilibrium of the heavenly bodies, invest our earth with a more genial atmosphere, renew in its soil the original powers of fertility, and cover its surface with scenes of imperishable beauty and delight."*

Without going farther into the authorities upon this matter, we may mention, that amongst the primitive Christians and Fathers of the Church, the belief in a millennium was very prevalent, and that they were even generally persuaded, that the sixth period of a thousand years was so far advanced, as to bring them within a very

* Russell, pp. 41. 42.

few hundred years of the commencement of the seventh. The subject was altogether lost sight of after the fifth century, and was not revived until the human mind was again set a dreaming by the precious influence of the reformation. The Millennarians then were more abundant than ever; but, as usual, they divided amongst themselves, and became either Literalists with Mede, or Allegorists with Whitby. The former held that, during the Millennium, the Redeemer would appear once more on earth in a glorious and evident manner, but without holding converse with mankind. This is not, however, quite consonant with the view which the Rev. E. Irving has taken of the matter in his "Preliminary Discourse to the Translation of Ben Ezra." We doubt if the reader can understand the ebullition of words which this raving mountebank has poured forth upon the subject; but they deserve to be quoted, as a curious indication of the thousand and one absurdities which have followed, as a natural consequence, from the establishment of the right of "private judgment."

"These judgments upon the Gentile nations and all the earth, he will finish by his own personal appearance in flaming fire, taking vengeance on those who know not God, and obey not the Gospel; raising those who sleep in Jesus, and changing those of the Gentile Church who still abide in life; and preserving the mourning Jewish Church, as Goshen was preserved in the plagues of Egypt: And when the promised land shall have been cleared of all intruders, and they themselves by suffering perfected for the habitation of it, he shall lead them into it with a mighty and outstretched arm; and sit upon the throne of David, judging, and seeking judgment, and hasting righteousness; and send forth the law from Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem; and rule among the nations, and be the Prince of universal peace; using, in this judgment and government of the earth, his risen saints, who will be his ministers, to execute whatever his pleasure is. And thus Satan, being cast out, and the Prince of Light, and the Heavenly Jerusalem, the dwelling-place of his elect Church, being present, the *Jerusalem on earth*, with the house of Jacob and all the nations, shall enjoy that fulness of peace and joy, that millennial reign of righteousness, for which we all hope, and pray, and diligently labour. This *material* city, I say, in which the saints shall dwell, and from which they shall go forth on their errands, terrestrial or celestial, shall bring to the matter of the earth that same assurance of an unchangeable beauty yet to be, as the pure body of Christ, that rose to the eternal throne, doth bring at this moment to my body, and to the body of the Church now living, or mouldering in the grave. At the coming of the Lord there will be such a purification of the earth by fire, and amelioration of its condition by other means, known, perhaps, to God only, as shall realize the blessedness of that Millennial kingdom, whereof some part of the delineation is set down above. We interpret the conflagration of the earth to be its purification or baptism with fire, and not its annihilation. We believe that our Lord shall reign a certain limited time with his enemies under his feet, that is, in a state of subjection; and afterwards, that he shall reign for ever with his enemies under the dominion of the second death; that there will be a period of Satan's imprisonment, and of Death's

subjugation, and of the earth's protection, government, and blessedness, in despite of all the powers of darkness; and that after this there will be an eternity of Satan's second death, and Death's second death, and the second death of all wicked men and wicked angels, and their fruits of wickedness; which shall be to the earth an eternity of infallible blessedness, of God's immediate presence, of the concentration of his love, of the *peculiar abode and government* of his Son. And that this immortal earth for ever, and the redeemed saints inheriting for ever their inheritance that fadeth not away, and the Son of God their king, united to human nature for ever, shall be for ever the monument of God's love and mercy to believing sinners.—But if these theorists destroy the earth, or make of it their hell, for neither of which ideas can I find a single passage in Scripture, and against them a thousand; if they carry off the race of the redeemed men to mingle with, and be lost among the countless myriads of the unfallen angels, the whole end of redemption is lost. And the manhood of Christ is lost. He is not God and man in two distinct natures and one person for ever. And our honour to have all put under our feet is lost; and the crowning truth of the whole mystery is lost, which is that God's power and love is able from the dust of the ground to create a substance worthy of being incorporated with his own eternal essence, and that of the children of sin and frailty his redeeming Word and regenerating Spirit can make the kings and the priests of the universe. For I have no idea that, after the purification and exaltation of this earth, those who passed through Christ's trials and attained unto his glory, shall dwell above in isolated blessedness, or be seen from afar like a solitary star in the spangled heavens; but do conceive that we shall be as it were the heralds of faithfulness, carrying in our persons both the lesson and the example wherever we go; ministering to all his creatures the profound mysteries of God's love to his faithful children, judging angels, ruling principalities and powers, and having all things under our feet, partakers of the prophetic, priestly, and kingly throne of Christ. This I conceive to be the mystery of the God-man, which is not a phenomenon or appearance made to the earth only, but is a reality, a substantial union of the two natures which cannot be hidden, but must be known to all creatures in and under heaven. And if this be the orthodox doctrine of Christ's humanity, who can doubt that, under Christ, creatures of the same glorified humanity may be stewards of that universal kingdom, and that the Saints shall reign *upon the earth* where Christ for ever reigneth, and from *that, as the court and centre of* their government, exercise under their king universal government to the end of the world.—Why may it not be that the Son may administer the kingdom of all the universe, by that race of kings and priests whom he hath brought through the same tribulations through which he passed himself? If angels be my ministers in this my humiliation, what in my exaltation may I not hope to become? *The Lord knows I am not ambitious of these dignities,* and that I write not these things in any ambitious mood. But to justify his power and his grace which hath already made me, a worm, to become a spiritual member of his eternal Son."

Irving, then, it seems, is of opinion, that the Millennium will be the commencement of *his own* reign upon earth; that angels are to be his ministers, nay, that he is to be the judge of angels, to rule over principalities and powers, to have all things under his feet, and to

share the throne of Christ! One would have imagined that the utterance of such unqualified aspirations of ambition as these, ought to have warned Irving's friends to prepare for his reception, not upon a throne, but in a madhouse. We shall have a word to say presently upon this man's extraordinary hardihood, in attempting to make the world believe that some of his followers have received the gift of tongues. In the mean time, let us hear another of the living Millennarians of the literal school.

'"We believe that he shall come as he hath never yet come, in a form of glory, the form of adorned manhood, so as to be seen and owned of man. Yet such seeing shall be transient to man in the flesh, abiding only to man in the spirit.—Such his coming shall be at the commencement, not the close, of his earthly reign; that new era of peace and righteousness which most Christians profess to be looking for. Yet he shall come while nations are dwelling upon the earth in their ancient form, and shall continue to maintain their existence in that form during a limited period.—His raising of the blessed dead and his changing the bodies of the blessed living shall be simultaneous with the annunciation of his approach, and, together with the vengeance then executed upon the unbelieving members of his visible church, shall constitute a distinct integral part of his work of judging the world. Yet shall there be unraised and unjudged one still; yet shall the earth have a judgment still to undergo; yet shall there be temples and services, and an epoch to be waited for.—The restoration of the Jewish nation, *as a whole*, shall be subsequent to, and shall be effected in quick succession to, the blessings and cursings of the instant of his coming. Yet shall that nation have received a *partial restoration* before, and individuals of the 'glorified fulness' shall have been taken out of it; yet shall the joys of Canaan and of the Jew be distinct from that of the spiritual Israel.—Christ's spiritual empire shall be coextensive with the earth, with the world; yet its seat shall not be earth, though communicating with it; his Saints shall *reign* as well as serve with him, but they shall not jostle with the men of the flesh, and, though intermixing when need be, *individually*, shall be visible only by special appointment and operation.—A second apostacy, a second conflict, a second resurrection, a second judgment, shall follow close upon the sunset of the millennial day; yet even these events shall not finish the transactions of earth, which shall survive her conflagration as she has survived her deluge."*

The Rev. N. Armstrong, of whose excellent discourse on the state of the Church we lately availed ourselves, seems also to be upon the side of the Literalists. He says, "The Millennium, the Church's rest, will not be until Christ's personal appearing."† In the sentiments expressed on the same subject, by the Rev. George Bedford,‡ we may discover the whole of the doctrine of the Allegorists, who look upon the expected Millennium as the spiritual

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* Vaughan's Sermon on the Church's Expectation.

† Sermon in No. 466 of that exceedingly useful weekly publication, entitled "The Pulpit."

‡ Sermon in *Ibid.*

agency of the Redeemer manifested in a more general submission to his laws. "It is more likely," says this preacher, "that establishments of religion will all be overthrown, and a more marked line of distinction drawn between the followers of Christ and the servants of the world." It is the opinion of Mr. Russell, (and the only one, we think, worth attention,) that there is to be no Millennium at all; that the idea of such a period "originated in a Jewish tradition, which had no connexion with the Gospel, and ought, therefore, never to have occupied the thoughts of members of the Christian church. Mr. Faber, however, assures us that this earth is to be destroyed, and the new heaven to begin in the year 1865; and if we should live to see that year terminated, without any such changes taking place, then we may be quite sure that they cannot fail to occur in the year 1880, for this is a discovery which Dr. Hales has made upon "infallible grounds."

Dr. Nolan, of Prittlewell, in Essex, who has a press of his own, and a very beautiful one too, for the diffusion of his sentiments upon a variety of subjects, has lately given to the public a treatise, in which he has not only investigated the *time* of the Millennium, but "determined its *nature*." With respect to the former, it is to commence exactly in the year 6001: and as to the latter, the Millennium is to be one long Sunday of one thousand years, which is to be spent wholly in religious contemplation. People are to die, and to be born as usual, but there is to be very little eating or drinking, nobody will be sick, but the old are to go out, as it were, like the snuff of a candle, though they may, perhaps, have occasionally a slight twinge of pain. This long Sunday having drawn to a close, then the year 7001 is to be ushered in with a complete change of scene—the destruction of this globe by fire, which fire is to be generated upon the most approved principles of science. The learned doctor mentions several of these, but he gives a decided preference to the process of destruction, which may, he thinks, be put in operation by the decomposition of the ocean. For whereas water is formed of a combination of oxygen with hydrogen, any power which can separate these elements can immediately produce an inflammable gas, the spreading of which will realize the "burning lake" mentioned in the Apocalypse!

But we have been hitherto dealing merely with the fringes of this fruitful subject. What are the varieties of doctrine, the countless religious delusions arising out of the principle of private judgment, to which we have referred, in comparison with the enormous absurdities recently enacted, and still going on, in the presence of crowded congregations, at Mr. Irving's church in Regent-square? We say Mr. Irving's church, for we presume that the Kirk of Scotland has long since disavowed the doctrines propagated by that madman, and cut him and his followers off from its communion. Prayer meetings are, it seems, held every morning in this new Babel, at half-past six, for the purpose of soliciting the Deity

to bestow upon the arch-hypocrite and his deluded disciples, the gift of tongues, when those who have received the gift by the manifest favour of the Holy Ghost, give proof of it by pouring out a torrent of sounds, which they call a language, but of which not one syllable is understood by the "gifted," or by a single individual who hears them. Nay, the world has not yet received from them so much as one written word of their strange dialect, in order to judge whether it is of divine or human origin, the dialect of God or man. Miss Carsdale, Miss Hall, and Mr. Taplin, are said to be the principal exhibitors upon these occasions, the favourite lions of this new Bartholomew Fair. They descant occasionally in the *unknown* tongue, and in what they are pleased to call the English language also, which, however, becomes, under the influence of their sanctity, a tongue almost as impossible to be understood as the *great unknown* itself. We cite an example of these rhapsodies, delivered on the 26th of October last in Irving's shew booth.

"Men doubt—they doubt the very being of their God; they dare to doubt it—they dare to doubt. The worms of the dust—the worms of the dust—the works of his hands they dare to doubt—they dare to doubt his very being. Think you that he will arise?—that he will plead his own cause?—that he will plead his own cause? Oh, beware of going on, of going on—beware—beware! Know that the Lord he is God; know that he made all things; O know it—O know it! You will know it—you will know it. O know it now—know it now? Put away your unbelief—put away your unbelief. Come to him now—come to him now. Oh, he is not known—he is not known! Men do not know what it is to walk before him; they do not know that his eye searcheth them; they do not know that, at the great day of God, they shall have to give account. Oh, it is a fearful thing!—oh, it is a fearful thing!—oh, it is a fearful thing! Oh, mock not! Oh, it is your perditition if you mock!—oh, it is your perdition if you mock! Oh, mock not at your God!—oh, mock not at your God!"—*The Pulpit*, No. 469, p. 169.

The reader is not to suppose that this wild talk is a translation from what the same speaker may have delivered in the unknown tongue. We have already said that they are utterly ignorant even of what they mean when the gift manifests itself in their persons, a paradox which Irving explains in this maner:—"The speaker begins in the unknown tongue, and continues in the known. In the unknown tongue you have the sign of *inspiration*—in the known tongue you have the sign of *revelation*. The unknown tongue shows that the speaker is under the influence of a superior power—a power not his own."* This mountebank has even had the hardihood to declare his opinion that "the unknown tongue is the language of the ten tribes, who were carried away by Salmaneser, at the capture of Samaria, and the destruction of the kingdom of Jerusalem!" How does he know this fact? Where are the

* Pulpit, No. 468, p. 160.

recorded remains of that language? Do they exist upon earth, or has Irving received them directly from heaven?

We must intreat the reader to listen to a few of the arguments and assertions which this cunning hypocrite (for he has not the sincerity to be a fanatic) has sent forth in defence of the miraculous gift which he has claimed for his disciples. They are such outrages upon common sense, and upon the sacred Scriptures, that we deem it wholly unnecessary to refute them. They carry with them their own reprobation.

"And how can God meet this state of unbelief that is in the church better than in this way, which is by uttering in *a strange tongue* to him that speaketh as well as to him that heareth, yet having in the church *an ordinance of interpreters*, which I believe he will hereafter impart to us.

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"To every one that crucifies the flesh, and keeps God's commandments, God has promised the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. And to a company of such men, *composing a church such as this we have*, the Lord Jesus having promised the Comforter, will send him in all his manifestations in this church. And if you will hear the word of the Lord, *not many days, not many months, shall pass, until you see the gifts and manifestations of the church in the midst of us.* Although we may well feel that the tokens already given are a great encouragement, *he will not be slack to add more, nor disappoint us in our expectations.*

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"God sends us the things we ask, but it is often in a way we do not understand; though we may be assured he will send it. We asked for the Holy Ghost, and *the voice of the Holy Ghost is lifted up amongst us, and we must not flee from it.*

"And here," says the reporter for the Pulpit, (we quote from No. 466, p. 130) "alluding to the persons who on last Lord's day broke silence, he warned his congregation, in order that, if such a thing occurred again, they might know it was no brawling in the church, but the voice of the Spirit speaking in the tongues. The communication of the Spirit on that occasion, when interpreted, was, 'Why do ye flee from the voice of the Lord? Surely the Lord is in the midst of us. If ye flee now, where will ye hide yourself in the day of judgment?' 'I say,' proceeded Mr. Irving, 'it is not man that did this; it is the Great Head of the Church that has thrust it upon us, and He now waits to see whether we will receive it. Give me liberty to expound the word of the Lord; give not ear to the opinion of the world, and we shall indeed receive the gifts of the Holy Spirit. The tokens we have already received (and to which I myself have been a reverent listener for the last six months) afford ample evidence of what we may expect.'—He had already preached the approach of the millennium;—the day of judgment and the Lord's coming were at hand; and those persons who spoke not from their own minds, but from the inspiration of the Lord, were sent forth to announce the event to mankind, and to bid them prepare. 'I hope,' said Mr. Irving, 'that God will raise up many of them; nay, *I am sure he will.*'"

These passages would seem to be quite enough in the judgment of any rational jury, to authorise them to deprive the person who

uttered them of the right of managing his own estate, if he had one. But there are many others of a still more outrageous character. In No. 468 of the "Pulpit," we find another series of *Irvingiana* upon the *gift*, which he says has not been received by the church in general, but only by a few individuals.

"A few amongst us have—*a few amongst us have;* and, blessed be the Lord, it is the greatest hope of the church." "The church, at present, is just in the state in which the disciples were before the day of Pentecost." "We have not in the church (save with those who have been baptized with power, and who have exhibited that power *in the way in which it was exhibited here*) we have not the power of the Holy Ghost dwelling in it in the speaking of tongues, and in prophecying. *That* the church wants, *but need no longer to want, and shall no longer want—yea, verily, shall be filled with*"!—"The resurrection of Christ I believe, has been forgotten—I know it indeed—it is a matter of fact. It is the preaching of the resurrection, of the life of Jesus—the preaching of Jesus on the throne of God with all power in heaven and in earth, and his union with his body, that is forgotten. *It is now, I may say, at least six years since I was first led into the mystery of this myself, and set it forth in a work I wrote on the Incarnation*—the mystery of Christ's resurrection, life being in the church. Now it is the knowledge of this, the faith of this, the power of this, which hath brought back into the church the life of God, the power of God, which is now, in different parts of the church, beginning to be manifested; and without this doctrine, with the understanding of it, and the belief of it, it shall never come."

Here the cloven foot partially appears. We have a glimpse of a very small portion of it, unconsciously displayed by the impostor. He wrote, it seems, a work upon the Incarnation some ten years ago, many copies of which still remain unsold, and this is the method he takes for getting rid of those copies, by persuading his congregation that the mystery is therein revealed, the publication and preaching of which, by him the inspired writer and orator, have directly brought about the descent of the Holy Ghost upon his flock! They will of course buy up so sacred a volume, and so far the object of this speculator is obtained. This is not the only publication for the success of which he is *tenderly* anxious, as we shall see by and by. But let us proceed with his discourse.

"Now then, seeing that the church—as *I pronounce according to my knowledge of God's word, and understanding of things*—that the church is without the *baptism* of the Holy Ghost, but *not* mind without the *regeneration* of the Holy Ghost—the having the *gift* of the Holy Ghost for a new life, for a holy life—the having Christ in us, but not having the *power* of God in us—seeing, I say, this—oh! what is it I am now preaching?—*I am now preaching to shew to all whom God shall send hither what the nature of the baptism of the Holy Ghost is, which doth produce such mighty effects as were produced in the day of Pentecost, throughout all the Christian churches.*"

Having thus prepared his deluded hearers for the still bolder

strain which he was about to sing, the new Evangelist thus proceeds:—

"Now, in my former discourse, I did further set forth upon this second chapter of Acts, first, THE MIGHTY WIND as denoting the power they were to be baptized with. Christ calls it, 'The baptism of power.' 'Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come,' and its effect is manifested in those baptized with the Holy Ghost in that they speak with a power not their own—that there is a power in the word which they utter that is not their own. In speaking with the Holy Ghost there is always a mighty power; not as people talk, 'screaming,' or any thing of that kind; for it is not the work of flesh at all, but with a most correct harmony and intonation, a mighty power, and with an intonation according to the thing expressed. If it be judgment which is spoken in this church in the hearing of men, to recover men and rouse them out of sleep, that they might prepare for the Judge, it is with a mighty voice. Do you awake a man who is fast asleep with a whisper, or with an ordinary voice? With a mighty voice you awake him; and, if he will not be aroused, you lift up your voice more mightily still, and do any thing, rather than let the fire come and consume him. This is the reason why, the other night, the Lord spake with a voice that seemed as if it would rend the roof. But that is not the way the Holy Ghost speaks always. It is often with the greatest tenderness, with the greatest melting earnestness, but always with power. That is a characteristic always occurring with it.

"Then, the second symbol which the Holy Ghost took was the symbol of the *cloven tongues*. Now, that is, speaking with other tongues, a divided tongue. Now observe, that is, how it is that many of you have heard in this church; and those speaking with the Holy Ghost do, in general, speak with a double tongue—that is to say, the message delivered is this—it *begins* in an *unknown* tongue, and it *continues* in the *known* tongue, so that it is exactly a cloven tongue. And the reason of it, if men will be patient to examine and consider, is, the *unknown* tongue—unknown both to the speaker and to the hearer—shows that it is another power than their own with which they speak—then, the *known* tongue, being thus ushered in, is known to be spoken, not in their own strength, but to be spoken in a strength beside their own; and so, by having part in an unknown tongue, and part in a known tongue, having the tongue cleft, which is the symbol, you have the proof of inspiration. You have the sign of the inspiration in the unknown tongue, and then you have the substance, the message, the revelation, the knowledge, the doctrine, or whatsoever God would deliver or set forth to you, in your own tongue. I pray you to observe that that is almost constantly the way of the Holy Ghost's speaking. Sometimes he speaks without the sign of the other tongue, simply in our own tongue, and then it is in a mighty voice. But, in the presence of unbelievers, then it pleases the Holy Ghost to give the unbeliever a sign; for the unbeliever would say concerning the thing spoken, "It is only the truth we have in the Bible; and, though it is spoken with a strong voice, what reason have I to believe it is any thing more?" But it is more than man's memory, more than man's composition, so that man's authority in the message delivered is last. But, when the sign is given, it is both in a known and an unknown tongue. What, I would ask, brethren, if a foreigner should now be hearing me, and seeing me speak in the midst of you all, and seeing me full of

action, my countenance full of emotion, and every thing indicating that I was speaking both with intelligence and with earnestness—what would you think of that man drawing the conclusion, because he understood me not, that I was speaking gibberish? You would say the man was a fool, or the most uncharitable knave that ever was introduced into a Christian country. Or, suppose you went into a town of France, not knowing a word of French, and heard a man speak with all manner of action, and did not understand his words, what a conclusion it would be for you to say it was gibberish! But now, take a person speaking with tongues—we see emotion, agony, the fullest emotion—we see in the countenance, and in the action, that which is most proper emotion—we hear most proper natural language corresponding to it; and what think you of the uncharitable person who should say, "Because I do not understand it, it is gibberish?" Why, it is beyond all things uncharitable; and more especially when you see it is the form the Holy Ghost employs. I think it ought to give the subject reverence, to see that the gift of the Holy Ghost does descend in this way—it ought to make a man stand with awe. When he sees the thing of which the form is written in the second chapter of the Acts, he should be reverential. But, when he sees the person is full of action, and full of energy, with what he is uttering, it is the most unjust conclusion which can be drawn by foolish conclusionists. But we find in the epistles to the Corinthians, and in all places of Scripture, that the tongue was not known to the speaker, nor yet to the hearers."

To all this rhodomantade, we shall merely oppose the unequivocal language of the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, to which the orator refers, and if falsehood had any shame about it, it must be put to the blush, seeing that it is thus completely unmasked.

"1. And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they (the Apostles) were all with one accord in one place.

"2. And suddenly there came a sound from Heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

"3. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.

"4. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the spirit gave them utterance.

"5. And there were dwelling at Jerusalem, Jews, devout men, out of every nation under Heaven.

"6. Now, when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that *every man heard them speak in his own language.*

"7. And they were all amazed, and marvelled, saying one to another, Behold, are not all these which speak Galileans?

"8. And how hear we every man in *our own tongue, wherein we were born?*

"9. Parthians, and Medes, Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia,

"10. Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, and the strangers of Rome, Jews and Proselytes,

"11. Cretes, and Arabians, we do hear them speak in *our tongues* the wonderful works of God."

This, we fancy, is a manifestation of the gift of tongues very different from that which the Irvingtonians claim; their new dialect is unknown to themselves, and to all the world besides; they might be preaching in it for years without making any body wiser or better, or more acquainted than he was before, with the "wonderful works of God," for neither the English nor the French, the Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Russians, Hungarians, nor any other nation under Heaven could understand the heterogeneous sounds which these Bedlamites pronounce. We are told by the writer in the Pulpit, that

"After the Rev. Gentlemen had pronounced the apostolic benediction, and the congregation were about to disperse, they were addressed by Miss Cardale, first in an unknown, and then in our tongue. She warned the auditory of the speedy approach of Christ, and assured them that though they might now despise the Saviour, yet they would not do so always. The congregation remaining some time after the lady had closed her address, the Rev. Gentleman stated that they need not tarry; *it was nothing marvellous; the only marvel was, that the gift had not always continued in the church.*"

Will it be believed that the real object, in carrying on this impious and abominable delusion, is nothing more or less than pecuniary gain? Irving is the editor, and either sole or principal proprietor, of a periodical publication, called "The Morning Watch," the sale of which depends entirely upon the miracles which, through the instrumentality of a set of kindred knaves or of fools, he is able to fabricate, as so many proofs of the descent of the Holy Ghost upon these devoted victims of his sordid avarice, and his infamous hypocrisy. Here, indeed, is a precious consequence of the principle of "private judgment," established by the Reformation!

Shocking, however, as these follies may be; disgraceful as they are to Christianity, in whose profaned name they are enacted, we have still other blasphemies to notice, which spring avowedly from the same "reformed" principle. The book, whose title stands first at the head of this article, now lies before us, and we suppose that if all the volumes that have ever emanated from human pride and weakness were collected together in one library, this would be adjudged by any rational jury as entitled to the most eminent place amongst the whole, for its extreme absurdity and conceit. It appears that the author, whose only judicious act has been the suppression of his name, published, some years ago, a treatise on religion, to which he gave the title of "Beware," and that awful and alarming as that name ought to have been considered, nobody criticised his work, and, what is still worse, scarcely anybody read it. This he deemed a great misfortune, not to himself alone, but to all mankind. So convinced is he that the world is plunged into

the most deplorable error with respect to the true interpretation of the Scriptures, which was partly disclosed in his former tract, that he has now very considerably enlarged his plan, and published his "Revelations" in consideration of 'the portending times in which we live.'

The reader must not be startled at the term "Revelations;" it will form but a very small part of his difficulties in perusing this volume. Such supernatural intelligence must be quite familiar to the author, for he alludes to his possession of it repeatedly with the greatest possible calmness. 'You may depend,' he says, addressing his friend, Theophila, 'that I would not presume to address you on a subject on which so many persons that have been esteemed for their knowledge in theology, have failed to give satisfaction, had I not been made acquainted with the *high Revelations which Divine Providence has been pleased to make from the beginning of December*, 1784, *to that of the said month in* 1787, and which seem to me to have thrown a great light on the Trinity.' To whom these 'high Revelations' were made the author does not say, but it seems that he was not made acquainted with them until the year 1795. To these divine whispers he appeals on all occasions, in order to confirm the truth of the novel interpretations which he gives to Holy Writ. If you express your amazement at any of his positions, you are immediately met with such an explanation as this—'I am quite confident of it, having heard it from an authority which it is my duty implicitly to believe.' From this and other similar passages we should be led to infer that the 'Revelations' were made from on high to the author himself, but that from some temporary feebleness of intellect, or other cause, he did not perfectly comprehend them for some years.

Well, what does the reader suppose to be this man's interpretation of the Scriptures? What is the result of *his* exercise of the established right of private judgment? Simply this, that the Bible is in no part of it a narrative of events that have actually occurred, but altogether a *prophecy* of events that are to come! 'I have heard,' says this new Apocalyptician, 'from an authority which it is my duty to believe implicitly, and to the utmost, that the Scripture is a prophecy of things to come; *therefore* (*!*) it must be a mistake to consider it partly as an account of transactions that have occurred on this globe. The great Revelations, to which I have had already occasion to allude, have confirmed me in that view of it; in which I have been strengthened also by other things, which it would be useless to state at this moment.' With such a person as this, reasoning is wholly out of the question. He would stop the strongest argument that ever was clothed in language by an appeal to his 'high Revelations.'

He considers that the Old and the New Testament are to be construed altogether in a spiritual sense, never in a literal one; and to be, as we have seen, exclusively prophetic of events which are

hereafter to take place, and which, as he *understands*, are indeed about to commence in a very few years. Adam, for instance, and Eve, have not as yet existed upon this earth. The *first* man foretold in Scripture ought not to be considered as the natural father of all mankind, but as 'the father of their souls, whom he will beget in the knowledge of oneself, and of the true philosophy; giving them a new life, by the sound principles and instructions he will minister unto them: the Almighty having appointed him to open the eyes of our understanding, and begin our regeneration. This more I shall say, there is room to hope, from those Revelations, that it will not be very long before he will be witnessed among us.' He has found in the "Centuries" of Nostradamus a clear prediction not only of the French revolution, but also of the temporary elevation of the house of Orleans to the throne, and of the restoration of Charles X.; when the latter event takes place, it will be the complete termination of the revolution, 'which,' he continues, '*I understand* will be succeeded by the peace there will be on earth, when the *first man* appears upon her; and without which it would be difficult for him to fulfil his mission.' But lest Theophila should suppose that her inspired instructor referred to the prophecy of Nostradamus as a confirmation of the great 'Revelations,' to which such frequent allusion is made; he takes care to add—'If I have quoted to you Nostradamus's opinions, it has been merely to show you that there have been people who have been informed that the first man is to come, and not at all with a view to support the Revelations that have been made concerning him; for *they are of such a nature, that they need the support of no man soever.*'

According to this new Apocalypse then, all men have lived in a prior state of existence, which was a better one than that we now enjoy; in that state we had a knowledge of the true religion, which he calls *Eden*. *Eve* means only the disposition to faith which God gave to each of us, as a 'spiritual wife,' with whom we might occasionally consult. But as in such a happy state as this we could know nothing of evil, and, therefore, must have been ever ignorant of the merciful attributes of the Deity, 'it became indispensable that we should sin, and disobey our creator, in order that we might acquire knowledge of them, which we had not.' Hence we fell, and became a degenerate race! Nor can we be regenerated until the 'first man' shall come amongst us. As there was no division of sex in our prior world, so neither shall there be when we are restored to it: we shall all be then re-united, 'forming again of the twain one flesh or mind as formerly.' The 'first man' will be accompanied, however, by a wife, whom he will call Eve, and in whom we shall behold a perfect personification of faith. All our knowledge is to come from the man, all our faith from the woman. The Three Persons of the Trinity are 'Three Deified Spirits,' who are to be rendered manifest to mankind, each under

the form of one of the three capital virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity: they are to assume a visible shape, in order to enable us to comprehend more easily the plan of regeneration by which we are to be again made perfect. 'By these Three Persons,' says the writer, '*I understand* that the *supreme* spirit is willing to make himself gradually known to men.' The author gives them the usual titles of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, but he adds, 'owing to holy instructions that have been given concerning the Trinity, I cannot any longer confound them with the self-existent God.' That is to say, the Three Persons of the Trinity have been created by the Almighty Spirit, to be partakers of His divine nature, in an especial and privileged manner, and to be on earth 'His representatives and prime ministers.' The Father will be a deified man, the first man, we suppose, already alluded to; Jesus Christ will be his Son, and the Virgin Mary will be the Holy Ghost!!!

When the late Marquis of Londonderry, a short time before he committed suicide, paid a visit to George IV., he rambled so oddly in his discourse that the King immediately sent for Lord Liverpool, to whom he at once said, "Either I or Londonderry must be mad." In the same manner we feel a horror in conversing any longer with the author of the work before us, for he has so few ideas in common with ours, we may truly say that either he or we must be insane. If we be in that unhappy state, we have the consolation of knowing that a great part of the civilized world is in the same predicament, whereas the author of this book of revelations stands alone in his lunacy, if such a verdict should be brought in against him.

Gracious God! to what a condition has this country been brought by that much-boasted, but all-destructive "reformation!" Is it possible that the principle of private judgment can be a just one, can be of heavenly origin, when it leads of necessity to such outrages upon all religion as those which have been witnessed here within the last three centuries? Can that principle be of a divine character which authorizes the ravings of a Wesley, the visions of a Southcote, the buffoonery of an Irving, and the new revelations of the scribe whose work we have just closed? Assuredly, if these questions receive a correct answer by an affirmative, the conclusion becomes inevitable, that God is the author of evil, and of the greatest evil to which mankind could be doomed. But such a conclusion cannot be maintained: it would be blasphemous in the highest degree; it would be a severance of the link which binds us to the creator, and a violation of the plainest rules of common sense. Let us not hesitate, therefore, to pronounce the principle of "private judgment" to be the invention of the common enemy of mankind—an invention by means of which he has worked greater injury to the cause of Christianity, than he could have done by all the other instruments of crime put together, which he has the mysterious power of setting in motion.

ART. II.—*Adventures on the Columbia River, including the Narrative of a Residence of Six Years on the Western Side of the Rocky Mountains, among various Tribes of Indians hitherto unknown, together with a Journey across the American Continent.* By Ross Cox. In two vols. 8vo. London: Colburn and Co. 1831.

THE Hudson's Bay Company, and the North-west Company, having for many years monopolized the whole of the trade in fur, a Mr. Astor conceived, in the year 1809, a project for getting some part of that profitable commerce to himself, by forming an establishment on the Columbia river, at the western side of the American continent. He succeeded in organizing, at New York, an association which he called the "Pacific Fur Company," and fitted out two vessels, one of which sailed in the autumn of 1810, the other in 1811, with the requisite number of clerks, mechanics, *voyageurs*, as the fur-collectors were called, and an abundant supply of everything that could contribute to the comfort of the crew and passengers. So seducing were the reports which were at first circulated with respect to the riches to be acquired by every body, who was engaged in this speculation, that many merchants of the first respectability solicited appointments for their sons under the new Company. The number of applications greatly exceeded that of the offices which were to be bestowed. The author of these volumes, to his infinite joy at the time, was among the successful candidates. Happening to be at New York, he was fascinated with the hope of realizing a splendid fortune in the northern El Dorado, for which he embarked on board the *Beaver*, in the October of 1811, full of the most sanguine hope. He soon had reason to repent of his ambition. Like many other projects which have since captivated men's minds, and vanished into air, after robbing them both of their health and money, this "Pacific Company" provided only the most severe miseries for its numerous servants. Instead of riches, many of them found sickness and death, and all of them ruin, in the land which was represented to them as overflowing with wealth "beyond the dream of avarice."

Proceeding round Cape Horn, the *Beaver* touched at the Sandwich Islands for supplies, and for the purpose of engaging some of the natives for the Company's service; thence the vessel sailed on the 6th of April, (1812,) made terra firma in latitude 41° N. on the 1st of May, and, coasting alongshore, approached on the 5th, the entrance of Columbia river, which empties itself into the Pacific in latitude 46° 19′ N., and longitude 124° W. There being a dangerous bar across the mouth of the river, the *Beaver* found considerable difficulty in passing over it, to Baker's Bay, in which she at length dropped anchor, after a tedious voyage of six months and twenty-two days.

Some time being required for preparations, the party, consisting

of three proprietors, nine clerks, fifty-five Canadians, and twenty Sandwich islanders, were not able to take their departure for the interior until the 29th of June. They proceeded in barges and light canoes up the Columbia, which is uninterrupted by rapids for about a hundred and seventy miles, and navigable for one hundred by vessels of three hundred tons. It is thus far a noble stream, being seldom less than a mile wide, but in many places varying in breadth from two to five miles. The shores are bold, and thickly wooded with pine in all its varieties, with white oak, and other trees. On arriving at the first fall, the country assumes a new aspect, being equally free from rising grounds and timber; nothing is to be seen but immense plains, stretching to a great distance north and south, the soil being dry and sandy, and covered with a loose parched grass, growing in tufts. 'The natives reside solely on the northern side; they have plenty of horses, and are generally friendly. Here also rattlesnakes are first seen, and are found for four or five hundred miles farther on.' The party now pursued their journey occasionally on land, and their provisions having been exhausted, they were obliged to feed on horses, which they bought for a trifle from the natives. We are afraid that they were also sometimes under the necessity of dispensing, after the Armenian fashion, with the luxury of cooking, inasmuch as they were often without wood or other materials to make a fire. The Indians hitherto behaved to them in so friendly a manner, that they threw off the armour which they had worn, by way of precaution, against treacherous hostility. The author speaks with particular satisfaction of the conduct of the Wallah Wallahs, as the most hospitable tribe he had seen on the river. They had an open air of unsuspecting confidence, and behaved themselves with a degree of natural politeness which, to foreign travellers, was more than commonly acceptable. 'We visited,' says Mr. Cox, 'several families in a village, and the moment we entered, the best place was selected for us, and a clean mat spread to sit on; while the inmates, particularly the women and the children, remained at a respectful distance, without manifesting any of the obtrusive curiosity about our arms or clothing, by which we were so much annoyed amongst the lower tribes.' He gives the females a high character for chastity, a virtue, unhappily, little known in general among the Indian savages. After leaving the territory of the Wallah Wallahs, the party subdivided themselves for the purpose of exploring and fixing trading posts upon the banks of several rivers, which are tributary to the Columbia. The author's division proceeded in a north-eastern direction, their destination being for the Spokan tribe of Indians. The country which they traversed was, for the most part, covered with a parched brown grass, swarming with rattlesnakes. They suffered dreadfully from heat and thirst, it being then the middle of August. On the 17th of that month, the author happened to separate himself from his party, by an odd

accident, which might have put an end for ever to his wanderings. The face of the country having been much changed for the better, he, after a hearty breakfast, wandered some distance along the banks of a rivulet, and reached a little arbour formed by sumach and cherry trees. On the opposite bank was a wilderness of crimson haw, honeysuckles, wild roses, and currants; its resemblance to a friend's summer-house, in which he had spent many happy days, brought back recollections of home, which occupied him so pleasantly, that he fell first into a reverie, and next into a sleep, from which he did not awake till five o'clock in the evening. 'All was calm and silent as the grave. I hastened to the spot where we had breakfasted: it was vacant. I ran to the place where the men had made their fire: all, all were gone, and not a vestige of man or horse appeared in the valley. My senses almost failed me. I called out in vain, in every direction, until I became hoarse; and I could no longer conceal from myself the dreadful truth that I was alone in a wild, uninhabited country, without horse or arms, and destitute of covering!' This, it must be confessed, was rather an unpleasant situation for a man who had undertaken such an expedition for the purpose of acquiring a princely fortune. The valley, though full of fruits and flowers, was still not his much looked for *El Dorado*.

What was our hero now to do? In order to ascertain the direction which his party had taken, he set about examining the ground, and was able to follow the tracks of the horses' feet for some time; but he soon lost them again in a gravelly bottom, upon which their hoofs made no impression. He next ascended the highest of the hills, from which he had an extended view for many miles around; but he perceived no sign of his friends, or the slightest indication of human habitations. The night, with its heavy dew, was approaching fast: on account of the heat of the season, he had no clothes on save a gingham shirt, nankin trowsers, and a pair of light leather mocassins (gaiters) much worn. He had in the morning taken off his coat, and thrown it over the back of one of the loaded horses, intending to put it on again in the evening; and in the agitation of his mind, on awaking in his arbour, he forgot to put on his hat, and it was now too late to think of going back for it. Finding near him a field of long grass, he buried himself in it for the night, and arose with the sun wet to the skin from the dew. He wandered the whole day in a northerly course, and late in the evening his heart was ready to burst with joy, when he beheld, at about a mile distant, two horsemen galloping, whom he knew from their dresses to be of his party. He instantly ran to a hillock, and called out to them, 'in a voice to which hunger had imparted a supernatural shrillness; but they galloped on!' He then took off his shirt, which he waved in a conspicuous manner over his head, accompanied by the most frantic cries; still they continued their course without perceiving him. He ran towards them on the wings of despair, but they soon were out of sight, and

he lay down quite exhausted upon the ground. In this miserable situation, a new terror awaited him in the shape of an enormous rattlesnake, which he heard rustling behind him; but he succeeded in killing it with a stone, and again found a resting place for the night in a bed of long grass. The next day he was, as before, without food; his only nourishment was water. The sun blazed so intensely upon his naked head, that he felt sometimes as if his brain were on fire. He passed the banks of a lake which abounded with water fowl and fish, but alas! he had no means of appropriating them to his own use. On the 20th, he discovered some wild cherries, upon which he feasted sumptuously; but before he lighted upon them, he was obliged to chew grass in order to appease his hunger. On the 21st, he found out a cavern, which he resolved to make his abode for the present, as its neighbourhood abounded with wild cherries, his plan being to make short journies for two or three days all round this spot, with the view of ascertaining whether or not he was in the neighbourhood of any path. His first excursion from his cavern was unsuccessful, and he returned to it for the night plunged deeper than ever in the pond of despair.

'I collected a heap of stones from the water-side; and just as I was lying down, observed a wolf emerge from the opposite cavern, and thinking it safer to act on the offensive, lest he should imagine I was afraid, I threw some stones at him, one of which struck him on the leg: he retired yelling into his den; and after waiting some time in fearful suspense to see if he would reappear, I threw myself on the ground, and fell asleep; but, like the night before, it was broken by the same unsocial noise, and for upwards of two hours I sat up, waiting in anxious expectation the return of day-light. The vapours from the lake, joined to the heavy dew, had penetrated my frail covering of gingham; but as the sun rose, I took it off, and stretched it on a rock, where it quickly dried. My excursion to the southward having proved abortive, I now resolved to try the east, and after eating my simple breakfast, proceeded in that direction; and on crossing the two small streams, had to penetrate a country "full of dark woods and rankling wilds," through which, owing to the immense quantities of underwood, my progress was slow. My feet too were uncovered, and, from the thorns of the various prickly plants, were much lacerated, in consequence of which, on returning to my late bivouack, I was obliged to shorten the legs of my trowsers to procure bandages for them. The wolf did not make his appearance; but during the night I got occasional starts from several of his brethren of the forest.

'I anticipated the rising of the sun on the morning of the 23d, and having been unsuccessful the two preceding days, determined to shape my course due north, and if possible not return again to the lake. During the day I skirted the wood, and fell on some old tracks which revived my hopes a little. The country to the westward was chiefly plains covered with parched grass, and occasionally enlivened by savannahs of refreshing green, full of wild flowers and aromatic herbs, among which the bee and humming bird banqueted. I slept this evening by a small brook, where I collected cherries and haws enough to make a hearty supper. I was obliged to make further encroachments on the legs of my trowsers for

fresh bandages for my feet. During the night I was serenaded by music which did not resemble "a concord of most sweet sounds;" in which the grumbling bass of the bears was at times drowned by the less pleasing sharps of the wolves. I partially covered my body this night with some pieces of pine bark which I stripped off a sapless tree.

'The country through which I dragged my tired limbs on the 24th was thinly wooded. My course was north and north east. I suffered much for want of water, having got during the day only two tepid and nauseous draughts from stagnant pools, which the long drought had nearly dried up. About sunset I arrived at a small stream, by the side of which I took up my quarters for the night. The dew fell heavily; but I was too much fatigued to go in quest of bark to cover me; and even had I been so inclined, the howling of the wolves would have deterred me from making the dangerous attempt. There must have been an extraordinary nursery of these animals close to the spot; for between the weak shrill cries of the young, and the more loud and dreadful howlings of the old, I never expected to leave the place alive. I could not sleep. My only weapons of defence were a heap of stones and a stick. Ever and anon some more daring than others approached me. I presented the stick at them as if in the act of levelling a gun, upon which they retired, vented a few yells, advanced a little farther, and after surveying me for some time with their sharp fiery eyes, to which the partial glimpses of the moon had imparted additional ferocity, retreated into the wood. In this state of fearful agitation I passed the night; but as day-light began to break, nature asserted her supremacy, and I fell into a deep sleep, from which, to judge by the sun, I did not awake until between eight and nine o'clock on the morning of the 25th. My second bandages having been worn out, I was now obliged to bare my knees for fresh ones; and after tying them round my feet, and taking a copious draught from the adjoining brook for breakfast, I recommenced my joyless journey. My course was nearly north-north-east. I got no water during the day, nor any of the wild cherries. Some slight traces of men's feet, and a few old horse tracks, occasionally crossed my path: they proved that human beings sometimes at least visited that part of the country, and for a moment served to cheer my drooping spirits.

'About dusk an immense sized wolf rushed out of a thick copse a short distance from the path-way, planted himself directly before me in a threatening position, and appeared determined to dispute my passage. He was not more than twenty feet from me. My situation was desperate, and as I knew that the least symptom of fear would be the signal for attack, I presented my stick, and shouted as loud as my weak voice would permit. He appeared somewhat startled, and retreated a few steps, still keeping his piercing eyes firmly fixed on me. I advanced a little, when he commenced howling in a most appalling manner; and supposing his intention was to collect a few of his comrades to assist in making an afternooon repast on my half-famished carcass, I redoubled my cries, until I had almost lost the power of utterance, at the same time calling out various names, thinking I might make it appear I was not alone. An old and a young lynx ran close past me, but did not stop. The wolf remained about fifteen minutes in the same position; but whether my wild and fearful exclamations deterred any others from joining him, I cannot say. Finding at

length my determination not to flinch, and that no assistance was likely to come, he retreated into the wood, and disappeared in the surrounding gloom.

The shades of night were now descending fast, when I came to a verdant spot, surrounded by small trees, and full of rushes, which induced me to hope for water; but after searching for some time, I was still doomed to bitter disappointment. A shallow lake or pond had been there, which the long drought and heat had dried up. I then pulled a quantity of the rushes, and spread them at the foot of a large stone, which I intended for my pillow; but as I was about throwing myself down, a rattlesnake coiled, with the head erect, and the forked tongue extended in a frightful state of oscillation, caught my eye immediately under the stone. I instantly retreated a short distance; but assuming fresh courage, soon dispatched it with my stick. On examining the spot more minutely, a large cluster of them appeared under the stone, the whole of which I rooted out and destroyed. This was hardly accomplished, when upwards of a dozen snakes of different descriptions, chiefly dark brown, blue, and green, made their appearance: they were much quicker in their movements than their rattle-tailed brethren; and I could only kill a few of them.

'This was a peculiarly soul-trying moment. I had tasted no fruit since the morning before, and after a painful day's march under a burning sun, could not procure a drop of water to allay my feverish thirst. I was surrounded by a murderous brood of serpents, and ferocious beasts of prey, and without even the consolation of knowing when such misery might have a probable termination. I might truly say with the royal Psalmist, that "the snares of death compassed me round about."

'Having collected a fresh supply of rushes, which I spread some distance from the spot where I massacred the reptiles, I threw myself on them, and was permitted, through divine goodness, to enjoy a night of undisturbed repose.

'I arose on the morning of the 26th considerably refreshed, and took a northernly course, occasionally diverging a little to the east. Several times during the day I was induced to leave the path by the appearance of rushes, which I imagined grew in the vicinity of lakes; but on reaching them my faint hopes vanished: there was no water, and I in vain essayed to extract a little moisture from them. Prickly thorns and small sharp stones added greatly to the pain of my tortured feet, and obliged me to make further encroachments on my nether garments for fresh bandages. The want of water now rendered me extremely weak and feverish; and I had nearly abandoned all hopes of relief, when, about half-past four or five o'clock, the old pathway turned from the prairie grounds into a thickly wooded country, in an easterly direction: through which I had not advanced half a mile when I heard a noise resembling a water-fall, to which I hastened my tottering steps, and in a few minutes was delighted at arriving on the banks of a deep and narrow rivulet, which forced its way with great rapidity over some large stones that obstructed the channel.

After offering up a short prayer of thanksgiving for this providential supply, I threw myself into the water, forgetful of the extreme state of exhaustion to which I was reduced: it had nearly proved fatal, for my weak frame could not withstand the strength of the current, which forced me down a short distance, until I caught the bough of an over-hanging

tree, by means of which I regained the shore. Here were plenty of hips and cherries; on which, with the water, I made a most delicious repast. On looking about for a place to sleep, I observed lying on the ground the hollow trunk of a large pine, which had been destroyed by lightning. I retreated into the cavity; and having covered myself completely with large pieces of loose bark, quickly fell asleep.'—vol. i. pp. 167—175.

Here, doubtless, thought he, the most perfect safety was to be obtained, for who could think of disputing with him the possession of a hollow tree? He was scarcely asleep two hours, however, when he was disturbed by the growling of a bear, which he found leaning over him with his snout, evidently considering of the most effectual means of dislodging this uninvited guest from what appeared to be the bear's long established asylum! Our friend prudently sounded an immediate retreat, and clambered up an adjoining tree, while the bear gladly hastened to take possession of his own habitation. Settling himself among the highest branches, Cox slept through the night as well as he could, and when he saw the bear set out upon his usual excursion for food in the morning, he cautiously descended, and resumed his journey through the woods. Fortunately, in a few hours all his anxiety was removed, by falling in with a well-beaten horse path, with fresh traces upon it both of hoofs and human feet. This path he pursued carefully on the 28th, 29th, and 30th, when it conducted him to the habitation of an Indian family, all the members of which treated him with the most affectionate solicitude. He had been fourteen days in the wilderness without holding communion with a single human being. By their assistance he was enabled to rejoin his party on the 31st, to the great delight of himself and of his friends, who had given him up as a lost man. Explanations immediately followed on both sides, from which it appeared that when the party originally set out without him, they were under the impression that he had gone on before them; that they did not miss him until after two hours, when they sent back messengers in search of him; these he missed by quitting his arbour. On the first night, the whole party slept within three miles of each other, and the horsemen whom he saw had actually been riding about in quest of him. On the third day, when no tidings could be had of him, they took it for granted that he was devoured by the wolves, and they pursued their way! On the day before his arrival his clothes were sold by auction, but the purchasers cheerfully returned them. We own that, in perusing this strange and romantic story, some doubts now and then suggested themselves as to its truth in all its parts. Upon this point, the author, however, appeals to those of his companions who are still living, and he says, 'although they cannot vouch for the truth of each day's detail, they can for my absence and the extent of my sufferings, as evinced by my emaciated appearance on rejoining them.' 'I can with truth assert,' he adds, 'that I have rather softened down than overcharged the statement, and therefore trust my candid

readers will acquit me of any intention to practise upon their credulity.' He then mentions the case of a Mr. Pritchard, who belonged to the North-west Company, and lost himself for thirty-five days in the woods, where he was at length found.

'He (Pritchard) supported himself for some time by setting traps for hares, a few of which he took in the Indian manner. He likewise made snares out of the hair of his head, with which he caught some small fish; and he also occasionally succeeded in killing a bird. These he was obliged to eat raw; and when all other resources failed, he was reduced to the necessity of eating grass, and a kind of moss called by the Canadians *tripe de rocher*. He was found by the Indians close to a small stream, endeavouring to crawl upon his hands and feet, in a state of utter helplessness and exhaustion; and for some days previous to his being discovered he had eaten nothing whatever.'—vol. i. pp. 187, 188.

Having established a trading post at the junction of the Pointed Heart and Spokan rivers, the author's party again subdivided itself for the purpose of contending with greater effect against their rivals, the North-west Company, in the neighbourhood of whose field of action they had now arrived. Cox and a gentleman named Farnham were appointed to carry on the fur operations amongst the tribe of the Flatheads, as they were called, though their heads were not out of the usual form. Attended by twelve men and fourteen loaded horses, our author and his companion took a north-easterly course in the middle of October, the country being now covered over with a thick mantle of snow. Their principal subsistence was horse-flesh and boiled rice, occasionally varied by a dish of mountain sheep, whose flesh resembles in taste our Welch mutton. On the 10th of November, they arrived at a small village of the Flathead nation, and were quite charmed with the frank and hospitable reception which they experienced. Here they established themselves without further consideration, and erected a log-house, in which Farnham settled himself for the winter, and collected all the furs which the natives could bring him. Cox returned to the Spokan post, where a commodious dwelling-house had already been constructed, and where he and his companions contrived to spend the winter agreeably enough between hunting, fishing, and reading. They lived principally on deer, trout, and carp, and occasionally killed a fat horse as a substitute for beef. The reader will be surprized at the nonchalance with which the author discusses the merits of the latter article of food.

'Custom had now so far reconciled us to the flesh of this animal, that we often preferred it to what in Europe might be regarded as luxuries. Foals or colts are not good, although a few of our men preferred them. A horse for the table should not be under three years, or above seven. The flesh of those which are tame, well fed, and occasionally worked, is tender and firm, and the fat, hard and white: it is far superior to the wild horse, the flesh of which is loose and stringy, and the fat yellow and rather oily. We generally killed the former for our own table, and I can assure my readers, that if they sat down to a fat rib, or a rump-steak off a well-fed

four-years old, without knowing the animal, they would imagine themselves regaling on a piece of prime ox-beef.'

The author describes the Spokan tribe as a quiet, honest, inoffensive people. He and his party very prudently abstained from giving the Indians spirituous liquor of any kind; it would appear that they are generally of tranquil dispositions, and that ardent spirits alone have the power to render them turbulent and mischievous. Whenever they happen to be intoxicated, it becomes almost impossible to check their savage propensities, and murder is frequently the consequence. How reprehensible, therefore, ought we not to consider the acts of those persons, who introduce among these innocent sons of the forest inebriating drinks of any description! We can perceive no difference between the administering such a poison, and the actual perpetration of the crimes to which it must necessarily lead. The Indians are all exceedingly desirous of obtaining fire arms. The trade in furs is partly carried on by the exchange of those effective instruments. For a gun, of which the wholesale price in England does not exceed one pound seven shillings, twenty beaver skins was the usual price, and the average value of these skins could not be estimated under twenty-five pounds. When we add that the traders obtained six or eight skins, worth eight or ten pounds, for two yards of cloth, which originally cost twelve shillings, the reader may form some idea of the enormous profits which the company must have realized. The natives, however, were perfectly satisfied with the terms upon which the commerce was carried on. Though more indolent in hunting, and therefore less opulent in furs than most of the other neighbouring tribes, the Spokans, nevertheless, have made some progress towards civilisation.

'The Spokans are far superior to the Indians of the coast in cleanliness; but by no means equal in this respect to the Flat-heads. The women are good wives, and most affectionate mothers: the old, cheerful and complete slaves to their families; the young, lively and confiding; and whether married or single, free from the vice of incontinence. Their village was situated at the point formed by the junction of the two rivers. Some houses were oblong, others conical; and were covered with mats or skins according to the wealth of the proprietor. Their chief riches are their horses, which they generally obtain in barter from the Nez Percés, in return for the goods they obtain from us for their furs: each man is therefore the founder of his own fortune, and their riches or poverty are generally proportioned to their activity or indolence. The vice of gambling, however, is prevalent among them, and some are such slaves to it that they frequently lose all their horses. The spot where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

is about midway between the village and the fort, and has rather a picturesque effect at a distance. When a man dies several horses are killed, and the skins are attached to the end of long poles, which are planted in

the graves: the number of horses sacrificed is proportioned to the wealth of the individual. Besides the horse-skins, buffalo and deer robes, leather shirts, blankets, pieces of blue, green, and scarlet cloth, strips of calico, mocasins, provisions, warlike weapons, &c., are placed in and about the cemetery; all of which they imagine will be more or less necessary for the deceased in the world of spirits. As their lands are much infested by wolves, which destroy the foals, they cannot rear horses in such numbers as the Nez Percés, from whom they are obliged to purchase them annually. They never kill any for their own use, but felt no repugnance to eat the flesh at our place.'—vol i. pp. 199—201.

The breaking out of the war between England and America rendered it impossible for the "Pacific Fur Company" to send out fresh supplies to its servants: negotiations were accordingly concluded by which the furs which they had collected, and such of their officers as wished to remain in the country, were transferred to the North-West establishment; our author was among the latter, and continued to assist the "North-Westers" in carrying on the trade with the interior. In consequence of the difficulties which the war interposed in the way of their attaining regular supplies, they were occasionally reduced to severe privations; to horse-flesh they had already been accustomed, but we now find our author very contentedly sitting down to dine upon the flesh of dogs. This, however, is far from being an uncommon article of food in the back settlements of America. The animal is multiplied, fed, and specially reserved for the purpose. It is said to resemble mutton a little in taste, but not so much so as the flesh of the horse resembles that of the ox. The Flat-heads, amongst whom the author spent some time, are much less civilized than the Spokans. He describes a horrible scene which he witnessed in their country upon one occasion, when they put to death some war-prisoners in a most cruel manner. The tortures which they inflicted upon their female captives were still more atrocious than those, to which they subjected the stronger sex, and it is painful to say that the female Flat-heads were more active than the men in increasing the agonies of these unhappy victims. Their peculiar enemies were the Black-feet, although they were not distinguished as to the colour of their feet from other Indians. When renonstrated with upon their barbarous proceedings, they answered that 'it was the course adopted by all red warriors; and that they could not think of giving up the gratification of their revenge to the foolish and womanish feelings of white men.' With the exception, however, of this blot upon their national character, they are represented by the author as having fewer failings than any of the tribes he had ever met with.

'They are honest in their dealings, brave in the field, quiet and amenable to their chiefs, fond of cleanliness, and decided enemies to falsehood of every description. The women are excellent wives and mothers, and their character for fidelity is so well established, that we never heard an

instance of one of them proving unfaithful to her husband. They are also free from the vice of backbiting, so common among the lower tribes; and laziness is a stranger among them. Both sexes are comparatively very fair, and their complexions are a shade lighter than the palest new copper after being freshly rubbed. They are remarkably well made, rather slender and never corpulent. The dress of the men consists solely of a long leggings called *mittasses* by the Canadians, which reach from the ancles to the hips, and are fastened by strings to a leathern belt round the waist, and a shirt of dressed deer-skin, with loose hanging sleeves, which falls down to their knees. The outside seams of the leggings and shirt sleeves have fringes of leather. The women are covered by a loose robe of the same material reaching from the neck to the feet, and ornamented with fringes, beads, hawk-bells, and thimbles. The dresses of both are regularly cleaned with pipe-clay, which abound in parts of the country; and every individual has two or three changes. They have no permanent covering for the head, but in wet or stormy weather shelter it by part of a buffalo robe, which completely answers all the purposes of a surtout. The principal chief of the tribe is hereditary; but from their constant wars, they have adopted the wise and salutary custom of electing, as their leader in battle, that warrior in whom the greatest portion of wisdom, strength, and bravery are combined. The election takes place every year; and it sometimes occurs that the general in one campaign becomes a private in the next. This "war-chief," as they term him, has no authority whatever when at home, and is as equally amenable as any of the tribe to the hereditary chief; but when the warriors set out on their hunting excursions to the buffalo plains, he assumes the supreme command, which he exercises with despotic sway until their return. He carries a long whip with a thick handle decorated with scalps and feathers, and generally appoints two active warriors as *aides-de-camp*. On their advance towards the enemy, he always takes the lead; and on their return he brings up the rear. Great regularity is preserved during the march; and I have been informed by Mr. M'Donald, who accompanied some of these war parties to the field of action, that if any of the tribe fell out of the ranks, or committed any other breach of discipline, he instantly received a flagellation from the whip of the chieftain. He always acted with the most perfect impartiality, and would punish one of his subalterns for disobedience of orders with equal severity as any other offender. Custom, however, joined to a sense of public duty, had reconciled them to these arbitrary acts of power, which they never complained of or attempted to resent. After the conclusion of the campaign, on their arrival on their own lands, his authority ceases; when the peace chief calls all the tribe together, and they proceed to a new election. There is no canvassing, caballing, or intriguing; and should the last leader be superseded, he retires from office with apparent indifference, and without betraying any symptoms of discontent. The fighting chief at this period had been five times re-elected. He was about thirty-five years of age, and had killed twenty of the Black-feet in various battles, the scalps of whom were suspended in triumphal pride from a pole at the door of his lodge. His wife had been captured by the enemy the year before, and her loss made a deep impression on him. He was highly respected by all the warriors for his superior wisdom and bravery; a consciousness of which, joined to the length of time he had been accustomed to command, imparted to his manners a degree of dignity which we never remarked in any other Indian.

He would not take a second wife; and when the recollection of the one he had lost came across his mind, he retired into the deepest solitude of the woods to indulge his sorrow, where some of the tribe informed us they often found him calling on her spirit to appear, and invoking vengeance on her conquerors. When these bursts of grief subsided, his countenance assumed a tinge of stern melancholy, strongly indicating the mingled emotions of sorrow and unmitigated hatred of the Black-feet.'—vol. 1. pp. 239—243.

The Flat-heads are subject to very few diseases, for some of which they have extraordinary remedies, such as are not to be found, we apprehend, in any European Materia Medica. Ordinary fractures they cure by tight bandages and pieces of wood tied like staves round the part, until the bones grow together again. The author gives a curious account of a process by means of which he was effectually relieved from an acute rheumatism, by which his shoulders and knees were affected.

'An old Indian proposed to relieve me, provided I consented to follow the mode of cure practised by him in similar cases on the young warriors of the tribe. On enquiring the method he intended to pursue, he replied that it merely consisted in getting up early every morning for some weeks, and plunging into the river, and to leave the rest to him. This was a most chilling proposition, for the river was firmly frozen, and an opening to be made in the ice preparatory to each immersion. I asked him, "Would it not answer equally well to have the water brought to my bed-room?" But he shook his head, and replied, he was surprised to see a young white chief, who ought to be wise, should ask so foolish a question. On reflecting, however, that rheumatism was a stranger among Indians, while numbers of our people were martyrs to it, and, above all, that I was upwards of three thousand miles from any professional assistance, I determined to adopt the disagreeable expedient, and commenced operations the following morning. The Indian first broke a hole in the ice sufficiently large to admit us both, upon which he made a signal that all was ready. Enveloped in a large buffalo robe, I proceeded to the spot, and throwing off my covering, we both jumped into the frigid orifice together. He immediately commenced rubbing my shoulders, back, and loins: my hair in the mean time became ornamented with icicles; and while the lower joints were undergoing their friction, my face, neck, and shoulders were incased in a thin covering of ice. On getting released, I rolled a blanket about me, and ran back to the bed-room, in which I had previously ordered a good fire, and in a few minutes I experienced a warm glow all over my body. Chilling and disagreeable as these matinal ablutions were, yet, as I found them so beneficial, I continued them for twenty-five days, at the expiration of which my physician was pleased to say that no more were necessary, and that I had done my duty like a wise man. I was never after troubled with a rheumatic pain!'—vol. i. pp. 249—251.

Another process is adopted by the Flat-heads for a chronic rheumatism of some standing. The skeleton of a hut is constructed about four and a half feet high, and three broad, in the shape of a beehive. This is well covered with deer skins. Some stones are

then made red hot, and the patient being placed inside the hut in a state of nudity, the stones are thrown in and water poured on them; the entrance is then quickly closed, and in this substitute for a vapour bath the patient is confined until he is almost suffocated. A copious perspiration is thus produced, and the operation is repeated until the pains are removed.

The religious creed of the Flat-heads does not differ from that of the Indians in general. They believe in the existence of a Good and an Evil Spirit; good men are, after death, to inhabit a region in which summer is to smile for ever, and the bad are to be condemned to mountains covered with snow; but after shivering and starving in those comfortless abodes for a certain season, they are to mingle with the happy occupants of the Elysian Fields. Their code of ethics consists of honesty, bravery, love of truth, attention to parents, obedience to their chiefs, and affection for their wives and children. They have a traditional belief that the beavers are a fallen race of Indians, who, in consequence of offences which they committed against the Great Spirit, were condemned to their present shape, from which they are to be relieved after their offences shall have been expiated by a due length of suffering. They say that the beavers have not lost the human gift of speech, and that 'they have heard them talk with each other, and seen them sitting in council on an offending member.'

As one of those eccentric adventures which sometimes occur in life, we may notice among the fresh arrivals which increased the party of our fur-collectors, the "amiable and accomplished" Miss Jane Barnes. This lady had been a bar-maid at an hotel in Portsmouth, where several additional officers of the company stopped before setting out for America: one of the gentlemen prevailed upon her to accompany him on the voyage, and from being in the rank of a serving woman, she felt herself, upon her appearance among the Flat-heads, suddenly raised to the rank almost of an idol.

'The Indians daily thronged in numbers to our fort, for the mere purpose of gazing on, and admiring the fair beauty, every article of whose dress was examined with the most minute scrutiny. She had rather an extravagant wardrobe, and each day exhibited her in a new dress, which she always managed in a manner to display her figure to the best advantage. One day her head, decorated with feathers and flowers, produced the greatest surprise; the next, her hair, braided and unconcealed by any covering, excited equal wonder and admiration. The young women felt almost afraid to approach her, and the old were highly gratified at being permitted to touch her person. Some of the chiefs having learned that her protector intended to send her home, thought to prevent such a measure by making proposals of marriage. One of them in particular, the son of Comcourly, the principal chief of the Chinooks, came to the fort attired in his richest dress, his face fancifully bedaubed with red paint, and his body redolent of whale oil. He was young, and had four native wives. He told her, that if she would become his wife, he would send one hundred sea-otters to her relations; that he would never ask her to carry wood,

draw water, dig for roots, or hunt for provisions; that he would make her mistress over his other wives, and permit her to sit at her ease from morning to night, and wear her own clothes; that she should always have abundance of fat salmon, anchovies, and elk, and be allowed to smoke as many pipes of tobacco during the day as she thought proper; together with many other flattering inducements, the tithe of which would have shaken the constancy of a score of the chastest brown vestals that ever flourished among the lower tribes of the Columbia.

'These tempting offers, however, had no charms for Jane. Her long voyage had not yet eradicated certain Anglican predilections respecting mankind, which she had contracted in the country of her birth, and among which she did not include a flat head, a half-naked body, or a copper-coloured skin, besmeared with whale oil.

'Her native inamorato made several other ineffectual proposals; but finding her inflexible, he declared he would never more come near the fort while she remained there. We shortly afterwards learned that he had concerted a plan with some daring young men of his tribe to carry her off while she was walking on the beach, (her general custom every evening while the gentlemen were at dinner,) a practice which, after this information, she was obliged to discontinue.

'Mr. Mac—— at first intended to have brought her with him across the continent to Montreal; but on learning the impracticability of her performing such an arduous journey, he abandoned that idea, and made arrangements with the captain for her return to England, by way of Canton. A few words more, and I shall have done with Miss Barnes. On the arrival of the vessel at Canton she became an object of curiosity and admiration among the inhabitants of the "Celestial Empire." An English gentelman of great wealth, connected with the East India Company, offered her a splendid establishment. It was infinitely superior to any of the proposals made by the Chinook nobility, and far beyond any thing she could ever expect in England: it was therefore prudently accepted, and the last account I heard of her stated that she was then enjoying all the luxuries of eastern magnificence.'—vol. i. pp. 287—290.

The author strongly recommends that a number of Missionaries should undertake the task of reclaiming the Flat-heads, as well as the other Indian tribes, from their savage habits, and instruct them in the truths of Christianity. If his advice were likely to be followed by any of the British Missionaries, especially such men as those who infest the islands of the Pacific, we should protest against it, feeling that the Indians could gain nothing from such instructors, either by way of precept or example. But we entertain no apprehension upon that score. Mr. Cox may depend upon it that there is too much matter in his work to deter the British evangelists from making any such attempt. The occasional resort, from stern necessity, to horse-flesh and the flesh of dogs, would of itself be quite enough to keep those gentlemen at home. What would Mrs. Ellis, or Mrs. Stewart, for instance, say to a dog-chop, or to a horse-steak? No, no—the Missionaries will take very good care not to expose their precious persons among the Cathlamahs, the Clatsops, or the Chinooks, until the climate

shall be altogether changed, and their territory shall be somewhat better supplied with the good things of this world.*

Of this we are quite sure, that there is one small tribe of Indians mentioned by the author, to whom a visit from those selfish and immoral men, as they very generally are found to be, would be productive of irreparable calamity. We allude to the tribe which he describes, as occupying a few hunting lodges between Spokan house and the Chaudiere falls. Their lands consist of open meadows or prairies, bounded by clear woods, that is to say, woods free from tangled shrubs, and are beautifully interspersed with small lakes and rivulets. They are a perfectly inoffensive people. Their chief is distinguished for his wisdom. He is said to be of the Epicene gender, though he prefers the dress of the female sex, which he wears with a profusion of Indian ornaments. The upper part of his face is quite feminine, as is also his manner of wearing his hair; but the preponderance of the masculine character is attested by a beard, and a strong voice. The author's account of him is worth transcribing.

'This chief possesses a large number of horses, some of which are the finest in the country. We purchased a few, and found him liberal in his dealings. He is free from the canting hypocrisy so common among Indians; and if he finds any of his young attendants tell a lie, or prevaricate in the least, the offender is punished by a flogging, and sent home, after which no consideration whatever would induce him to take back the delinquent.

'He seldom visited our fort, but whenever we called on him, we were received with a degree of courteous hospitality which I never experienced elsewhere. He was communicative, and inquisitive, and ridiculed the follies of the Indians in the most philosophical manner. Of these he inveighed principally against gambling, and their improvident thoughtlessness in neglecting to provide, during the summer and autumnal months, a sufficient quantity of dried salmon for the spring, which is the season of scarcity; by which neglect they have been frequently reduced to starvation. He had heard of M'Donald's quarrel with the Indians, which he adduced as one of the bad effects resulting from gambling, and added, "had the Spokan been mad enough to follow the foolish custom of your countrymen, it is probable one of you would have been killed about a foolish dispute, arising out of a bad practice, which every wise man should avoid."

'He inquired particularly about our form of government, laws, customs, marriages, our ideas of a future life, &c. Our answers proved generally satisfactory; but the only two things he could not reconcile to wisdom was the law of primogeniture and the custom of duelling: the first, he said,

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* By the way, we observe, that in the last number of the North-American Review, there is a laboured defence by the writer of an article on "Steward's Voyage to the South Sea," of the conduct of the *Pacific* Missionaries. We must say, however, that the facts mentioned by Lord Byron are worth a whole volume of declamation, and that those facts cannot be contradicted.

was gross injustice; and he thought no one but a man bereft of his senses could be guilty of the latter. Our knowledge of his language was necessarily imperfect, owing to which the attempts I made to explain to him some of the abstruse doctrines of our religion were rather bungling; but he appeared much pleased whenever he ascertained that he comprehended what I wished to convey; and, at the conclusion of our discourse, said he would be glad to converse with some of the wise men we call priests on these matters, and more particularly on the subject of a future state.

'He is fond of tobacco; and the Indians say they often see him sitting late at night, enjoying his calumet at the door of his tent, and observing the various revolutions in the firmament. On all subjects, therefore, connected with the changes of weather, his opinion is deemed oracular, and I understand he is seldom or never mistaken in his prognostications.

'Although clothed in the garments of a female, I have hitherto classed this uncommon being among the masculine portion of the human race; and from his muscular frame, bushy beard, and strong decided tone of voice, I conceive myself justified in so doing. I never saw him angry but once, and that was occasioned by observing some private whispering and tittering going on in his presence, which he suspected had some allusion to his doubtful gender. His countenance instantly assumed a savage fierceness; but he quickly regained his composure on finding the supposed offenders had changed their conduct.

'His dwelling was covered with large deer-skins, and was completely water-proof. The interior was remarkably clean, and spread over with mats. In one corner he had a stock of dried provisions, stored in leather and mat bags, which, in periods of scarcity, he shared liberally among the tribe: in fact, he wanted nothing that could add to his happiness or comfort, and possessed a degree of calm contentment uncommon among savages, and which would put to the blush much of the philosophical wisdom of civilized man.'—vol. i. pp. 362—365.

The reader is not, however, to suppose that the author's time was spent principally amongst tribes so well governed as that over which this extraordinary person presided. The Englishmen had, in defence of their property, killed two natives of one of the numerous and warlike tribes who dwell upon both banks of the Wallah Wallah river. For the death of these men, they all resolved to unite in order to obtain revenge; accordingly, a large party of them, well armed, made their appearance near the river, apparently determined to intercept the further progress of the trading party, who were embarked in canoes, which carried also several valuable bales of goods. Their painted skin, closely cut hair, and naked bodies, looked quite ferocious. They refused at first every overture to peace, and declined any sort of compensation for their murdered countrymen, and preparations were made on both sides for a general engagement. In another minute or two the battle would have commenced, if, fortunately for the Englishmen, a young and popular warrior, named "Morning Star," had not made his appearance. The scene which ensued is highly characteristic of the effect which eloquence sometimes produces, even among the most savage of these Indians.

'An awful pause ensued, when our attention was arrested by the loud tramping of horses, and immediately after twelve mounted warriors dashed into the space between the two parties, where they halted, and dismounted. They were headed by a young chief, of fine figure, who instantly ran up to Mr. Keith, to whom he presented his hand in the most friendly manner, which example was followed by his companions. He then commanded our enemies to quit their places of concealment, and to appear before him. His orders were promptly obeyed; and having made himself acquainted with the circumstances that led to the deaths of the two Indians, and our efforts towards effecting a reconciliation, he addressed them in a speech of considerable length, of which the following is a brief sketch:—

'"Friends and relations! Three snows have only passed over our heads since we were a poor miserable people. Our enemies the Shoshones, during the summer, stole our horses, by which we were prevented from hunting, and drove us from the banks of the river, so that we could not get fish. In winter they burned our lodges by night; they killed our relations: they treated our wives and daughters like dogs, and left us either to die from cold or starvation, or become their slaves.

'"They were numerous and powerful; we were few and weak. Our hearts were as the hearts of little children; we could not fight like warriors, and were driven like deer about the plains. When the thunders rolled, and the rains poured, we had no spot in which we could seek a shelter; no place, save the rocks, whereon we could lay our heads. Is such the case to-day? No, my relations! it is not. We have driven the Shoshones from our hunting-grounds, on which they dare not now appear, and have regained possession of the lands of our fathers, in which they and their fathers' fathers lie buried. We have horses and provisions in abundance, and can sleep unmolested with our wives and our children without dreading the midnight attacks of our enemies. Our hearts are great within and we are *now a nation!*

'"Who then, my friends, have produced this change? The white men. In exchange for our horses and our furs, they gave us guns and ammunition; then we became strong; we killed many of our enemies, and forced them to fly from our lands. And are we to treat those who have been the cause of this happy change with ingratitude? Never! Never! The white people have never robbed us; and, I ask, why should we attempt to rob them? It was bad, very bad!—and they were right in killing the robbers." Here symptoms of impatience and dissatisfaction became manifest among a group consisting chiefly of the relations of the deceased; on observing which, he continued in a louder tone: "Yes! I say they acted right in killing the robbers; and who among you will *dare* to contradict *me?*

'"You know well my father was killed by the enemy, when you all deserted him like cowards; and, while the Great Master of Life spares me, no hostile foot shall again be set on our lands. I know you all; and I know that those who are afraid of their bodies in battle are thieves when they are out of it; but the warrior of the strong arm and the great heart will never rob a friend." After a short pause he resumed: "My friends, the white men are brave, and belong to a great nation. They are many moons crossing the great lake in coming from their own country to serve us. If you were foolish enough to attack them, they would kill a great many of you; but suppose you should succeed in destroying all that are now present, what would be the consequence? A greater number would

come next year to revenge the death of their relations, and they would annihilate our tribe; or should not that happen, their friends at home, on hearing of their deaths, would say we were a bad and a wicked people, and white men would never more come among us. We should then be reduced to our former state of misery and persecution; our ammunition would be quickly expended; our guns would become useless, and we should again be driven from our lands, and the lands of our fathers, to wander like deer and wolves in the midst of the woods and plains. I therefore say the white men *must* not be injured! They have offered you compensation for the loss of your friends: take it: but, if you should refuse, I tell you to your face that I will join them with my own band of warriors; and should one white man fall by the arrow of an Indian, *that* Indian, if he were my brother, with all his family, shall become victims to my vengeance." '—vol. ii. pp. 19—23.

This harangue quelled all opposition, and matters were then amicably arranged. The author was, naturally enough, much enchanted with the speech and manner of "Morning Star." 'His delivery,' he adds, 'was impassioned, and his action, although sometimes violent, was generally bold, graceful and energetic. Our admiration at the time knew no bounds.'

Our author, in the course of his wandering, met with another of those romances of real life, which sometimes set the powers of imagination at defiance. The history of Mr. Johnston is not indeed one of a very extraordinary nature, but it will be read with interest.

'The history of this gentleman is remarkable. He was a member of a highly respectable family in the county of Antrim, and in early life moved in the most fashionable circles in Ireland. A circumstance, however, which blasted his early hopes of happiness, induced him to abandon his native country, and about twenty-eight years before this period he arrived in America. After wandering for some time about the continent, he made his way to St. Mary's Fall, where he shortly became a great favourite with the Indians, and entered extensively into the fur trade. The chief had only one child, a daughter. She was a beautiful and interesting girl, and, although sought for as a wife by many of the youthful warriors, she declined all their offers. Her father was old and infirm, and wished her to marry before his death; but still his affection for his daughter was so great, that he would not exercise his parental authority in compelling her to choose. It soon, however, became apparent that Mr. Johnston was the object of her choice. For some time previous, as he told me himself, he began to experience the truth of St. Pierre's opinion, that "man without woman, and woman without man, are imperfect beings in the order of nature." On learning, therefore, that he had found favour in the sight of this youthful Indian, he at once came to the resolution of rendering both himself and her perfect. Her father consented, and they were married according to the rites and ceremonies of the tribe. Death shortly after deprived the old man of his command; and Mr. Johnston, whose wisdom and courage were highly admired by the Indians, was unanimously elected his successor.

'Some years after his union with the chief's daughter, an extensive

property fell to him in the north of Ireland, to which place he repaired in order to take possession. While there, offers of a tempting nature were made to induce him to reside in the country of his nativity, but his fealty to the "Lady of the Lake" could not be shaken; and the moment he had finished his business, he hastened back to St. Mary's. His family consisted of two sons and two daughters, and a Miss Campbell, an interesting girl, whose father had a few years before been shot in a duel by a Mr. Crawford. One son was employed in a public department in Canada, and the other was an officer in a local corps. The mother received us in a friendly manner at the door, but did not join us at the breakfast or dinner table.

'Mr. Johnston has extensive plantations of corn, potatoes, &c., with a beautifully arranged and well-stocked fruit and flower garden. During the late short war with America, he induced one thousand Indian warriors (of whom he took the command) to join the British forces, and rendered important services while so employed.

'He suffered severely for his loyalty; for, during his absence with the army, a predatory party attacked his place in the hope of obtaining a large quantity of valuable furs, which they were informed he had in his stores, but which a short time before his departure he had fortunately removed. Disappointed in their hopes of plunder, they burned his house, out-offices, &c.; destroyed the greater part of his valuable stock, and carried away every portable article they could find.* At the period, therefore, of our visit the buildings were quite new, and were constructed with much taste. The furniture was elegant, and the library select and excellent.

'Mr. Johnston possessed a highly cultivated mind, much improved by extensive reading. He had made many excursions round the shores of Lake Superior, and along the banks of its tributary streams, in which scientific researches imparted a pleasing variety to the business of an Indian trader. His collections of specimens were varied and well selected; and if the result of his inquiries be published, they will, I have no doubt, prove a valuable addition to our geological knowledge of interior America.'—vol. ii. pp. 300—303.

Thus it will be seen that the volumes from which we have made these extracts, contain an abundance of entertaining as well as instructive matter. The portions of America with which they are principally conversant, have hitherto been but little known to us, and no person can be more competent to give an authentic description of them than an intelligent and active individual, who, like Mr. Cox, spent years in traversing their woods, prairies, and rivers, and in residing amongst their highly diversified population. His work has no pretensions to literary polish, but it conveys a great mass of useful intelligence in a clear, fluent, unaffected and agreeable style.

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* 'I met Mr. Johnston a few years afterwards in England, and was happy to learn that he had succeeded in obtaining from government, compensation for the losses he had sustained on the above occasion.'

ART. III.—1. *Lectures on the Elements of Political Economy.* By Thomas Cooper, M. D., President of South Carolina College, and Professor of Chemistry and Political Economy. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 383. Columbia, South Carolina: Morris & Wilson. London: R. Hunter. 1831.

2. *The Savings Banks of England, Wales, and Ireland, arranged according to Counties; with the Period of the Establishment of each Institution; and the Increase or Decrease of each Class of Depositors, &c., since November,* 1829, *from the latest official Returns.* By John Tidd Pratt, Esq. London: Hansards. 1831.

THE establishment of Mechanics' Institutions, the diffusion of cheap science and literature, and the wider spread of education among the operative members of the community, have of late years combined, with a variety of political circumstances, to raise into notice, both in this country and America, a class of men who had not previously taken any considerable part in public affairs. The mechanics in both countries have now been for some time accustomed to discuss, in societies which are exclusively confined to their own ranks, questions of the first importance, relating not only to the conduct of the government, but also to every branch of the constitution of the state; and we believe that we are not far wrong in asserting that they have already established, to their own satisfaction at least, a code of principles, chiefly based upon their views of their own interests, which they are aspiring and, indeed, confederating to carry into effect by all the means that are within their reach. In America they have, to a certain extent, succeeded in getting those principles not only represented in the Congress, but actually interwoven with the law. It is to the school of the mechanic political economists, such as Skidmore, Thompson, Ming, Byllesby, and Hodgskin, and to the men whom they influence by their writings and the exertions of their coadjutors returned to Congress, that the Union owes the famous Tariff, which compels the Americans, in order to protect their own artisans, to buy an inferior article for double the price at which they might purchase a much superior article from England.

It is to the same school (and similar notions are beginning to prevail in this country) that we must trace the singular doctrine, that the labour of the mechanic is the sole origin of national wealth; that capital, whether in the form of raw material, utensils, land, or money, is of itself unproductive; that it can be made valuable only by the hand of the operative; and that without his assistance it would be a burthen, not an enjoyment to its possessor. From this fundamental principle the conclusion is drawn, that the mechanic does not receive for his labour a fair proportion of that national wealth which he is thus the chief, if not the sole, instrument in producing; that he ought to take a much higher rank in the esti-

mation of society than that which is generally conceded to him: that he should in fact hold equal rank with his fellow citizens of the highest order; that the wealth gained by the capitalist in the way of profit does not belong to him, but ought to have been handed over to the mechanic by whose skill and industry it was created, and that therefore the time has at length arrived, when the wealth thus fraudulently acquired ought to be distributed, according to the equitable rule which this doctrine manifestly suggests.

Proceeding upon the assumption, that all accumulations of capital at present in the hands of its possessors ought to be divided in the manner we have mentioned, the "working classes," as they have called themselve, are, both here and in America, taking the most active, though ill-directed steps, for bringing about such changes in the constitution of the respective governments, as may be best calculated to forward their own immediate purposes. Hence the elevation of General Jackson to the presidency, the late radical change in his cabinet, and the present ultra democratic complexion of the Congress in one country; hence the numberless penny publications, the frequent meetings of the mechanics, their separate political unions, their speeches upon the superlative value of labour, their propositions for the abolition of all hereditary rights, and their undisguised demands for a republic in the other.

We would not be understood as entertaining any desire to paint this novel state of things in exaggerated colours: it is quite possible that we may have mistaken some of the arguments which have sprung from this new school, and that we have not rightly comprehended their ultimate tendency. If so, we are open to correction. But, as at present advised, we believe that we have explained the leading points of their doctrine in accurate, and at the same time in the most dispassionate, language. We may add, that we consider it as the mere first fruit, the primary ebullition of the intellectual advancement which has been recently made by the operative members of the community in both countries. It is not at all unnatural that men, who had for many years been hemmed in by various barriers within the circles of labour, joined to comparative ignorance, should, upon their emancipation from their former condition of mental lethargy, dash their chains from around them with strong feelings of exultation. It was in fact frequently predicted, that the very objects which they are now endeavouring to achieve, would be the first to which they would turn all their attention when they should be improved by a superior education; and it may be remembered that this was one of the many arguments which were used at the time against Mechanics' Institutions, and against the general diffusion of education among those, whom, in the way of description, we must call the lower orders. Give them the means of learning to read and write, and acquire and propagate knowledge, it was said by the Bankeses and other enemies

of popular education, and you arm them at once against law, and order, and society. They will universally combine, it was added, for obtaining a general distribution amongst themselves, not only of the church property, but of the estates of the nobles and the wealth of the capitalists, and they will assume into their own hands the whole control of the state.

We have not the slightest apprehension, however, that things will ever, in this country at least, reach to such a condition as that. We entertain great doubts whether even the immature ideas which are at present communicated to the public upon this subject, either in speeches or writings, are approved of generally by the mechanical portion of our population. They are the aspirations of a few, acquiesced in, perhaps applauded to a considerable extent by their fellow-labourers; but they are the indications merely of the imperfect stage of education at which those individuals have as yet arrived, and we look for their correction, not to the government or the laws, but to the more advanced stage of instruction towards which those classes are making rapid progress, as well as the good sense which they generally possess, even beneath the angry declamations into which they may be occasionally betrayed. When they begin really to understand their own interests and rights, and put aside the clouds of vanity in which they are at present involved, they will also see that there are other classes in the state which have rights as well as they: that if the mechanics claim rights which do not belong to them, there are others who may set up similar pretensions; that from such conflicting elements nothing could ever arise but bloody civil wars, one or two years of which would put an end for a while to all occupation for labourers of every kind, and thus impose upon them and upon their families the most dreadful privations—such indeed as would materially thin their ranks by death, and reduce the survivors to the condition of mendicants.

We wish that in describing the mechanics and others of our fellow-subjects, who earn their bread by their industry, we could use some other phrase than that of the "working classes." In the first place, we object, as a matter of statistics, to the arrangement of any set of men in this country (the peers alone excepted) in a particular caste or subdivision of society. We think that it is not warrantable, either by the habits or laws of this country, to say that the artisans, for instance, in metal and leather, in earthenware and glassware, and cloths, and cottons, are of necessity members of one and the same class. It would appear, in our opinion, to be a degradation of those ingenious and enterprising persons so to consider them, for it would imply that they can have no means of rising beyond their original situation, and of ever mixing with the other ranks of the community. We need hardly say that there is no situation, the throne alone excepted, which is not open to the talent and ambition of individuals in England, no matter from

what ranks they may have sprung. Usage has indeed rendered the phrase so familiar, that we cannot now dispense with it. At the same time we must observe, that there is no authority even in that usage, for giving to the description, the "working classes," an invidious meaning, as if the object were to separate them from their fellow subjects, with the view of condemning them to a subordinate condition, but little removed from that of slavery. The phrase cannot in this country be justly considered to import any such thing, and none but designing and mischievous persons can give it so odious a construction. They would confine it to the labourers who receive weekly wages for working at the merely mechanical employments, whereas in truth it ought to be equally applied to the ministers, the active members of both Houses and of the learned professions, to literary men, bankers, merchants and their clerks, who work generally much harder (the mental character of their labour being considered) than any set of mechanics in any part of the world.

Taking the phrase, however, as one of convenience, the necessity for which arises out of the inadequacy of our language to supply one of precise propriety, we must candidly tell the persons who are familiarly designated as the "working classes," that in endeavouring to set the value of their labour above that of the capital which gives employment to it, they are erecting a theory which has no foundation in truth, and which, if it were universally established, would be the immediate cause of their own ruin, both as a political and a social body. Mr. Cooper has put this point with admirable clearness and unanswerable force.

'Price is the remuneration paid by the purchaser of the commodity, for exchangeable value conferred on any raw material, by means of capital, skill, and labour. Let us take cotton, converted into a piece of shirting.

To make this piece of shirting the land is wanting to sow the seed; the seed is wanted to be sown. Can the labourer produce cotton without land and seed? No. The land and seed then are as necessary as the labour. Who owns the land and seed? The labourer? No, the capitalist. Has the labourer a right to go to the owner of the land and seed, and say, I want to sow cotton, give me your land and seed, to enable me to do so for my own benefit and emolument?

'Has not the land owner a right to say no; do as I have done; save out of your earning for twenty years; deprive yourself of comforts that you may be enabled to buy land for yourself, and use your own land thus procured. Oh! but you cannot get cotton (says the labourer) without your land is worked and the seed sown; the cotton produced will be the result of my labour. Very well, says the land owner, let us see if your labour alone will produce cotton without land and seed. Moreover, who is to give you and your family food and clothing till the cotton is fit for market? Who is to find the gin to gin it, the bagging to pack it, the waggons and horses to send it to market? Have *you* got them? Are not all these as necessary to the production of the raw cotton in a saleable state, as your labour?

'Then again; whose labour paid for that steam engine and machinery? Was it yours? What right have you to benefit by the labour of another man, without paying him a reasonable compensation? If you wish to work and earn your living by making use of the result of my past labours and savings, pay me a reasonable proportion of the price the article sells at, and take the rest yourself. What that shall be depends on our bargain; if you do not like my proposals, let me alone and work elsewhere.

'What answers can be given to these questions? Messrs. Hodgskin, Thompson, Bylleshy, Messrs. Al. Ming, Tho. Skidmore, and the Mechanic Political Economists, shun them. Let us have a reply; a full and satisfactory one must be given, before the present state of things can be changed. No man will work and save if another can take from him his earnings and his savings without compensation. No man will be a member of a community, where industry is to be robbed by force. Either it is worth the while of the operative to work upon the proposed conditions, or it is not; if not, let him seek employment elsewhere.

'Well, says the operative, the labourer—here I am, able and willing to work; if the laws of society will not find me reasonable subsistence for reasonable labour, I am an outcast, an outlaw; I am left to starve, and punished with the worst of deaths, without being in any manner in fault.

'The capitalist replies; how came you here? Either your parents fixed you here for *their* convenience, or you came here for your own. Did *I* bring you into existence? Did *I* contract to find you employment? Am *I* to maintain, by my own labour, and out of my own savings, all the persons who need employment? Did not your present existence here, take place without my procuration or concurrence—without my knowledge? Did you not come here, do you not stay here, of your own accord—for your own benefit? Is that a reason why you are entitled to seize upon the fruits of my labour? Am I to be deprived of my property, robbed and punished, because your parents were thoughtless? Receive employment on my terms, or use your skill and strength where you please, elsewhere. The choice is in your power.'—pp. 350, 351.

The "working classes" lay great stress, and not, we must confess, undeservedly, upon the intellectual acquisitions which they have made. For those acquisitions we give the mechanics full credit, and we trust that every succeeding year will see their knowledge increased. We have frequent occasion to admire the ingenious and perfect manner in which they perform the various tasks assigned to them, the beautiful productions which they finish in silver and gold, in glass and earth, iron, steel, wood, and other materials upon which their time is expended. Nay, we have seen some excellent compositions from their pens, and have heard very admirable discourses from their lips, evincing political sagacity and information of no common order. But it should be considered by the artificers of the country, that they must of necessity destroy their present opportunities of advancing themselves in the world, if they set up such visionary claims as *a class* as those to which we have alluded. How can they cultivate their intellects unless they have leisure for that purpose, and how can they have leisure unless they have the means of earning subsistence, upon which they can

draw in the hours devoted to mental pursuits? It is clear that there must be capital accumulated somewhere, in order to provide them with remuneration for their labour. But if they succeeded either by spoliation to distribute that capital, or by tumultuous proceedings to drive capital out of the country, where are they to look for occupation? Who is to pay them their wages? A few, perchance, might be iniquitously enriched by a system of confiscation, but the great body of the existing mechanics would be worse off even than they are now, and their children would be doomed to irreparable misery.

The acquisition of wealth is the great object of industry; it is the very object which the supporters of the doctrine we are combatting have in view. But if it is to be rendered insecure in the hands of those who have earned it by their honest exertions, if it is to be liable as soon as it is accumulated to be distributed amongst those who have not earned it, what becomes of the incentives to labour and to enterprise? Who would undergo the toil of the advocate or the physician, the merchant or the banker; who would send out commercial expeditions to distant countries, and import in return the products of those countries, if, upon gaining a fortune by industry and enterprise, they should be obliged to surrender it to the mechanics, or to any other set of men, no matter to what class they might belong? Stated in this manner, the proposition is monstrous, and tends directly to dissolve the whole frame of society. And yet it is for neither more nor less than this proposition, that the mechanic schools of political economy contend! Here again we may listen with great advantage to the arguments of Mr. Cooper.

'Without wealth enough to afford leisure, there can be no cultivation of intellect; without wealth there can be no pursuit of knowledge, no domestic libraries, no apparatus for scientific investigation, no expensive experiments, no public improvement by means of the voluntary pursuits of individuals who dedicate themselves to knowledge—men to whom the world is indebted for all it knows. These plans of mediocrity and equality, where every man is to have a mouthful of knowledge, and no man a belly-full, are the dreams of presumptuous ignorance—of persons who know not the biography of the benefactors of the human race.

'Throughout the whole of this book I have laboured to show, that from wealth which industry produces, frugality must save; that this saving is capital, which has no other means or source of existence; that capital seeking employment, is the parent of all demand for labour; that demand for labour alone produces wages; that subsistence is the fruit of wages; and population of subsistence. Hence, there is no proposition in Euclid more demonstrable, than that subsistence and population depend exclusively on industry and frugality. But where is the use of industry and frugality, if those who exercise these virtues have no right to dispose of the property which results from them?

'Again. These lectures are principally designed for young men; but others, I hope, will be found to read them. I ask the reader then, are you a parent? For whom do you work and save, and practice self-denial? For

yourself? No, you do not—you do all this not for yourself, but for your offspring; for the widow and the children whom your death throws upon a careless world, deprived of your protection; it is for those who are dearer to you than you are to yourself, that you thus become and continue a valuable and productive member of society. If you had none of these to care for, would you labour and accumulate to leave wealth behind you when you leave this world? Would not your motto be, let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die—*dum vivimus, vivamus?* I am a parent, and I know the answer.

'What then are we to think of these notable reformers, who would improve society by destroying the very strongest of all motives to industry—frugality and accumulation? And by direct and inevitable consequence, the great, indeed, the only source of permanent population and comfortable subsistence? For it is undeniable that these depend exclusively on accumulated capital. Is it thus the poor are to be benefitted?

'But I know of no remedy for these (to me) most manifest errors, both of talent and of ignorance, but free discussion, more extended information, and of course a more extended system of national education, for those who will honestly entitle themselves to it. But as to perfect equality between human beings—nature has denied it, and human provisions cannot establish it. Men are born with difference in bodily strength, in mental capacity; differences that operate on every circumstance in life to which they are subsequently exposed, and which daily increase the distance between man and man. These cannot be obviated or eradicated. All that society can do, is to throw no unfair and artificial obstacles in the way of honest exertion; and to take care that industrious effort shall have fair play.

'I am glad, however, to see the publication of these reformers, they will elicit useful inquiry. The evils that press on the great mass of population in every modern society, call aloud for discussion and investigation; we must fairly listen to proposals of every kind. But I think it will be difficult for the advocates of a division of property, to give a satisfactory reply to the strong objections to which this proposal is liable.'—pp. 353, 354.

This reasoning seems to us quite unanswerable. But, it is said, all men are born "free, equal, and independent," and they ought to have equal rights to whatever may be conducive to their happiness. It is, indeed, true, that all men are born free in England, so far as civil liberty is concerned, but it is not true that either in this country, or in any other, men are born equal and independent, except in the sense of civil equality and independence; that is to say, equal protection from the law. The law does not create and bestow wealth upon one man more than upon another, but it guards the wealth of all, and secures it from spoliation. The law does not, and cannot, control the circumstances, which, in society, give rise to variety of occupations, and which must, in every large community, produce very considerable varieties in the condition of men. If all were born equally rich, still there would be divisions arising from the preponderance of talent, and activity, and personal character; but there would be no husbandmen to cultivate the earth, no tailor to make clothes, no masons to build houses,

and we should all starve, and go naked, and houseless. If all be not born equally rich—and who is to blame if they be not?—then the divisions amongst men must be still more broadly marked; some must be richer than others, some must labour in order to acquire wealth, and those who do not succeed must still labour to earn a subsistence. In this respect, therefore, there must be a perpetual inequality amongst mankind. And as to men being all born independent, it is an absurdity. We are none of us personally independent of our fellow creatures. The moment we are launched into this world, we are dependent for care, and food, and clothes, and cleanliness, upon our parents or their servants. As we grow up, we are dependent upon our teachers for instruction; in the professions, or trades, or other occupations, when placed in a situation in which we are to earn our own subsistence, we are dependent upon those who give us employment; shopkeepers depend upon their customers, mechanics upon those who pay them their wages. Even the rich cannot be said to be personally independent, for they would be without the luxuries, the comforts, and the common necessaries of life, unless the poorer classes laboured for the money which the rich have at their command. There never was yet a state of society in which men could by possibility live in perfect personal equality and independence; and we may venture to say there never will be, for the thing is utterly impossible. The failure of all the plans of co-operative communities, which were erected upon the theory of equality and independence, places this position before the world in the shape of a fact ascertained by actual experiment, independently of the general reasoning by which it can be demonstrated, as clearly as any proposition in mathematics.

'All men are said to be "*born free, equal, and independent.*" I know of no sense in which this ever was, or is, or can, or will be true.

'Is a puling infant born free? If so, in what sense do you use the word? Leave him free from despotic controul for a few hours, and he dies.

'Are all infants born equal? Equal in what? In size, in health, in strength, in mental capability? Can it be truly asserted that any two infants, from the beginning of time to the present day, ever were born exactly equal in any on these respects? Does Nature make no differences?

'*Independent;* of what and of whom? Does not the very existence of an infant depend each moment on the fostering care of others?

'At what time then do they become free, equal, and independent? At the age of 21 or of manhood? Are they not every where, have they not been at all times, and will they not ever be dependent on, subject to the controul of the community of which they happen to be then members? Are any two men equal in strength, or in mental capacity, or in education? Do the various circumstances to which two persons are liable to be exposed make no difference between them? A child, for instance, educated till the age of 30, among the priests of Jaggernaut, and another among the Scavans of Paris, or the Quakers of Philadelphia? Why then do we use these vague and unmeaning terms; or, if they have meaning,

what is it but a false one? Nature has denied that they ever were or ever can be true; and the accidents and circumstances to which all human beings are exposed from their birth to any given period of their lives, equally forbid these phrases to be true.

'*Rights. Unalienable, indefeasible rights.*

'We are now talking of rights as between a man and his fellow men; for what are the rights of a man who lives by himself on an inaccessible island?

'Let a state of nature be supposed, without any such thing as a community among the persons in question. Then I say the law of nature, is that law which pervades all nature; the law of the strongest. No man has any rights but such as depend upon his relative force of body or force of mind. The universal law of nature is, the law of force. That law by which we subjugate the horse and the bull; castrate them to break their spirits, or to render the flesh more tender when we kill and eat the bull in the form of an ox. So we tame the horse by the same merciful operation; deprive him of his natural liberty, and work him hard till he dies. By what right do you commit these injuries? The right of the strongest. Those valuable members of society, sportsmen and country gentlemen, hunt and fish, and put inferior (weaker) animals to torture and to death, partly for food, chiefly for amusement. By what right, I ask? By the right of power. Is there any other?

'When the inconvenience of these perpetual struggles of force against force come to be felt, then, and not till then, *communities* are formed, to prevent depredations of property, and the personal conflicts to which such attempts would naturally give rise. By degrees men would find it their interest to live together, upon certain terms agreed on for mutual defence and common convenience, and enforced by the combined power of the society thus formed. Here, and here first, commence *political rights;* their foundation being public utility.

'What then is right? That which is ordained, commanded, directed—or, according to Horne Tooke's just notions, *rectum, directum*, from *regere, dirigere*. All of which would be as void of meaning as of use, unless accompanied by the power, the force of the society; which superseding and controuling individual force, thus ordains. This power or force, is what jurists call the sanction of the law; and they agree that a law is nugatory unless thus sanctioned. Always recurring of necessity to this primary law of nature, the law of the strongest. All jurists, for instance, agree, that if two shipwrecked men are seated on one plank, which will not safely hold them both, the strongest may push off the weakest. Independent of civil society then, no such thing as right exists; they relate to, and are, the very creatures of society; the phrase has no meaning unless with this reference; they are what society acknowledges and sanctions, and they are nothing else. It is true a majority may, and, if there be no check, always will, oppress a minority. Ignorance of the real and permanent interest of the society may prevent that which is really expedient, from being acknowledged as right; and may dictate what is absolutely wrong; that is, may dictate through ignorance what, as a permanent rule, is inconsistent with the public good. Still it will be true that rights owe their existence exclusively to society, they are relative in their meaning to society, and they depend on the sanctions with which society accompanies

them. That which society refuses to acknowledge or sanction is not a right; it has no character of a right.'—pp. 360—362.

Among the rights claimed by the mechanic school of political economy, is that of universal suffrage in the election of members of the legislature: they say "the legislature" in America, because both branches, the Senate and Congress, are elective: here the right is demanded in the election of members of the Commons' House of Parliament. We fully agree with Mr. Cooper in opinion, that *natural* rights are mere nonsense. There can be no rights but those which are ordained by society. At the same time, it is perfectly competent to men to say that society, or the legislature representing society, and wielding its power, ought to make ordinances conferring upon the community at large, or a portion of it, certain rights, which they might deem conducive to the general welfare; and in this point of view, we may consider the demand that is not as yet, but will very soon be, made in this country for universal suffrage.

And, undoubtedly, if it were likely that the concession of the elective franchise to all men of matured age and sound mind, untainted by crime, would conduce to the general welfare of this empire, there would be no good reason why it should not be granted. The franchise should not be a privilege confined to a few, if by giving it to the many the interests of the whole might be best secured. It is impossible to foresee what may happen hereafter: it may be, for aught that we know, that education, and knowledge, and personal freedom, may be so extensively diffused, that all men of the description mentioned, might be safely, and even usefully, admitted to the franchise. But viewing the present condition of our dense population, their general poverty, ignorance, and dependence, they would, if they possessed that right, use it for one of two purposes. Either they would use it as their employers might direct them, or in opposition to the will of those upon whom they are dependent. If they acted in the former way, they would be but so many additional instruments in the hands of wealth, which already possesses and wields too many; if they acted in the latter way, they would eventually effect a distribution of property, and destroy the framework of society. We say, therefore, that *universal* suffrage, instead of conducing to the interests of the whole, would directly counteract those interests, and render the country uninhabitable.

We hold, however, that the right of suffrage should be diffused among the people of this country, in proportion as personal independence and education are extended. The former would secure the freedom, the latter the propriety of choice. Property, to a certain extent, should be the test of the individual's qualification in these respects. For instance, if a man were brought up to a particular occupation requiring skill, and that by the exertion of

that skill he earned fifty pounds a-year, we do not see why he should not be as competent to select a proper representative, as the man who has a house over his head, worth ten pounds per annum. Of the two we should prefer as a proof of such competency, the power of earning five times that amount by his own industry in the course of a year; for here there would be a guarantee for the industry, and sanity, and good character of the elector, whereas no such guarantee is to be found in the house-qualification.

Such an extension of the right of suffrage as this would the more readily meet with our approbation, inasmuch as it would embrace great numbers of those classes to which we have already alluded, namely, the "working classes," a race of men who are every day becoming of more and more importance by their intelligence and industry in this country. It is impossible to attend at any of their meetings, as we have done, without feeling sensible, that their general admission into the elective body, would be attended with advantages to the state. It would remove a great mass of discontent; it would add much valuable strength to the middle classes of society; and we do not see to what injury it would lead. The spread of education will, in a very short time, teach them just notions with respect to the rights of property. They will learn—and the precepts which they will read, will be strengthened by their own good sense and habits of patient reflection—that the security of private property is the very basis of their own prosperity; that alarming political agitation of necessity leads to the suspension of trade, and consequently of employment for the industrious classes engaged in manufacturing the articles, of which it is the object of trade to dispose, either at home or abroad. They will learn that it is the inevitable condition of men in civilized society, to be mutually dependent; that to every man a station is assigned by the circumstances in which he is placed; that it is not only fit, but highly honourable for every man to improve his position as far as he is able, and from a mechanic, to become a master, if he can. But they well know that personal promotion gained upon the ruin of one's neighbour, gained by the spoliation of his property, is nothing more or less than a crime against the laws both of God and man; that it is moreover a crime, which, if committed to-day with impunity, by Peter against Thomas, may be repeated with equal impunity to-morrow, by John against Peter. Acts of plunder never contribute to the prosperity either of individuals or of nations; they are the very deeds which the mechanics, of all men, have the strongest interest in opposing, because they would lead directly to the cessation of those employments by which mechanical industry is maintained. We would recommend them particularly to read and inwardly digest the chapter, which Mr. Cooper has devoted to the subject of property. We can afford room but for a few extracts from it.

All rights, he argues, as indeed we have already seen, are the

creatures of society, and they necessarily imply the power of protection, for without protection there could be no rights. The moment that protection is withheld or overthrown, that moment we return to the condition of savages.

'In the early and savage states of society, strong men would find it easier, in many cases, to acquire food, or clothing, or weapons, by forcibly robbing the weak, than by the painful exercise of their own exertions to obtain them otherwise.

'In all savage states of society, among men who do not feel the necessity of mutual union, nor any dread of the application of the united force of the community to protect it, this principle of robbery is a propensity of our nature constantly exercised; and so common in its exercise, that it has received the sanction of ignorant and unreflecting men in every age of the world; and in no age more than our own.

'In the early history of Greece, a pirate was more honourable than a merchant. Nestor enquires, as a matter of course, of Telemachus, in the third book of the Odyssey, "Are you merchants seeking for gain by commerce, or are you pirates engaged in some plundering voyage?" In all ancient governments, war for the purpose of plunder; or of acquiring captives; or of acquiring territory; was carried on without scruple, and without reprobation. It is civilization only, that has attempted to separate right from power. The Roman empire was exclusively founded on plunder, from the earliest period of its history, to the latest. The wars of Europe, from Charlemagne to Louis XIV., and from Louis XIV. to the Holy Alliance, have mostly originated from the same motives; and deducting the monopoly wars of England, entirely so. All monarchs and monarchies, are yet in a savage state. They seem to have no bond of union but mutual protection in plunder. Theoretical writers, like Grotius, Puffendorf, Barbeyrac, Heineccius, Vattel, Rutherforth, Burlemaqui and others, boast of a law of nature and of nations. There is no such thing as a law of nature or of nations existing. When was it enacted? By whom? Or by what power has it been sanctioned? What is called the law of nature, consists of systems fabricated by theoretical writers, on a contemplation of what might be usefully acknowledged among men as binding on each other. The law of nations is the same. It exists no where but in the closest speculations of well meaning writers, as to what might be usefully acknowledged by monarchs as binding with each other. The only practical attempts to establish a law of nations, were the "armed neutrality" set on foot by the Empress Catharine, of Russia; which was renounced within a very few years by every party to the compact; and the present Holy Alliance, based upon the presumed rights of legitimacy: which God confound!

'In the early savage state of society, it is manifest, however, that the necessity of combination among the weak, to protect each other against the strong, would give origin to associations of men, and develope the first germ of political communities. This is manifest among our American Indians. They have no written laws; but exclusive property, in all things that their state of society requires to be made so, has been forced upon them by its obvious expediency, and enjoined by all on each other. Land being in abundance compared to the population, has never become the ob-

ject of exclusive property among them, except a large district claimed as the hunting ground of the tribe.

'Property implies the existence of capital. The deer-skin, the parched corn, the jerked venison of an Indian cabin, the cabin itself, is the property of the owner; being the result of his own labour, and his accumulated savings out of former acquisitions. He has laboured beyond what his immediate necessities called for, and his wealth consists of what has not been consumed. He may now labour for what is merely convenient, during the time that his accumulated food will maintain life. All *capital* then, from the very outset of society, is the result of saving and accumulation. It is accumulated labour.'—pp. 64—65.

No description of capital can be more just than this, that it is in fact 'accumulated labour,' and consequently deserves to be held sacred, in whatever point of view we consider it. It is the interest of society that it should be so considered, and hence have arisen laws, and government, and indeed all the institutions which society has bestowed upon mankind.

'This profound consideration for the rights attached to property, is one of the most decisive evidences of high civilization, and one of the most efficient means of promoting national prosperity: for it is absurd to treat of national wealth, where individual property is not held by the proprietor in full conviction of perfect security, under the conditions of tenure prescribed by law; by law enacted indiscriminately for each member of the community without privilege or exception. The right of posthumous bequest—of making a testamentary disposition, is for the same reason a mere creature of society. We know by experience that a man will be stimulated to more severe and persevering exertion, when he is permitted to bequeath the effect of it to his children and near relations, than if he were to labour for himself alone. All the social feelings are gradually generated from the selfish ones; and in the decline of life, are much more powerful. This has been well shewn by Hartley, in his admirable work "ON MAN:" a work more extensively applicable to metaphysical, moral, and medical knowledge, than any other I know of. Hence the right of making a will is founded entirely on the permission of the law; and is meant as a stimulus to industry, and a fruitful source of production and accumulation, that would never take place without it. If a man in a state of nature has no rights but the right of the strongest, what rights can a dead man have, who is no longer connected with this world or any thing in it? The world belongs, not to those who have enjoyed it their appointed time, and are dead; nor to those who are not yet born, but to the living. Hence, to all investigations concerning the sources, the distribution or the accumulation of wealth, the preliminary enquiry is necessary, whether the laws of the country protect the citizen sufficiently in the acquirement and the accumulation of property, and in the disposal of his property when obtained. If they intermeddle needlessly in the honest acquirement of wealth, by legislative directions, restrictions or prohibitions—if they needlessly interfere with the disposal and expenditure of it, though this expenditure may not take place as prudently as might be wished—or if they needlessly prevent the testamentary distribution of it, although that may be occasionally guided by injustice, partiality, or caprice—they detract in

the same proportion from the stimulus to industry and exertion. Who will labour for those who are to be his heirs by dictation of law, framed by persons who have no fellow-feeling with himself? Who will be at the pains of acquiring, who is prohibited from enjoying? What energy can there be among a people whose every motion is watched and trammelled? In a man who is kept in leading-strings, and all whose expenditures and bequests are regulated by men who are utter strangers to him, to his tastes, to his loves, and to his hatreds? The dreadful evil of all governments (I wish I could except our own) is the evil of governing too much. This is among the constant and distinctive characters of tyranny and of ignorance; this propensity to exercise power merely because we possess it; and the taking for granted that we actually know, ex officio, and by intuition, every thing that we ought to know, before we enter upon our duties.'—pp. 67, 68.

The lecturer subsequently adds, that the feeling of the security of property should pervade the whole community: for who will be at the pains of saving and accumulating for posterity, in countries like the East, where the laws do not obviate the feeling of insecurity? In such a country, "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," would be the dictate of wisdom. In such a country it would be absurd to talk of the production, the distribution, and the useful accumulation of national wealth. Unless such just notions as these, with respect to the rights of property, be practically diffused and entertained amongst the people of this country, it will be in vain for us to have a reformed parliament. It would be much more a curse than a blessing, if it were the representative of a people ill informed as to the very elements of political economy. But we believe that the working classes are very far, generally speaking, from wishing to endanger the possession of property; that on the contrary they would, as they ought to, be the first to combine in defence of it.

Indeed, it is fully demonstrated from the admirable tables published by Mr. Pratt, a copy of which he has been so good as to send us, that whatever may be the distress and privation amongst particular individuals, there is even in the hands of the working classes themselves, a very large amount of accumulated labour, already reduced to capital, and deposited in the various savings banks, which are established in every part of the three kingdoms. From these tables, which appear to have been framed with the most patient diligence and the most admirable accuracy, it would appear that, independently of the depositors in those savings banks from which there are no returns, there were, on the 20th of November, 1830, to which period the latest official returns are made, no less than two hundred and ten thousand, two hundred and forty-seven depositors under 20*l.*; one hundred and sixteen thousand, nine hundred and forty, under 50*l.*; fifty-four thousand and forty-nine, under 100*l.*; eighteen thousand five hundred and fifty-seven, under 150*l.*; eight thousand and nine, under 200*l.*, and four thou-

sand four hundred and five, above that amount. The total number of accounts which were open on the 20th of November, 1830, amounted therefore to four hundred and eighteen thousand, seven hundred and fifty-eight, giving on the whole an increase of thirteen thousand and twenty-one, as compared with the preceding year. The capital thus accumulated appears, moreover, to have amounted on the day above-mentioned, to 14,366,967*l*. Now this capital belongs exclusively to those classes of our community who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow,—to agricultural labourers, domestic servants, mechanics, and small shopkeepers. We suppose, that if the legislature attempted to apply these fourteen millions to the payment of the national debt, the classes who have made the deposits, would cry out against such an act of spoliation and injustice, and would even defend their property, if necessary, by an appeal to arms. Most naturally, most justifiably would they have recourse to that last tribunal of law, if any such attack were made upon the acquisitions which they have so creditably made. Well, then, would not the rich be justified in following a similar course, should it ever become necessary, for the protection of *their* property? It is the same law which guards the earnings of the poor and the hoards of the wealthy: violate it with respect to the one, and it is no longer capable of protecting the other. Its right arm is cut down; society becomes a prey to the strongest, and we are again reduced to the savage state, in which there can be neither peace, nor order, nor property.

Thus we may clearly see, that respect for the rights of property is in fact the direct interest of all classes of the community, the thieves only excepted, who have lately, as it would seem, become one of the *orders*. For all honest, industrious, and well-disposed men, there can be but one course upon this subject, and that course points undeviatingly to the temple of honour and of justice. Those who stop short on the way, must have made up their minds for plunder—and for the plunder not of the rich only, but of those who are comparatively poor—the depositors in the savings banks. For the millions accumulated in those banks would be held by such persons, as not a whit more entitled to respect, than the sovereigns and ingots which are collected in the Bank of England.

ART. IV.—1. *The Literary Souvenir, edited by* Alaric A. Watts. 12mo, pp. 344. *Twelve Embellishments.* London: Longman & Co. 1832.

2. *The Keepsake for* 1832, *edited by* Frederic Mansel Reynolds. 8vo, pp. 320. *Seventeen Embellishments.* London: Longman & Co.

3. *Heath's Picturesque Annual for* 1832. *Travelling Sketches in the North of Italy, the Tyrol, and on the Rhine. With Twenty-six beautifully finished Engravings, from Drawings by Clarkson Stanfield, Esq.* By Leitch Ritchie, Esq., Author of the "Romance of French History," &c. 8vo, pp. 256. London: Longman & Co.

4. *The Continental Annual and Romantic Cabinet for* 1832. *With Illustrations by Samuel Prout, Esq. F. S. A., Painter in Water Colours in ordinary to His Majesty.* Edited by William Kennedy, Esq. 8vo, pp. 313. *Thirteen Embellishments.* London: Smith, Elder, & Co.
5. *The New Year's Gift, and Juvenile Souvenir.* Edited by Mrs. Alaric A. Watts. 12mo, pp. 240. *Eight Embellishments.* London: Longman and Co. 1832.
6. *Geographical Annual, or Family Cabinet Atlas.* Designed and engraved by Thomas Starling. London: Bull. 1832.

Our anticipations with respect to the literary merits of the new volume of the Souvenir have not, we regret to say, been fulfilled. We know not where or how we received the impression that it had been got up with more than common success this year, both as to its embellishments and the papers of which it is composed. The former are, indeed, generally of the highest order of beauty; but the latter are, with very few exceptions, of a character below mediocrity. The editor has thought fit to devote no fewer than thirty pages of his work to a satirical production of his own, called 'The Conversazione,' in which he attacks a number of critics and other literary men and women, all of whom, we believe, he had on various occasions enrolled amongst his friends. The manner, in which he has executed this ignoble task, reflects no credit either upon his head or his heart. As a poem it is a most miserable affair. As a satire it betrays more of bad temper and malignant feeling, than any thing of the kind that has ever fallen under our notice. We can speak of it with impartiality, because we are not included amongst the parties whom the writer so atrociously assails, and we have no hesitation in declaring, that it is so disgraceful in every respect to Mr. Watts, that it ought to lessen any future claim which he may set up to the patronage of the public.

It is no part of our duty to enter into any of the low bickerings, in which this gentleman may have been engaged with some of the scribes who abound in this capital. Those whom he ranks amongst his enemies, may possibly deserve every thing that he has written against them. Of the names of some of them we have heard for the first time, and we therefore say nothing about them. Of the others we have little more than a public knowledge, and it would not be difficult to persuade us, that much of what Mr. Watts has advanced to their discredit is perfectly true. But, admitting this, we ask whether a work like the Literary Souvenir, intended for the drawing-room, very frequently within our own experience presented as a Christmas gift to youth of both sexes, and hitherto looked upon as a collection of amusing, light, and inoffensive articles, should be made the channel for such a scurrilous composition as this 'Conversazione?' We are quite sure that if Messrs. Longman and Co. had any intimation of the editor's intention to

insert it in this volume, they would have insisted upon its being cancelled, before they would have allowed so scandalous a production to have gone out to the world under the sanction of their respectable names. We shall quote a single specimen of this poem, in order to justify the feelings of disgust with which we have spoken of its general character.

'Thus have I seen some blow-fly small,
Over a noble sirloin crawl—
On Giblett's ample counter placed,
Tainting the meat it could not taste;
And thus, for even the meanest things
Can void their filth and use their stings,
The veriest vermin of the press,
The power of mischief still possess;
For jests inflict a double smart,
"When some low blockhead points the dart:"
And dirt is dirt, and mud annoys,
Even from a knot of blackguard boys
Collected in the public street,
To run-a-muck at all they meet;
Who, as their ordure round they scatter,
And every decent coat bespatter,
Conceive themselves—the more's the pity—
Youths of a vein immensely witty;
And deem no humour half so good
As calling names and throwing mud.'

Literary Souvenir, pp. 239, 240.

Poetry like this is certainly not of the description, which we should wish to see in the hands of any young person, and we hope that the specimen, which we have given, will induce many persons to deliberate, whether they ought to admit the volume that contains it within their family circle.

It is a question, which the purchasers of books and periodical publications do not in general sufficiently consider, how far they become responsible, in a moral point of view, by patronizing works of an improper tendency. There is not in any part of the civilized world, a press so debased as that, from which the Sunday papers of this metropolis make their appearance. The lies which they unblushingly invent and give to the world, concerning the proceedings and motives of public men, usually carry with them their own exposure, and are soon forgotten. But the editors of most of those journals make a business of prying into the private affairs, not only of public men, but of men who have never quitted the shade of their retirement, and they wantonly inflict upon sensitive minds, wounds of the most painful nature. They are no better than prostitutes, for they carry on an open trade in vice, the odious vice of scandal, for the base purposes of lucre. Pecuniary gain they must acquire, for they are otherwise so poor, that they could not carry on their publications for a fortnight without very liberal assist-

ance from the inhabitants of the metropolis, as well as from many persons in the country. It is evident, therefore, that if there were no readers of such calumnious trash, there would be no writers of it, or at least no publishers; there would be no "Age," no "John Bull." Now then, we ask, can the patrons of such newspapers hold themselves free from responsibility, for the circulation of the vile falsehoods and infamous satires which those journals publish to the world from week to week? There is no sound moralist who will not agree with us in the opinion, that every person who buys one of these papers, or contributes in any way to support them by money or by approbation, participates in the guilt of the abandoned men who conduct them. Mr. Watts denies the imputation that he is one of the regular writers for the "Age." We give full credit to his assertion; but we must add, that he has shewn, in his 'Conversazione,' talents which would well fit him for that disgraceful employment.

It would have been well if he had submitted this precious composition, to the better judgment of the intelligent and amiable woman who bears his name, and who, we have no doubt whatever, would have counselled its exclusion, or at least given to it something of that dignified tone of reproof, which sheds so sweet a charm over the following verses from her own pen.

I.

'Tell me not that she is fair,
Queen-like in her mien and air;
Graceful as the silver swan
Como's sun-lit waves upon;
If, when merit meet her eye,
She can coldly pass it by;—
Modest worth neglect to raise
With the fostering breath of praise;—
Juno-like although she be
She no Goddess is to me!

II.

'Tell me not that beauty lies
In her laughter-loving eyes,
If those eyes, however bright,
Deign a gentle heart to blight;—
If, to prove her beauty's power,
She can trifle for an hour;—
Call up warmest hopes, and then
Freeze them to their fount again;—
Fair as young Euphrosyne,
She no Goddess is to me!

III.

'Though the lore of ancient days,—
Though the bards' sublimest lays,—
Though the learning of the College,
Be to her familiar knowledge;—

If she cannot stoop to find
Wisdom in a simple mind!
Be content to vail her power,
In her most triumphant hour;
Pallas' self although she be,
She no Goddess is to me!

IV.

'Though to her creative hand
Painting hath resigned her wand;—
Though with Sappho's magic art,
She can chain the willing heart;—
Though the charms of all the Graces,
(With their more than mortal faces),
Though the gifts of all the Nine
In her single self combine;—
She no Goddess is to me,
Wanting human sympathy!

V.

'If, when self-conceit be near,
She repress the rising sneer;—
If, when wit be flashing round,
She forbear the meek to wound;—
If, subdued by lore Divine,
She o'ercome the wish to shine;—
If Wit, Learning, Pride, or Beauty
Bow before the shrine of Duty;
SHE, whate'er her form may be,
More than Goddess is to me!'

Literary Souvenir, pp. 43—45.

We suspect that we are indebted to the same graceful pen for the following highly interesting account of the habits of the female "Friends." To its other intrinsic merits, it adds the rare qualification of being also in a great measure novel to general readers.

'It hath fallen to my lot, in the earlier period of my life, to be thrown into the society of not a few of the most distinguished families of the Sect. On my first acquaintance, I was greatly at a loss to distinguish any difference in the female part of the fraternity. In their instance, youth and age seemed to have lost their usual characteristics, when attired in the same sombre livery; and when, at length, I learned at a glance to distinguish the matron from the maiden, I found that it required a still keener perception to distinguish one maiden from another; the same brown gown and poke-bonnet were common to them all; and it was not until after a two-months' residence among them, that I learned to separate the *smart* from the *staid*. By the end of that period, however, I became familiar with the nice distinction of a *plaited* and *drawn*-crowned bonnet; between the bonnet lined with *white*, and the bonnet lined with the *same* colour; between the gaiety of white strings, as compared with the gravity of strings made of the palest drab!

'On my first introduction to a Friend's family, the peculiarity that most struck (and, I must confess, surprised) me, was the entire absence of all *finesse* in the manners of the ladies. To my sophisticated taste, there was

something, as it seemed to me, too unveiled—too straight forward—both in appearance and manner; a sort of angularity, which appeared to me to want rounding off. They asked questions without circumlocution, and returned answers without any softening qualification. It hath been said, that "a Quaker never gives a direct answer." This saying appears to me to belong to that family of jests which are more distinguished for their piquancy than their truth. I should say that the reverse of this maxim is the fact; but that I fear to attempt, by my individual strength, to remove what has been considered a land-mark.

'Another peculiarity, which forcibly struck me in their conversation, is what Mrs. Malaprop would call, a "nice derangement of epitaphs;" in other words, an extreme propriety of diction—their strict attention to the strictest rules of Lindley Murray. With them, our excellent friend, Hannah More, could have no pretext for reiterating her favourite precept of "calling things by their right names." With them "pink is pink, and not scarlet!" In their conversation there is an utter absence of all exaggeration, or embellishment; and I am almost tempted to believe that their children are *born* with a knowledge of the degrees of comparison—of the distinction subsisting between positive and superlative. However this may be, I am quite certain that a mere child would stand a chance of severe reprehension, who should be guilty of characterising an *accident* as a *misfortune*.

'But my reader must not imagine that I gained all this information as easily as he does. No, indeed! it required some tact to approach very near the gentle sisters, (of the brothers, I profess to know nothing), for they have a profound horror of ridicule, and a shrinking sort of distrust for all who are clad in motley. This feeling does not arrive from coldness, but is the result of a retired education, and a secluded life. To a Quaker, the presence of a silly woman of fashion would inspire more restraint than that of a whole body of profound philosophers.

'Their peculiarity of language, too, which they value as the hedge of their "garden enclosed," tends to place a great gulf between them and the rest of the world; they cannot ask you how you do, without feeling that they have not even words in common with their fellow-creatures. This prevents a free interchange of ideas, and may be one cause why they are so little known; they seldom, perhaps, feel quite at their ease, excepting in the society of persons of their own persuasion.

'And here I cannot but remark, how seldom a correct version of the Quaker phraseology is to be met with, even in the works of such writers as have chosen members of that body for their *dramatis personæ*. Our great novelist, Sir Walter Scott, has made worthy Joshua Geddes guilty of *swearing* at little Benjie; and his gentle sister, Rachael, manifests small respect for the rules of grammar. The sentiments imputed to these good people are, however, more in accordance with those of the "Society" than their phraseology; the acquisition of which would seem to be a matter of some difficulty, since their trusty friend, and well-beloved champion, Charles Lamb, is not entirely guiltless of now and then murdering Friends' English.

'But if any adventurer, urged by curiosity, or a better feeling, will take the trouble to break the ice, and pierce beyond the veil, I do not think that he will find his labour ill bestowed. He will immediately be struck

with what I have already noticed—a startling candour of manner; the result either of great confidence, or great singleness of mind—he must decide which; if he appeal to me, I shall, without hesitation, refer it to the latter cause. And now, supposing my reader to have advanced some steps towards an acquaintanceship—to have got over the chill which the THEE and THOU will not fail to throw over a first colloquy—he will still stand some chance of being frozen back by a want of sympathy in the material of small talk. Music, and places of public amusement, (those staple commodities of the overture of conversation), will not avail him here; to them, dancing and music are forbidden things. Of all such tastes and sciences, our Protestant nuns are profoundly ignorant. Their education has unfitted them to decide on the respective merits of a Pasta or a Sontag. They cannot descant on the talent of the rival composers, Beethoven or Rossini, or decide on the superior charm of the mazurka, or the gallopade.

'But though they can do none of these things, and are not versed in the art of elegant trifling, we will venture to predict, that he will meet with no lack of useful or valuable information among them. If the superstructure be without ornament, the foundation is not without solidity. He will find none of that ignorance of matters which should be of universal notoriety, which is sometimes to be met with in the conversation of their more showy neighbours. No female member of the Society of "Friends" would ever be likely to mistake the Reformation for the Restoration; or confound *Scotland's* with *England's* last Catholic King James.

'If our friend be a man of science, whether naturalist, geologist, or botanist, we will venture to promise that he shall not enter ten families without finding in five of them, ladies, neither old nor ugly, who are able to encounter him on his own ground; and this too without any assumption of extraordinary learning. With them, such knowledge is too much a matter of course to be made a matter of vanity; and if we must acknowledge that their elders are somewhat rigid in excluding them from the amusements that are to be found abroad, we must not omit to allow, that they amply provide them with such as are calculated to embellish home.

'Again, if our visitor be a poet, we will ensure him abundant sympathy in his favourite pursuit. Poetic taste, which may almost be said to amount to a passion among the youth of their sect, is, I fancy, the escape-valve through which their repressed musical talent evaporates. Among their most accredited favourites, are Wordsworth, Beattie, Montgomery, Cowper, and Campbell; and if the former have most of their praise, the last has, I suspect, the most of their love. Campbell is, indeed, the Apollo of the Friends; and I scarcely know among them a damsel of seventeen, who cannot repeat the "Pleasures of Hope," and "Gertrude of Wyoming," from beginning to end.

'Of prose writers that are not of their own body, their theological favourites are Cudworth and Thomas à Kempis. Indeed, the writings of the latter are in such high repute among them, that had the Quakers a bishoprick to bestow, he would undoubtedly have been called upon to fill its chair. Of their favourite novelists, I dare not say much, for this class of reading is strictly forbidden, under the designation of "unprofitable books." Notwithstanding this prohibition, however, I have usually discovered, that the younger part of the body contrive, by some means or other, to make them-

selves acquainted with the works of our most popular writers of fiction. I feel a tenderness in alluding to this subject, from a fear of getting my fair friends into a scrape. Nevertheless *(sub rosâ)* such is the fact.

'Of their parliamentary favourite, for each heart hath its own peculiar star, Wilberforce was the idol before whom they bowed. This may seem odd in a sect whose policy is so evidently liberal; but in this instance what they consider the smaller good, is made to bend to the one of greater magnitude, and thus they forgive his Toryism, for the sake of his philanthropy.

"So much for mind, and now for outward show."

'As a lover of impartiality, I must not neglect to caution any unfortunate husband who may be smarting under the recent infliction of a bill from Madame Carson, and who is ready to wish that his wife had been of the sect that are limited in the choice of their dresses, from being over hasty in his judgment.—I am of opinion that when the Creator, for the sins of our first parents, ordained that they should need clothing, he imparted to the original offender and all her female posterity, a taste, which converted the penalty into a boon; on this principle only can I account for the love of dress so common to them all. Even the Quakeresses, who, in obedience to the injunction of St. Paul, "refrain from outward adorning," and are restricted by their elders to garments composed of scarcely more than two colours, contrive from these simple elements to extract as much food for vanity as a painter from his seven primitive colours, or a musician from his octave of notes. It is true the original materials are limited; but, O for the varieties that their ingenuity will contrive to extract from these simple elements! First there is white, pure unadulterated white; then there is "dead" white, then there is "blue" white, and then there is "pearl" white, then there is "French" white, and heaven knows how many other whites. Next follow the greys: first there is simple grey, then "blue" grey, then "ash" grey, then "silver" grey, then "raven" grey, and, for aught I know, a dozen other greys.—Then come the fawn, the "light" fawn, the "dark" fawn, the "red" fawn, the "brown" fawn, the "hare's back," and the "brown paper" colour;—then follow (with their endless sub-divisions) the families of the mulberries, the "bronzes," and the "London smokes," varieties innumerable, and with distinctions only visible to the practised eye of a Lady Friend. As for their muslin handkerchiefs, let no unfortunate wight, whilst in the act of paying a bill for Brussels lace, envy those who have no such bills to pay: let him rest assured that his burthen is borne in some shape or other by his graver brethren: he may know that a muslin handkerchief may be bought for eighteen-pence, but he does not perhaps know that it may be bought for eighteen shillings also, and that the "Sisters" have a peculiar *penchant* for the latter priced article. It is true that a double instead of a single border forms the principal, I should say the only difference, between the Indian and British manufacture—no matter; the India is the most difficult to be procured, therefore the most to be desired, and consequently the thing to be worn!

'And then their *chaussure*—in this point they resemble our French neighbours more than any other people: It is certain that they confine themselves to shoes of two colours—brown and black; but then, their varieties! from the wafer-soled drawing-room to the clog-soled walking shoe! verily their name should be legion, for they indeed are many.

'And then their gloves—who ever saw a Quakeress with a soiled glove? On the contrary, who has not remarked the delicate colour and superior fitting of their digital coverings? And well may it be so; for though ready-made gloves may do well enough for an undistinguishing court beauty, her refinement must stoop to that of a Quaker belle, who wears no gloves but such as are made for her own individual fingers.

'And then their pocket-handkerchiefs—I verily believe that the present fashion of the *Mouchoir brodé* proceeded from them. It is true that they do not require the corners to be so elaborately embroidered; but for years have they been distinguished for the open work border on cobweb-like cambric; nor are they to be satisfied with the possession of a moderate share of these superior articles. No, indeed; if they are to be restricted to necessaries in dress, they fully indemnify themselves by having these necessaries of the finest possible quality, and in the largest possible quantity.

'So long ago as the reign of Charles the Second, it was observed of a great statesman, that he was "curious in his linen as a Quaker,"—and this implied axiom of the seventeenth century, is fully in force at the present day.

'One observation more, and I have done. In the management of that most unmanageable part of a lady's attire, ycleped a shawl, we will match any pretty "Friend" against any fair one of the European continent, (always excepting a lady from Spain). O, the smoothing of plaits that I have witnessed, to modify any unseemly excrescence at the back of the neck! O, the patience required to overcome the stubbornness of rebellious sleeves, which threatened to obscure the delicate slope of a pair of drooping shoulders!—O, the care that has been required to prevent the beautiful sinuosity of a falling-in back from being too much veiled, or the utter annihilation of the far-famed Grecian bend, in the sweep of its remorseless folds!

'All this have I witnessed; yet if any sceptical reader doubt the fidelity of my sketch, and enquire how I became acquainted with all these mysteries, I may tell him that I do not know by what authority he presumes to doubt my veracity. If, however, a knowledge of the truth will lull suspicions, I may as well confess the fact,

"That the glance which I have cherished most fondly and dearly,
Beamed from under a bonnet of drab-coloured hue."

And that though my fair one had the bad taste to prefer a husband from among her "own people,"—that though I am in my forty-fifth year, and a bachelor for her sake, still I cannot forget the trepidation which the rustle of a certain drab-coloured gown used to produce, or the hopes which a placid, sister-like smile once excited in my heart. These are—it may be—dull reminiscences; still I can never see a covey of these human partridges in their annual migration, without a certain anguish feel, nearly allied to melancholy. Still I am unable to pass the plainest of the sisterhood, without internally wishing her "God speed," for the sake of one who was the flower of the flock, and the queen of them all.'—*Literary Souvenir*, pp. 149—160.

We cannot strongly commend many of the other pieces, whether of poetry or prose, inserted in this volume. But the embellishments, we must repeat, are entitled to our unqualified praise—praise which we yield the more willingly, as we have been obliged,

from an imperative sense of duty, to censure the work in other respects. We should have supposed that the frontispiece, Allegra, had been engraved from a portrait of Taglioni. It is certainly very like her. The 'Supper by the Fountain,' from Boccaccio, is a spirited composition. The scenery in the back ground, consisting of trees and ruins, exhibits a fine depth of perspective, though it has the effect of making some of the figures round the table look small and insignificant. We have seldom inspected a plate that will bear more minute examination, in every part of it, than that of 'Oberwesel on the Rhine.' The proof which we possess might be selected for presentation to a foreigner, as one of the most finished engravings of the English school. When we look at the crowd of masts in the harbour, the different groups at the river-side, the well-laden boat approaching the shore, the signal tower, the church, the castle-crowned rock, and the hills or mountains in the distance, all depicted within so limited a compass, we wonder at the skill with which a work, apparently so difficult, was so admirably accomplished. The painting is by D. Roberts, the engraving by Goodall. Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the Marchioness of Salisbury is familiar to the public. We need only add, that Ensom has here done it justice. The plates of 'Numa and Egeria'—'Going to Mass'—'The Tarantella' and 'Vespers,' we should enumerate as our favourites among the remainder of the embellishments. But they are really all excellent.

We had flattered ourselves that Mr. Frederic Mansel Reynolds, the learned editor of the 'Keepsake,' would have appeared no more in that capacity; but we have been mistaken:—here he is again, in his own proper person, though shorn of nearly all his honours. He comes forth without a single line of preface, at least there is no preface in the copy which we have received; and what is more surprising still, he has not bestowed the lustre of his celebrated name upon a single composition in verse or prose throughout the whole volume. So far he is a reformed man, and we congratulate his new publishers upon the total absence from the present 'Keepsake' of every thing in the shape of his writing, good, bad, or indifferent. There is, however, much in the volume that would be fully worthy of his name. We confess we thought that the concluding verses, entitled 'Scan. Mag.', were the offspring of his pen, until, upon looking at the apology for them at the end, we found they were the *currente calamo* production of Mr. Jerdan. Certainly a more worthless set of verses than these we never read.

We have not time to count all the lords and ladies of title, all the baronets and members of the House of Commons, whose names are printed in the most conspicuous manner among the contributors to this volume. The proprietor seems to be under the impression that any stuff is acceptable which proceeds from writers of those classes. He is much mistaken. The public have learned long since that lords and ladies, generally speaking, are but indifferent

labourers in the mines of literature. We are restrained by a sense of gallantry from pointing out the violations of good taste, and the fulsome conceits which distinguish the verses of some of the ladies, who occupy portions of the present Keepsake. They appear actually to walk upon stilts, lest they should stoop to a single expression with which the commonalty might be familiar. What ridiculous affectation!

But there are exceptions to this vicious style, and honourable ones too, among the classes to which we have alluded. We shall take as first in order Mr. Bootle Wilbraham's narrative of his 'ascent to Mont Blanc,' which is very neatly written. We shall not give the whole, as, besides being too long for our purpose, it is so far little more than a repetition of Mr. Auldjo's remarks upon the same subject, which we have lately noticed. We think, however, that the reader will be pleased with Mr. Wilbraham's description of the scenery which he beheld from the top of that elevated mountain, as well as his return from his perilous journey.

'After nearly ten minutes, they woke me, and I found myself much refreshed. At the same time, I woke to a more perfect enjoyment of my new situation; that extreme exhaustion which had overpowered my mind as well as my body, had passed away, and I was myself again! It is perfectly useless for me to attempt to describe what I saw: I can only say that it amply repaid me for all the dangers and fatigue I had undergone. France, Italy, Savoy, and Switzerland, lay at my feet. The lake of Geneva and Pays de Vaud seemed quite close to me. Mont Rosa, Milan, and the neighbourhood of Genoa, the town itself being hidden by the heights beyond which it is built. On the north, far beyond the Jura, I saw what may have been Dijon, as it has been before seen, and the weather was perfectly clear. The valley of Chamouni was under our feet, with the Arve running through it like a thread of silver, and the innumerable peaks of the Alps, all looking like pigmies compared with the giant on which I was standing.

'My excessive fatigue caused me to forget two or three things I wished to have done, such as looking for the stars with a telescope, some of which, I believe, may be seen: I could not certainly distinguish them with the naked eye. I forgot, too, to fire a pistol, to hear (if I may say so) it make no noise: I did fire it high up for an echo, and it produced a much weaker report. The sky was an extraordinary dark blue, almost black.

'I did not feel that lightness in treading that is often experienced at that height. I lost all appetite and thirst in ascending, but the latter was very great afterwards. The thermometer was at zero.

'The summit appeared to me to be about 120 feet long by 50 broad, of an oval shape, with the corner towards the N. W. considerably raised. The shape of the surface consisting entirely of snow, and subject to great vicissitudes of weather, must be perpetually liable to change.

'I may here remark that the upper layers of the snow on the mountain are unlike those which fall on the lower regions, being composed of separate globules, unconnected with each other, except by the cohesion of frost.

'We remained on the summit only twenty-five minutes, the longest halt

during the day, as we were anxious to avoid passing a second night on the mountain.

'My feelings were very different when we began to descend, from the perfect apathy and indifference with which I had arrived at the top. The triumph of having succeeded in our attempt, the excitement of the guides as well as of myself, and the ease in descending compared with the fatigue we had previously felt, raised our spirits to the highest pitch, and we set off with shouts of joy.

'At a very short distance from the summit, a butterfly flew past us: we had neither the power nor the inclination to catch it.

'In ascending, the snow was hard and good, but by mid-day the sun had softened it, and in most places we trod knee deep, which was fatiguing and dangerous, as the "Ponts de Neige" over the crevasses were insecure.

'The glissades were very amusing. Down an angle of 45 degrees, for instance, we slid on our heels, with the pole behind us in the snow, like a third leg. This requires great practice. And at first I never went more than a few yards without falling, which is an excellent joke in soft snow. At the steeper places, we fairly sat down, and with our poles in the snow behind to guide us, lifted up our heels, and away we went like lightning. We had some excellent races in this manner, and I enjoyed them much. Small crevasses are passed in this way without danger, as the rapidity with which we went prevented our sinking.

'The excitement of our enterprise was so great, that I can affirm, without any idea of boasting, that I did not during the whole time feel the least degree of fear, or even nervousness, though I have frequently since shuddered at the remembrance of some of the places we passed. Once, in the beginning, as I looked down on a steep place from a narrow path, I fancied that I saw the rocks and the valley below slowly moving along, but I immediately stood still, and looked steadily at them, and never felt giddy afterwards.

'Our greatest difficulties, at this period of the journey, were at that exceedingly steep place I noticed in the ascent, which required the greatest caution, and took us more time in descending than we had been in ascending it. No one, however, made even a false step here. The crevasse which I have before particularly alluded to, was crossed after many precautions, and without accident. In all probability, another week would have melted away the little "pont" that remained, and left the valley perfectly impassable. Had we been unable to cross this on our return, we must either have remained on the mountain, and, it is needless to add, have perished, or retraced our steps to near the summit, and descended by the dangerous pass of the "Rochers Rouges." I do not think, however, that we should have had strength to re-ascend, especially as the snow was so soft, and we should have been soon overtaken by night, and (as the next day proved) a storm. *I* was not aware of the extent of our danger till we had passed it, when I need not say how grateful we all felt for our safe deliverance. The coolness and intrepidity of my guides are beyond all praise. In descending, I did not feel the slightest difficulty in breathing, and the pains in my head gradually decreased. In some places the wind was high, and the light snow drifted along in sheets when disturbed by our footsteps.

'On our return to the Grands Mulets, in three hours and a half, we packed up the baggage we had left there, which, like Æsop's load, had been considerably lightened, and arrived on the glacier, where we halted a few minutes to rest. It was exceedingly hot, and I never suffered so much from thirst as then, which nothing would quench, and which I did not get rid of till I put myself into a hot bath on my return to Chamouni.

'At the foot of the mountain, I found a mule waiting for me; and we returned to Chamouni about half-past eight, having been half the time descending that was occupied by the ascent. Though at so late an hour, I found crowds of people waiting to receive me in triumph, as from Chamouni they could with telescopes distinctly trace our progress. I did not feel much tired, and was too feverish to sleep well, but the next morning I was exceedingly stiff, and not sorry to remain quiet during most of the day. My face was much swelled, and the skin turned black and wrinkled, but, after a few days, peeled off. My eyes scarcely suffered, and that only for a day or two. Had I not worn green spectacles, I firmly believe I should have been blinded; for nothing can give an idea of the dazzling brilliancy of the snow above, when I now and then for a moment took them off. Two of my guides, who had only worn green veils over their faces, could scarcely see for a day or two after their descent.

'It was amusing to see what a lion I became at Chamouni, during the two days I had remained there afterwards. The place was crowded with visitors, and some asked me the most absurd questions imaginable.

'I cannot pass over in silence the exceedingly liberal conduct of my host, who, though I was a perfect stranger to him, offered to lend me all the money requisite to pay my guides, and other expenses, without even asking for any security, as, having had no previous intention of ascending Mont Blanc, I had not brought enough with me for that purpose. I, however, preferred taking one of the guides with me, on my return to Geneva. The reasonable charges and great attention of my host induce me to recommend him most strongly to those who visit Chamouni.

'With regard to this expedition, I cannot do better than repeat Coutet's own words when I first applied to him for his assistance. "If you succeed, you will think nothing of the fatigue and expense; but if you are compelled by weather, or any other circumstance, to abandon it, you will be exceedingly sorry that the idea ever entered your head."

'In conclusion, I should most earnestly advise no one to attempt the ascent of Mont Blanc; for though I found myself amply repaid by my success for all my fatigue and troubles, the chances are very great indeed against any one having again a journey so prosperous in weather and every other respect as mine was. But to any one who does not care for a rough lodging, I strongly recommend to go to the Grands Mulets, which he may easily do with two or three guides, at a trifling expense, pass the night there, and return the following day. I should hardly think it possible to return from the Grands Mulets the same day, but, at all events, the night is the most interesting time of the whole. He will there see enough to give him an idea, though an imperfect one, of the awful scenery which is only to be found above. He will have a splendid view during day-light, (and if he times his visit well) a glorious sunset and moonlight afterwards, and plenty of avalanches during the whole of his stay there. He will experience little danger or fatigue, and, moreover, he will have the distinction

of being the first man who ever *willingly* halted at the Grands Mulets, or half-way house, without the intention of proceeding further.'—*The Keepsake*, pp. 12—16.

Lord Dover, late Mr. Agar Ellis, is also one of the *élite* of his class, with whom the cultivation of literature is not new, and not taken up merely for the purpose of blazoning his name in the Annuals. Objections might be made to his verses on 'Human Life,' on the score of their want of originality, and of what may be called the true poetical temperament. They are, however, for a lord, sufficiently respectable.

'Search all the paths of human life, examine ev'ry way,
Through which 'tis given, while here on earth, for erring man to stray:
Though varied each, though different all, they yet in this agree—
Their course is disappointed hope, their end is misery!

'The soldier falls on battle-plain—they call it glory's grave!
No friendly hand is there to soothe the death-pangs of the brave.
Through a life of unrequited toil he rushes to his doom;
His wearied footstep finds no rest, save in the bloody tomb.

'The sailor wastes his prime of years upon the stormy main,
Far from the home his childhood loved, which he ne'er may see again;
Though he 'scape the wreck, the desert isle, and the cannon's deadly roar,
Yet cold neglect and an age of pain await him still on shore.

'The statesman no such danger knows, he dreads nor field nor flood,
And his claim the world to govern gives the power of doing good;
But foes contemn his merits, anguish and shame are near;
He sinks in death, and a people's curse deep murmurs o'er his bier.

'By day, by night, the youth who seeks the paths of legal fame,
Must toil for years midst doubts to raise a fortune or a name!
But his anxious cares will fail, till his mind or health decays,
While the blight of hope deferr'd on his fainting spirit prays.

'But the grief which wears the soul is the ardent poet's fate
To whom fame comes not at all—or if ever, comes too late;
His dream of immortality is early overthrown—
And scorn shall crush his wither'd heart, and mark him for her own!

'The merchant sighs for greater wealth, and pines with ceaseless care,
The scholar by his midnight lamp is wasted with despair;
While o'er the mass chill poverty her ragged mantle throws,
And through want they struggle on till their suffering course they close.

'E'en the idler cannot vary the common lot of all,
Though no ambition tempt him, nor the love of gain enthrall;
In the winter of his age he shall bitterly think o'er
The useless days, the wasted years, which can return no more.

'O'er this world of sin and sadness, thus misery hovers still—
The earth is sorrow's throne, and its sons must work her will;
While to wearied eyes of mortals no light can pierce the gloom,
Save the flame of faith and holy hope which glows beyond the tomb.'

The Keepsake, pp. 39, 40.

If we be not much mistaken, the following *jeu d'esprit* has already appeared in print. It will well bear repetition, for it has all the qualities of wit, brevity, pungency, and truth.

'ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

'*By Joseph Jekyll.*

'Mr. J. having frequently witnessed with regret, country gentlemen, in their country-houses, reduced to the dulness of a domestic circle, and thereby led to attempt suicide in the month of November, or what is more melancholy, to invite the ancient and neighbouring families of the Tags, the Rags, and the Bobtails—having also observed the facility with which job-horses and the books of a circulating library are supplied from London to any distance—has opened an office in Spring-garden, for the purpose of furnishing country gentlemen in their country-houses, with company and guests, on the most moderate terms.

'An annual subscriber of thirty guineas, will be entitled to receive four guests, changeable weekly, at the will of the country gentleman.

'An annual subscriber of fifteen guineas will be entitled to receive two guests, changeable once a fortnight.

'It will appear from the catalogue, that Mr. J. has a choice and elegant assortment of six hundred and seventeen guests, ready to set off at a moment's warning, to any country gentleman, at any country-house; among whom will be found three Scotch peers, seven ditto Irish, fifteen decayed baronets, eight yellow admirals, forty-seven major-generals on half-pay, (who narrate the whole of the Peninsular war,) twenty-seven fuzzing dowagers, one hundred and eighty-seven old maids on small annuities, and several unbeneficed clergymen, who play a little on the fiddle.

'Deaf and dumb people, sportsmen, and gentlemen who describe tours to Paris and Fonthill, at half-price.

'All the above play at cards, and usually with success if partners. No objection to cards on Sunday evenings, or rainy mornings.

'The country gentleman to allow the guests four feeds a day, as in the case of jobs, and to produce claret, if a Scotch or Irish peer be present.

'Should any guest be disapproved of, the country gentleman is desired to write the word "Bore" against his name in the catalogue, or chalk it on his back as he leaves the country-house, and his place shall be immediately filled up by the return of the stage-coach.

'*Society Office, Spring-garden, Oct.* 26, 1822.'

The Keepsake, pp. 92, 93.

The name of Lord Morpeth is already favourably known both in literature and politics. We need, therefore, make no apology for presenting the reader with the following stanzas from his lordship's pen:—

'Who has not felt, 'mid azure skies,
At glowing noon or golden even,
A soft and mellow sadness rise,
And tinge with earth the hues of heaven?

'That shadowing consciousness will steal
O'er every scene of fond desire,
Linger in laughter's gayest peal,
And close each cadence of the lyre.

'In the most radiant landscape's round,
Lurk the dim haunts of crime and care;
Man's toil must plough the teeming ground,
His sigh must load the perfum'd air.

'O for the suns that never part,
The fields with hues unfading dress'd,
Th' unfaltering strain, th' unclouded heart,
The joy, the triumph, and the rest!

The Keepsake, p. 221.

Lord John Russell is another name which is sure to go down to posterity upon the stream of honourable renown. It is surely delightful to find, that amidst the serious occupations of the past year, he was not unmindful of the muses. He takes care to remind us that his description of London in September was *not* for the year 1831, for it so happened that the metropolis was then, in consequence of the sitting of parliament, as crowded as it usually is in the month of June.

'Remote, unfriendly, melancholy, slow,
A single horseman paces Rotten-row;
In Brookes's sits one *quid nunc* to peruse
The broad, dull sheet which tells the lack of news:
At White's a lonely Brummell lifts his glass
To see two empty hackney-coaches pass;
The timid housemaid, issuing forth, can dare
To take her lover's arm in Grosvenor-square;
From shop deserted hastes the 'prentice dandy,
And seeks—oh bliss!—the *Molly—a tempora fandi!*
Meantime the batter'd pavement is at rest,
And waiters wait in vain to spy a guest;
Thomas himself, Cook, Warren, Fenton, Long,
Have all left town to join the Margate throng;
The wealthy tailor on the Sussex shore
Displays and drives his blue barouche and four;
The peer who made him rich, with dog and gun
Toils o'er a Scottish moor, and braves a scorching sun.'

The Keepsake, p. 238.

We need hardly say a word with respect to the embellishments of the 'Keepsake.' Its character, in this respect, is so well established, and has been so uniformly maintained, in spite of all the bad writing by which the engravings have been accompanied, that we can but echo our former praises upon this essential point. The taste of the proprietor, Mr. Heath, is signally displayed in the presentation plate and vignette title. They are both representations of antique vases of the most elegant forms. We should imagine that there are few specimens of the chiaroscuro to be found, at least among the embellishments of the Annuals, that can be compared for effect to Wallis's engraving of the 'Interior of Zwinger Palace, Dresden,' from a drawing by Prout. The steps of its splendid portico, the galleries within, and even a glimpse of one of the

apartments, are presented to the eye in a long perspective which seems almost irreconcileable with the fact that we are looking upon a mere surface of paper. 'Mrs. Stanhope,' and 'Do you remember it?' are a pair of beautiful portraits. The 'Repentance of Nineveh,' designed in his Miltonic style, by Martin, is another of the distinguished ornaments of this volume: but, indeed, wherever we turn, we find nothing in the way of embellishment, that can be justly called mediocre.

The same observation may be applied, with equal propriety, to Mr. Heath's Picturesque Annual, embracing what are very truly described in the title page as 'twenty-six beautifully-finished engravings,' from sketches taken in the north of Italy, the Tyrol, and on the Rhine. What an admirable production is that 'Swiss Cottage, near Brieg'—the town in the half distance, near it abrupt rocks, and, in the distance, snow-crowned mountains—in front, the careful cottager, driving his well-fed kine, with their rich udders, under the shed which is to protect them from the weather, his wife going in through the open door of the cottage, to which she has ascended by some steps, and on the left a brace of chubby children feeding a goat! The 'Gallery of Gondo' is another fine specimen of the superiority of the arts in this country. Those who have seen Mount St. Gothard, at the diorama, will be able to form some idea of the effect of this beautiful picture. What shall we say of the 'Lago Maggiore,' the 'Sesto Calende,' the two views of 'Verona,' the 'Dogana,' 'St. Pietro de Castello,' 'Murano,' 'Trent,' 'Innspruck,' and, in short, all the numerous and splendid plates, which may be justly said to decorate this volume? The reader should see them in order to judge for himself, and we may assure him that he will be exceedingly gratified by adopting our recommendation, for we venture to say, that twenty-six such plates as these never were collected together in one volume.

The letter-press consists of a real or imaginary tour, we do not well understand which, calculated to make the reader acquainted with the different scenes which form the subjects of the embellishments. It is written in a lively, and, occasionally, a piquant style, of which a sketch from the Tyrol will afford a fair sample.

'Our own excursions were limited to rambles on foot among the mountains and valleys in the neighbourhood of the river; and of these we can give but a very indifferent account—for, to say the truth, we forgot, in our individual gratification, the demands of an expectant, or at least expected, reader. We can conceive no higher pleasure in this world, than a summer's stroll through the Tyrol, with a knapsack on our back, and a staff in our hand. If to these we had the good fortune to add a few silver coins in our pouch (and a very few would suffice), and—not so much for companionship as just by way of an excuse for letting out our voice now and then, when the chest rose, and the muscles swelled, and the heart grew full—a bit of a dog by our side, a rough touzy tyke of a terrier—we would not change places with an emperor.

'On the right bank of the Inn, as it approaches Innspruck, the country

is very picturesque, the avenues to the mountains leading between sloping hills, and through defiles covered with wood. On the opposite side, the huge black cliffs ascend abruptly from the valley, and present an unbroken mass of shadow, till the eye reaches the region of snow and ice. The plains between are laid out in rich pastures, groves, and orchards, with here and there a cottage or a hamlet peeping through the trees. The Inn rolls in the midst, a broad and abundant stream, and gives an appearance of freshness and animation to the whole picture.

'Sometimes a raft is seen, floating down, from the recesses of the Tyrol, some family or tribe of mountaineers, with their whole worldly possessions. The raft is adapted, in point of size, to the number of the colony it is meant to transport; and is constructed of nothing more than rough trunks of trees floored over, and navigated by two persons, fore and aft, each provided with a broad oar to direct their course. The current answers for wind and stream together; and onward glides, through solitudes where the scream of the eagle is heard above their heads, and where the wild goat looks down upon them in surprise from the cliffs.

'As they draw nearer to the mountain-city, a stir may be seen in the floating village. The adventurers make haste to array themselves in all the bravery of their native valleys; and instructions seem to be given, from one to the other, to comport themselves with the propriety which the importance of the occasion demands. The young women are anxiously assisted by their mothers to arrange their head-gear and plait their hair; while their duddy cheeks grow yet more ruddy, flushed with dreams of conquest, with anticipations of novelty and delight, with the thousand dazzling but indefinite hopes of innocence and youth.

'On arrival, the raft, which, though it descended, cannot ascend the current, is hewn to pieces, and sold for timber or firewood; and the passengers are dispersed, like its materials, over the country. Few find their way back to the valleys from which their descent was so easy and so pleasant. Alas! what a string of stale moralities might be appended to this history!

'It seems extraordinary to us, that a country and a people so interesting—and, what is of more consequence to the fashionable literature of our day, so melo-dramatic—should be so little known in England. With the honourable exception of one part of the "Passes of the Alps," we do not know an English book that even professes to give an account of the Tyrol. In French, we have met with nothing that could satisfy any reasonable curiosity: in Italian, we find a pamphlet dedicated to the description of a southern portion of the country; and in German alone is there any thing approaching to detail. For our own part, we have, at present, no opportunity, and no room, to attempt filling up the hiatus—although we shall hope, at some future period, to be able to tell at least all that we know: and, in the mean time, we devote the few pages we can now spare to a sketch, in our hasty way, of the country and its inhabitants.

'On the north, the Tyrol is bounded by Bavaria, on the east, by Austria, Carinthia, and the eastern portion of the Lombard-Venetian kingdom; on the south, by western Lombardy; and, on the west, by Switzerland. The Swiss frontiers are merely imaginary lines of geography; for, in reality, the two countries form one territory of nature. The Tyrolese appear to be continuations of the Swiss mountains, presenting the same physical cha-

racter, and the same classes of vegetation; while the animal productions, including man himself, bear distinct traces of their common identity. The lakes and valleys, however, dwindle as the borders of Helvetia are left behind; and the Tyrol seems to be a debateable land of the Alps, where they thrust their white heads in from all quarters, and in the wildest confusion. The loftiest of these mountains in the Tyrol, and in all Germany, is the Ostler. Towards the east, there is the same indistinctness in the borders; but the Bavarian and Italian frontiers are intelligibly drawn.

'From the height of the mountains, every variety of temperature may be experienced in a walk of a few hours; but, in general, towards the north, the climate is still more severe than might be expected from the geographical situation of the country, while in the south it is in the same degree mild and warm. Cattle is the staple commodity in the north, where there is little room for agriculture, and where the soil is unproductive; in the south, wine, silk, and fruits, are rich and abundant.

'The country is divided politically into seven circles: those of the Upper and Lower Inn, Botzen, Puster, Roveredo, Trent, and Bregenz. In these circles there are twenty-one principal towns, thirty-two smaller towns, and 1558 villages. The population of the whole country does not exceed seven hundred and sixty-two thousand.

'Brave, honest, and faithful, but superstitious and bigotted, the Tyrolese of the present day seems to owe both his good and bad qualities to the physical peculiarities of his situation. Shut in by his mountains, by the poverty of his country, and by his own fierce and warlike character, from admixture from the rest of the world, he retains the same faith and prejudices that hung like a nightmare upon Europe in the iron ages. These, however, are counteracted in their moral influence by their circumstances. The narrowness of the valleys rendering them insufficient for his support, he is compelled to wrest a hard subsistence from the mountains. He scatters his grain, or plants his vines, wherever they will grow, and is only stopped in his hardy agriculture by the influence of climate. The same cause makes him a "mighty hunter." If the valley is insufficient, or the mountain churlish, he has recourse to the exercise, forbidden or not, of his rifle, and preys upon his fellow-commoners of nature—the roe, the stag, the wolf, the bear, and the chamois. Danger becomes habitual, and is therefore unattended with fear. A spirit of martial honour stands in place of the rules that dominate the plains; and on the peaceable habits of the agriculturist are engrafted the wild virtues of the outlaw.

'The skill in firing, for which the Tyrolese are famous, was acquired in the chase. Before it became a matter of honour and rivalship, it was an affair of business—a part of their every-day calling. It is now a point of national pique; and the man who never shot a chamois can put a bullet through a target, at a distance from which an English marksman could hardly see the bull's eye. The traveller is perpetually reminded of this peculiarity in the people. Every where there are rifle-shots ringing through the valleys,, and knots of peasants contending for the prize. Even the troops of the line convert their drill into a manly pastime; and are seen and heard returning from the field, with their well-riddled target borne home on their shoulders, to the music of the drum and fife.

'At meetings where the professed business is rivalry, it could hardly be

that the parties should separate without a fight. This, indeed, is a very common consummation of a ball-firing match; but in the Tyrol, as in England, there are certain laws of honour enforced by the bystanders, which invest the *turn-up* with an extrinsic dignity, and, from a dog-like grapple, convert it into an exhibition of strength and skill. One of the spectators is elected, before commencement, the judge of the battle; and this honour is usually awarded to acknowledged strength, as it sometimes falls to the lot of the judge to enforce the laws by means of a drubbing. The conqueror has the right to pluck the feather from his enemy's hat and stick it in his own. The appearance of three feathers at once in any hat is a general challenge, and shows that the wearer considers himself—and is ready to refer the fact to the arbitrament of sticks or fisticuffs—the best man in the valley.

'Among the amusements of the people, the most singular are the dramatic representations, performed, not by professional actors, but by the peasants themselves. These, we believe, are now almost peculiar to the Tyrolese; but they were formerly practised in Bavaria, Swabia, and Switzerland. The drama is planned, and the parts studied, during the long nights of winter; and the author is generally either the schoolmaster or the shoemaker—for there is an affinity in the Tyrol, as well as in England, between poetry and leather. When the fine summer days begin, the audience assemble, from far and near, either in the court of a farm-house, or on the banks of the river. At the expense of a few kreutzers, they take their places in the sun, and remain from mid-day until evening.

'The performance commonly consists of three distinct pieces: the first, a religious mystery; the second, a sort of national melo-drama; and the third, a drollery or farce. The mystery sometimes represents the life of Christ in a dramatic form; sometimes it is a saintly legend; and sometimes a story from the old Testament, such as the judgment of Solomon, or Joseph in Egypt. In the melo-drama, there is always a person whose influence on the action of the piece is derived from the elevation of his religious character. In his hands, the cross is used like the magic sword of Harlequin; and the rosary is a chain strong enough to controul the laws of nature themselves. There is also a comic personage, who answers to the clown of England—abundance of tyrants, who are always Pagans—and last, not least, the devil himself, in the shape of a huntsman. This last character plays a thousand tricks, till he is at length discovered, and vanishes with a most unamiable smell, and in the midst of thunder and lightning.

'When the piece of The Passion is performed, it is garnished, between each act, with texts from Scripture which bear reference to the part of the action that is to follow. These interludes, however, are sometimes pantomimic representations of what the next act is to display at length; and, during their performance, an angel reads the programme, exhorting the spectators, and pointing out the passages which should come most home to their business and bosoms.

'The farce is accompanied with instrumental music, and contains the secret history of the village, plentifully sprinkled with scandal and railleries. If any thing ridiculous takes place before the curtain, since the commencement of this long entertainment, it is straightway lugged into the piece, and the audience are made to laugh at their own follies and absurdities.

'The Tyrolese are passionately attached to the memory of their great

patriot, Hofer. At the head of our bed there is a printed memorandum, framed and glazed, which purports that Hofer once lodged in this house, where he arrived on the 15th of August, 1809. Our bed, be it known, since we have mentioned such a thing, is stuffed with the husks of Indian corn, according to a custom that is also prevalent in Italy. If Mr. Cobbett's speculation succeeds, and the plant becomes general in England, the people will find it much more comfortable, cleanly, and easily arranged, when used in this way, than either flock or wool.

'The Goldene Adler, independently of being the house where Hofer lodged, is a primitive inn, at once cheap and comfortable. Having paid our very moderate bill, leaving a gratuity for the servants, the chambermaid came into our room, and, seizing our hand, kissed it! We did not recollect at the moment that this was a customary way of expressing gratitude in such cases. We were hurried, indeed, and taken at a loss: and, in short, without an idea of gallantry, or any thing else, but simply from not knowing how to act on the occasion, we returned the salute on the damsel's lips. She appeared to be grateful for the new compliment, and courtseying low, thanked us again, and withdrew.'—*Picturesque Annual*, pp. 236—244.

The 'Continental Annual' has no more than half the number of embellishments contained in the work which we have just noticed, and so far it must necessarily yield the palm in Mr. Heath's favour. But in point of design and execution, we think that Mr. Prout's volume would bear comparison with the 'Picturesque Annual,' or with any other production of the same class that has yet been presented to the public. The editor, for the purpose of introducing the plates, which consist principally of views from different cities in the Netherlands, Germany, France and Italy, has selected from various sources, a series of romantic tales, adding to them one or two original stories from the pen of a foreigner. Considering the difficulty that exists, among so many Annuals, of lighting upon any thing that wears an appearance of novelty, we should suppose that Mr. Kennedy's plan has a very fair chance of success. Some of the tales are abundantly garnished with horrors of the olden time; others embrace modern adventures, thus affording a variety of entertainment for every taste. Perhaps it might be objected to this work, that it contains two or three papers which have no reference whatever to any of the embellishments, and that so far it is nothing more than a mere compilation of tales. The fault, if it really be one, may be easily avoided in the next year's volume.

The 'Russian Spy' is not, however, one of the compositions which are placed in this predicament: and as it seems to be one of the original contributions to the work, and at the same time one of the most interesting, we shall transcribe a portion of it.

The author describes himself as a surgeon and a native of Dresden, in which city he passed the memorable year 1813, and beheld the calamities that were brought upon it by the arrival of the French armies under Davoust and St. Cyr. Among the persons who resided in the same house with him, occupying one of the attics,

were an aged man, who earned a miserable livelihood by fishing in the river, and his daughter Meta, whose appearance indicated mental imbecility, and who, out of charity, was employed by the landlord to attend the lodgers. They had been but a few months in Dresden, where they were little known, and it was understood that they had formerly been in better circumstances. The author thus became acquainted with her, and soon discovered beneath her coarse attire a beautifully formed figure, a musical voice, an accomplished mind, though veiled for the present, from some mysterious circumstances. The old man concealed also a fine person in the ample garments of a fisherman; he was dumb, or pretended to be so, and went by the name of Old Peter. The charms of Meta insensibly won upon the author; her gratitude was excited by some professional services which he rendered to her father, and her heart was engaged by the solicitude which he appeared to feel for herself. Matters were in this state, when, on the evening of the 5th of November, six days before their capitulation, the French determined on a *sortie*, hoping to take their Russian besiegers by surprize. The writer proceeds:—

'Too much excited to sleep, I determined to remain within a prudent distance of head-quarters, and await the event. I had not long to linger in suspense. Soon after the church clocks had struck twelve, I heard a low rumbling sound reverberating through the deep silence of the deserted streets, and from the dark angle in which I was placed, I beheld several pieces of artillery, with powder waggons, the wheels of each carefully covered with straw, pass slowly by towards the bridge. Taking a shorter road through narrow passages, and favoured by the darkness, I gained the centre of the bridge, where an arch, blown up in the spring by Davoust, had been replaced by strong oak planks, flanked on each side by lofty pallisades. Drawing my cloak tightly around me, I extended myself on the pavement within one of the recesses, to escape observation. While thus waiting the arrival of the artillery, I suddenly heard some ponderous body strike the pallisades, and distinguished the sound of voices from beneath the bridge. The intense darkness of a November night, and the loud rush of a north-wester through the battlements, prevented me from discovering the cause of these strange occurrences; but when the artillery, already on the bridge, had passed, and the deep rumbling of the cannon had ceased to distract my attention, I looked and listened attentively for a recurrence of the mysterious sounds beneath the planking, and was no little surprised and alarmed when I saw one of the oak planks close to me slowly raised. At this moment, the storm having somewhat dispersed the heavy clouds, the pale rays of a new moon, piercing through the drift, fell upon the spot, and with amazement I beheld rising, as through a trap-door, the tall figure of my fellow-lodger, the father of the interesting Meta.

'Soon as he had gained the surface of the wood-work, some one beneath handed to him a long white pole or fishing rod, which, after carefully replacing the plank, he extended over the parapet, and stood motionless in the attitude of a person fishing with rod and line. At this moment my listening ear distinguished the heavy and measured tread of a body of armed men at the city end of the bridge, and the flickering moon-light flashed

upon the arms of the French van-guard. Shrouded by a dark blue cloak and the deep shadow beneath the parapet, I gazed with a beating heart upon a battalion which passed me in profound silence. When the front rank reached the planking, the old man began to sing in his dumb fashion, and held out his cap with one hand as if for alms, while the other supported his fishing rod.

'"*Ah, voila St. Pierre qui veut pêcher!*" exclaimed a grenadier. Another in the following rank, halting for a second, said,—"*Ah ça! mon ami! Je t'aiderai à pêcher! Tenez!*" and threw a coin into the cap of the old man, who thanked him in tones which resembled the howling of a wolf rather than a human voice. Several officers and many soldiers, as they passed, threw their contributions into the cap, and each donation was acknowledged in the same unintelligible howl. At length, a well-mounted officer of rank, in whom I recognized the Count de Loban, approached so near the ancient beggar, that I expected every moment to see him trampled under the hoofs of the fiery charger. Fixing his hat more firmly on his head, the count turned hastily to an aide-de-camp, and in a stern voice, exclaimed,—"Who is that man, Larive?"

'The group of mounted officers behind him reigned in their impatient steeds, and I began to tremble for my own safety, as well as for that of my fellow-lodger, when, to my inexpressible relief, a black-bearded veteran sapper, marching with shouldered axe out of the ranks, carelessly answered, —"'Tis only a poor dumb maniac, well known in Dresden. They call him 'St. Peter the Fisherman.'"

'The marshal and his suite proceeded, and the battalions continued to defile over the bridge, not, however, with the bounding step and *gaieté de cœur* displayed by the French soldiery in the brighter days of Napoleon, but in unbroken silence and evident discouragement.

'The passage of about 10,000 infantry, 1,000 cavalry, and 200 baggage-waggons, necessarily occupied a considerable time; at length, however, the last of the rear-guard quitted the bridge, the heavy tread of men and horses died away in the distance, and my attention was again solely occupied by the old fisherman, who suddenly leaned his rod against the parapet, withdrew a wooden peg which secured the planking, and hastily removed the same plank he had raised before. Kneeling down, and applying his face to the aperture, the dumb man exclaimed, to my infinite amazement, in good Russian,—"Katinka! Katinka! is all ready?"

'"Yes, grandfather! there is a fish on every hook," answered a shrill voice from beneath, in the same language. Starting up, the old man seized and raised his fishing-rod, which by the increasing moonlight I now saw was no rod, but a stout pole of great length. Instead, however, of fish, I observed three small, but well-lighted lanterns, attached to as many cords of different lengths, forming, when the pole was placed by the fisherman in a perpendicular position, a signal or beacon of three equi-distant lights. Supporting the end of the pole on the parapet, he remained motionless until he saw a brilliant rocket rush into the air from an elevation at some distance beyond the Elbe. This rejoinder was followed by numerous rockets and fire-beacons, which blazed up in rapid succession along the hills of Meissen, filling the atmosphere with vivid coruscations, which were reflected in long and flaming lines on the ruffled waters of the Elbe. Starting on my feet at the extraordinary spectacle, I saw the old

man some paces beyond the planking, whirling, in apparent ecstacy, his heavy pole and its pendant lamps above his head, until the lights were extinguished by the rapid motion. Availing myself of his absence, I approached the aperture, when I stopped short in breathless surprise, as I beheld, slowly emerging from the trap, the head, arms, and figure of a woman, from whose dripping hair and apparel the water streamed upon the boards, while her wet clothes, clinging closely to her person, betrayed the contours of an exquisitely-proportioned figure.

'The storm was now fast subsiding, and the moon, shining brightly in an unclouded quarter of the sky, enabled me to discern her features. Gracious Heavens! it was my lovely and mysterious Meta, whom I beheld in this strange condition. "In the name of wonder, Meta!" I exclaimed, "what brings you here?" Without uttering a word in reply, she abruptly seized my arm, and with incredible force dragged me some distance along the bridge towards the city.'

'"*Pour l'amour de Jésus! Wolmar!*" she whispered in pure French, and with energetic intonation,—"Utter not a word, and quit the bridge, or you are lost,—see, see, dear Wolmar! my best and o ly friend! the fierce old man is replacing the plank,—away! away! begone, or he will murder thee!'

'Had she been a stranger to me, I could not have resolved to leave this shivering girl in such a pitiable condition; and I now, for the first time, felt all the force of my attachment to her. Taking off my cloak, I threw it around her; meanwhile the fisherman was still watching the rockets thrown up by the besiegers, on the hills beyond Grossenhayn. "There they go!" he shouted, "eight—nine—ten—eleven thousand of those incarnate devils—those murderous incendiaries! Rush down upon them, my valiant countrymen! Lay on, and spare not! Avenge the fires of Moscow! Avenge the cruel massacre of my son, and my son's son—my wife and daughters! Lay on, lay on, and spare not, in the name of God, and St. Andrew!"

'Tossing his lanterns into the river, he now strode towards us with a speed and vigour wonderful at his advanced age; when, suddenly perceiving me, he angrily exclaimed in Russian,—"Katinka! unhappy girl! Who is that man? Why speak to him? We shall be betrayed, and shot before noon. But hold," he continued, through his clenched teeth, "there is yet a way and a will!"

'Raising his heavy pole, he darted forward, and, with all his great bodily strength, levelled a blow at me, which would assuredly have fractured my skull, had not his grand-daughter sprung forward, and by a sudden push against his arm given another direction to the ponderous weapon, which was broken to pieces on the pavement, while he who wielded it was thrown upon his knees.

'"*Allons! Allons!*" was now heard from numerous voices near the other end of the bridge, along with the tramp of cavalry, and the loud rolling of gun-carriages It was the detachment of Count de Loban, defeated on the Drachenberg, and returning, after the discovery that the Russians were on the alert, and had occupied all the mountain passes. It was the next day rumoured in Dresden, that the besiegers were apprised of the intended *sortie* by Russian spies, secreted in the city. To return, however, to my own critical situation. I saw there was not a moment to lose. The

courageous girl, who had thus saved my life, exhausted by the effort, and by long exposure in a boat to the wet and cold of a stormy November night, had fallen senseless at my feet. Taking up the precious burthen in my arms, I told the old man to fly for his life, and hastened towards the city with a speed which would not allow me to observe whether he had followed my advice, but which soon placed me and my beloved Meta in security. Avoiding every sentinel, and passing through unfrequented streets, I reached the retired house of a maternal aunt, who had often been a resource to me in hours of need. With ready kindness, the old lady surrendered her warm bed to the still unconscious maiden. I prescribed what was needful to restore her, and anxiously watched her recovery; but it would have required more than human skill to prevent the fever which followed the excitement and bodily fatigue of that memorable night.

'Returning the following noon to my lodgings, I found my worthy landlord pale and trembling in his parlour. With a voice interrupted by strong emotion, he told me that Meta had disappeared, and that he had seen her aged parent leave the palace of Marshal St. Cyr, escorted by a numerous guard, which conducted him to the bridge. Thither he had followed and seen the poor dumb creature.

'Further details were checked by a gush of tears, but I could too well infer the sad catastrophe.

'Happily I succeeded in concealing the untimely end of her only surviving relative from the lovely orphan, until she had been some weeks my wife.

'Since the auspicious day which made her mine for life, many years have gone by; but never has she for a moment given me cause to regret, that I confided my honour and my happiness to the keeping of a *Russian Spy*.'—*The Continental Annual*, pp. 141—148.

It will not be denied, that a tale such as this is well calculated to shed an additional interest upon Prout's view of the 'City and Bridge of Dresden,' capitally engraved, as it is, by Willmore. Another beautiful specimen of workmanship, is the plate of the 'Cathedral Tower, Antwerp.' Not only the tower itself, and a part of the cathedral are seen, but the light is thrown upon them in such a way, as to lead the eye through a considerable part of the street in which they are placed. The views of Ghent, Nuremberg, and Metz, especially the latter, give a foreigner who had never visited those cities, a clear idea of their architectural character. Their tall gables and numerous stories, and business-like appearance, form a striking contrast with the light though stately cities of Italy, the luxurious repose of its lakes, and the elegant splendour of its palaces.

How strange it is, that that little Red Riding Hood, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which has been familiar to our eyes for several years, should not yet have lost a particle of its original charm! It looks always new, and we suppose it will ever look so to the end of time. Mrs. Watts was happily advised in placing it in the front of her 'Juvenile Souvenir,' for which it has been exceedingly well engraved by Engleheart. The other embellishments are also appropriate to the work, and really very well executed in every respect

There are 'a Mother and Child,' a trio of 'Orphans,' a 'Grandfather Napping, a 'Sailor's Widow,' and a view of 'Antwerp,' which, some few years ago, would have been sufficient to make the fortune of an Annual, almost without any further assistance. We suppose that we may look upon Mrs. Watts's 'New Year's Gift' as a standard publication in its class: it is certainly one of the prettiest, as well as one of the most useful presents that can be thought of for the reading generation of girls and boys. We quote, with great pleasure, a few verses by the author of the "Siege of Constantinople," which will recommend this little work to the heart of every parent.

I.

'I gazed upon its laughing eyes,
That mocked the sapphire's blue,
Its cheek rich red as ruby-dies,
Its lip of coral hue;
And saw its brow more fair than snow,
Ere it had caught a taint below.

II.

'I viewed it pillowed in repose,
Its sweet-drawn breath as soft
As airs that sigh at day-light's close;
And, from its features, oft
Glanced the sweet brightness of a dream,
Like sunshine from a summer stream.

III.

'It woke, and stretched its rosy arms,
As wooing a caress,
Toward her who watched its slumbering charms;
Oh, task of blessedness!
E'en like an angel, or a dove,
To watch o'er all we prize and love.

IV.

'The mother raised it on her knee,
And danced her cherub boy;
How then burst forth its artless glee,
All trembling as with joy!
Lips open, dimples on each cheek,
And eyes that, sparkling, more than speak.

V.

'"Sweet thing of innocence!" I sighed,
"What beauty now is thine!
A pearl just risen from being's tide,
A diamond from its mine:
Alas! that time should dim thy ray!
That infancy should pass away!"'

New Year's Gift, pp. 21, 22.

Perhaps, in strictness, we ought not to have classed the 'Geographical Annual' amongst the works which we have noticed in

this article. But though of necessity devoid of literary matter, yet it is a publication so intimately connected with every branch of knowledge, the maps are engraved and coloured in such a superior style, and in a size so convenient for every purpose, and the book has such an appearance of elegance, both internally and externally, that it forms of itself a strong inducement to the study of geography. It comprises, we believe, nothing more than the maps already published in the "Family Cabinet Atlas:" but it is intended to be re-issued every year with such improvements as new discoveries may render necessary. Thus, in fact, it will become, as it deserves to be, a perennial rather than an annual, and we have no doubt that it will long continue to deserve the liberal and distinguished patronage, which it has already received.

ART. V.—*The Drama brought to the Test of Scripture, and found wanting.* Edinburgh, 1830.

THE morality of the Gospel has been praised, not only by all descriptions of Christians, but by Deists, and even by absolute unbelievers. The splendid panegyric pronounced on it by Rousseau is probably known to all our readers. It adds to the wonder of its excellence, that it was produced in a country almost bereft, as far as we know, of science and literature; and Rousseau justly derives from this circumstance, an argument in favour of its divine origin. It confessedly exceeds, in the purity and sublimity of its precepts, the noblest lessons of the philosophers of Greece and Rome. It adds to the merit of its general system, that the rules of the Gospel are applicable to every condition of life, and may be practised in all combinations and circumstances of which human nature is susceptible.

Yet, some Christians have endeavoured to improve upon the Gospel, and to aim at a sublimer spirituality, than it seems to them to exhibit. In an early age of the Gospel the Gnostics, in our own the evangelical sects, have made this daring attempt. In the middle ages it was made by the Platonicians. In the hands of them all it equally failed, and the general fate of all such attempts has been, to expose both the leaders and followers to just ridicule and contempt.

One of the modes by which those who engaged in these preposterous designs, have attempted to construct their sublime spirituality, has been the rejection of harmless pleasure. Man is so constituted as to require an alternation of labour and ease, of privation and enjoyment. The means by which he obtains ease and indulgence, are often beneficial to his fellow-creatures. Even a blameable excess of gratification is often productive of social good, by the number of individuals whom it employs. It injures few, and is a cause of happiness to many. It often, therefore, happens,

that we should rather encourage than reject these modes of pleasure, though in some points of view objectionable. Surely a man of wealth, who spends the superfluity of his fortune on those objects, which engage the exertion and skill of the agriculturist, the navigator, the commercial portion of the community, the artist, or the man of learning or taste, does much more good than by daily accumulating money for the benefit of a future generation. Yet, to this unproductive accumulation, the superfluity which we have mentioned must be consigned, if the gratification of pleasure, within its due limits, were not allowed. With respect, therefore, to the drama, the chief subject of the work before us, the mere circumstance of its being a mental or sensual gratification is no objection to it. But, if a scenic representation be criminal in any respect, or if it excite irregular appetites, it is unlawful pleasure, and abstinence from it is virtue.

Mrs. Wesley's advice to her son, the celebrated John Wesley, is very good:—"If you doubt whether any gratification be lawful, see whether it weakens your impressions of virtue, strengthens the vicious appetite, or obscures reason. If it do, whatever it may be to others, to you an indulgence of it is criminal." By this test, the objections to the drama should be tried. The only question then for consideration is, whether the drama be liable to this objection.

Yet, even here, we should not be too rigid. If the drama be generally free from reproach, some passages in a particular play which may be justly censurable, may, nevertheless, be passed over. The imperfection of all human performances is such, that we should be satisfied with effecting as much good as the circumstances allow, without abandoning our exertions, because they do not effect all the good we could wish. Solon's answer, when the imperfection o his laws was objected to him, that "though they were not as good as might be framed, they were as good as the Athenians, for whom they were designed, could bear," was the language of a man of sense and experience. For the same reason, the morality of the stage may be entitled to praise, as the best which such an exhibition will admit of, though it falls very far short of the exalted code of the Gospel.

Another attempt to improve on the Christian system has been made, by an endeavour to refine upon devotional language and sentiment. The prayers, or rather hymns, which we find in the works of the ancients, if we consider them as addresses to the Deity, or to beings of a divine nature, are almost always disgusting and ridiculous. Many such hymns are to be found among the Odes of Horace. We are sensible that the mythology of Greece and Rome cannot be put in comparison with the theology of the Christians, or of the Jews, their ancestors. This furnishes some excuse for the imperfection of the Greek and Roman hymns, when compared with those of the Jews or Christians.

But how it was possible, that a well instructed Grecian or Roman should have pronounced, with internal devotion or reverence, the hymns which have descended to us from antiquity, is inconceivable. The Book of Psalms abounds with the sublimest and most affecting passages; with the noblest conceptions of the Deity and his attributes; with the most impressive exhortations to virtue, and with the soundest lessons of justice and morality. If we compare them with the hymns of Pagan antiquity, we may justly exclaim with Salazar, *Illam homines dices, hunc posuisse Deum.*

We therefore think, that the founders of Christian Churches did right in introducing the Psalms of David into their different liturgies. But we have some suspicion, that the whole of them are not proper subjects for *popular* devotion; we doubt whether the imprecations which are found in them, should be read as prayers. We think that a large portion of them are not intelligible by common readers, and that the very rare mention in them of a future state of reward or punishment, renders them an imperfect compilation for Christian readers. Still, their merit is immense, and we wish to see such a translation of them, as, while it should preserve the idiom, and exactly render the sentiments of the original, would be perfectly easy to be understood by the most ordinary capacity. We are not aware that such a translation of the Psalms into the English language, has yet appeared.

The prayers in the Common Prayer Book, are, generally speaking, excellent. The attempts of the Methodists to improve upon them, have, too often, miserably failed. One of their greatest errors has been, expressing the love of God in terms applicable to profane love; and this is sometimes done by them in strains, which a delicate taste, would, even in that case, reprobate. In the middle ages mystical writers were frequent. All their works, except the celebrated "Imitation of Christ," attributed to Thomas à Kempis, are now wholly forgotten. That work is yet read and highly esteemed by Christians of every denomination. Fontenelle and Leibnitz speak of it in the language of the most exalted eulogy: it is scarcely possible to describe the union between a pious soul and the Deity, in terms of greater clearness or delicacy. About two centuries ago, an attempt to introduce this mystical speculation into England, was made by Dr. Mores, the Rev. Mr. Norris, and the author (we believe his name was Waring) of the *Effigies Amoris*, a book that once had many readers and admirers. Speaking generally, the Methodist writers to whom we allude, have none of the learning of these gentlemen. They abound with expressions only fit for an amatory songster. How different such language is from that of the Psalms! These are full of expressions of the most ardent love of God, but never deviate into the preposterous and disgusting language we have mentioned.

The mistake has been chiefly owing to its being considered necessary to a love of God, that the person should feel it in the same

manner, as he feels the love of an earthly object. But this is impossible. The Divine Being and his infinite perfections, are above the conceptions of the human soul, while she remains in her mortal frame. The highest tribute of admiration, which we can pay them, is an humble sentiment of adoration. But the Deity is as much entitled to our love as to our homage. And both the Old and New Testament exhibit a multitude of reasons, which shew that the Almighty Author of nature, and his divine Son, are entitled to our love and gratitude. But respect should find its place in all we say or think of the Divine Being. The most perfect model of prayer which we possess, is the *Our Father*. It expresses our love of God by calling him *our Father*, the tenderest relation known to human nature. On this prayer, and the sentiments which it excites, we may dilate, but we should never diverge from them, and every attempt to improve upon them is impiety.

To what a pitch of extravagance such efforts may rise, is visible in the disgusting scenes, which a celebrated preacher has allowed to take place in an evangelical chapel in the neighbourhood of London. They were preluded to by the strange revelations of *Joanna Southcote*. These are now almost forgotten, and the present exhibitions will soon undergo the same fate; (this is the end of all such fooleries). But God and his holy truth will remain for ever.

The work which has given rise to the preceding remarks, contains many useful observations; but we think it fails in its object, by attempting to prove too much; for there scarcely is any recreation of a public nature, or any public assembly for pleasure or amusement, to which the author's objections to the drama, do not, in some measure at least, equally apply. This, shows that the system of the author, however ingeniously developed, or piously supported, is not suitable to the present state of society, and therefore is, to a certain degree, visionary: we must add, that his objections to the drama, apply with equal force to many of the gratifications which the Methodists allow themselves. There is nothing which the scriptures reprobate in a higher degree, than a love of riches, or the pursuits of ambition. Yet it never has been remarked, that the Methodists are more indifferent to either of these objects, than any other denomination of Christians. We therefore recommend to the author of the treatise before us, and to all those who think like him, that they never should neglect the advice of the apostle, "to be wise with sobriety."

ART. VI.—*Fables, and other Pieces in Verse, by Mary Maria Colling. With some account of the Author, in Letters to Robert Southey, Esq.* By Mrs. Bray, Author of "Fitz of Fitzford," &c. 8vo, pp. 178. London: Longman and Co., 1831.

MR. SOUTHEY'S "Attempts in Verse, by John Jones," have set the world of literature once more agog in pursuit of humble poets.

We have had ourselves manuscripts put into our hands by versifying gardeners and tailors, which they thought were at least as good as those of John Jones, and fully as worthy of being published. We unfortunately, or rather, perhaps, fortunately, were unable to agree in this opinion, and the manuscripts still remain in the rumpled and disordered state in which we first saw them. We have little doubt, that if we took the trouble of polishing up for the religious part of the community, the hymns of a very worthy man, who discharges the office of chief horticulturist in the service of an esteemed friend of ours, we might collect some subscriptions which would be soon exhausted in the expense of printing his volume; we might obtain from him a most grateful dedication, expressive of our humanity, taste, critical acumen, &c.; we might get sundry letters of thanks from him, and print them all; we might gather various particulars of his life, and tell the world by what mysterious means he became a poet, and so gain a little fame for ourselves, but very little money for the poor man; and end in giving him so much disgust for his present honest and industrious mode of living, as to render it necessary for him, in a short time, to solicit what he has never had occasion yet to seek, the assistance of his parish.

In truth, with whatever indulgence we may have occasionally considered productions of this description, we must allow that almost universally they are mere moonshine. They have very seldom any sterling merit about them; the sentiment may be good, but it is feebly expressed; the metaphors are low and confused, the verse halts, the melody is deficient, and we perceive in them none of those many nameless graces, which a thorough education, and the elevation of mind, that is its consequence, can alone impart to good poetry. It is an absurdity to suppose, that a man who has been all his life digging the earth, or mending old shoes, can attain to those flights of imagination, without which poetry cannot be produced; or that even if the thoughts should come of themselves, he, all unskilled in the beauties of our language, can select the phrases that are best adapted to express his ideas, and to sustain the dignity of verse. We hear of stanzas being indited by persons in inferior stations, and we wonder that, with their limited means of knowledge, they can write so well. But this ought to be no reason for printing the quantity of trash, which such persons accumulate in their leisure hours. In most of the cases of this description, we may discover that the vanity of the patron, or the patroness, has had quite as much to do with the publication of such compositions, as the much more excusable ambition, or supposed interest of the humble author himself.

Mrs. Bray is a notable sort of a lady, exactly the person fitted to be the lady patroness of village poets. Imagining that she has acquired no mean reputation for herself in the literary republic, she fondly believes that she can now become the dispenser of fame

to others. She, good Mrs. Bray, seems to think that she has discovered in the gentle maiden, Mary Maria Colling, a gem of "purest ray serene," a rose which had hitherto blushed altogether invisible to other eyes, and a real prize of extraordinary value. We would venture to say, that there is scarcely a large village or town in the kingdom, in which more than one person might not be found capable of writing verses quite as good as those of Miss Colling, if not a great deal better. It is very far from being our wish to wound the feelings of this person, in so tender a point as her poetical talent: but she must blame Mrs. Bray for the injudicious use which she has made of the manuscripts that were confided to her care; for the moment that by publication they are submitted to the critical tribunals, it becomes the duty of those tribunals to pronounce upon them according to their real merits, without being led away by those false notions of delicacy and humanity, which have nothing whatever to do with the canons of poetical taste.

We cannot help noticing the mawkish style of the letters, in which Mrs. Bray communicates to Mr. Southey, the history of the grand discovery which she made, of Mary Colling's wondrous powers: and of the difficulty which she had in persuading the poor girl herself, that she was neither more nor less than a *genius*. It is remarkable, that all the letters are upon Mrs. Bray's side, and that we have not even so much as a line expressive of the poet laureate's opinion on the subject. Perhaps it would not be too much to infer from this omission, that his judgment, with respect to these verses, was not of a nature quite so flattering to the author of them, as Mrs. Bray would have wished. Indeed, we think we might go farther, and state, that Mr. Southey thought them altogether unworthy of his attention, and declined to have any thing to do with them in an editorial character. We must add, that if he did not think so, his taste must have been very much altered for the worse, for a set of more imbecile verses than those which Mrs. Bray has here given to the world, never, perhaps, courted its contempt before. But let us hear her account of her fair *protegée*.

'"After she sent her little poems to me, I heard a good deal about her from various quarters; but these accounts not always agreeing together, I determined to learn what I could from the poor girl herself. The first time I saw her, she was so agitated that I gained little intelligence; but the second, taking her into my own room, I did all I could to conciliate her feelings, and having in a great degree overcome her timidity, I obtained from her a regular account of herself, given in the most artless manner. I shall here repeat the substance of it with every attention to fidelity. My information respecting her singular worth, her early talents, and the excellence of her character, I derived from a lady who has known her from childhood, and from the worthy gentleman in whose family she has lived for so many years.

'"Before entering, however, on these particulars, it may not be amiss to state that about four or five years since I observed a young woman, of the humbler class, dressed exceedingly neat, and remarkable on account of the

intellectual character of her countenance, who used to sit amongst several poor women immediately under the reading desk of Tavistock church.

'" I was induced to inquire who she was, and learned that her name was Mary Colling, that she was a servant in a gentleman's family in the place, *a clever girl, and fond of poetry.* Some time after, I observed she was removed from where I first saw her, and usually took her seat in the pew near our own (belonging to the family in which she lived), where her expressive features and her decorous behaviour, always made me look upon her with peculiar interest: it was not, however, till the 4th of March, 1831, that I became fully aware of her *remarkable talents;* since on that day I first received from her, through the hands of one of my own servants, a small parcel, containing a few of her poems, with a request, very modestly preferred, that I would be kind enough to look over them at my leisure, and say what I thought of them. Having stated these few circumstances, I now proceed to mention others of more, I think, than *ordinary interest* respecting her.

'" Mary Maria Colling, the daughter of Edmund Colling, husbandman, by his wife Anne, was born at Tavistock, August the 20th, 1805. In her childhood, she was sent to school to an old woman; not so much to learn any thing, as to be kept out of the way. But little Mary was not to be so neglected, for hearing others taught to read, she had a wish to learn also; and her school-mistress finding she made no progress either in sewing or knitting, undertook the task, more congenial to her pupil, of initiating her into a knowledge of the alphabet and the first rudiments of learning. These she speedily acquired; and being possessed of Watts's Hymns, and a sixpenny book that had in it sundry little stories, with some few pieces in verse, she soon became so perfectly well acquainted with their contents, that she knew both books, from beginning to end, by heart; not, however, making the good old woman fully acquainted with the tenacity of her memory in thus storing itself with what then constituted her whole range of knowledge; so that when her mistress, on account of her negligence with the needle, would sometimes keep her in, after school hours, as a punishment, Mary often managed to soften her displeasure and to gain her own liberty, by repeating something, with the utmost exactness, out of the sixpenny book in which she was set her daily lessons. Before she was five years old, she could read well enough to entertain her grandmother, who was very fond of her.

'" At ten years of age, she was entered at the free school as a pupil to learn needle-work: there, however, some kind ladies—Miss Mary Beauford and Miss Charlotte Bedford—became friends to her, and taught her to read perfectly well, which she could not do till then, though she could write a little before, but can scarcely tell how she learnt to do so. At this school, likewise, she received small praise for sewing, but she wrote from copies, and was considered the spelling wonder amongst the children. Her memory also was surprising; she could repeat any thing by heart with scarcely more trouble than that of reading it over.

" 'However her schooling amounted to very little, for her object there having been to learn needle-work, she rarely went upon writing days, and her mother also, being repeatedly ill, and having a young family, Mary was obliged to stay at home and nurse her brothers and sisters for weeks together.' "—pp. 1—5.

Mrs. Bray then proceeds, in a most verbose manner, to relate how Mary taught her father to read, thereby, in the opinion of Mr. Bray, assimilating herself to the Grecian daughter; how she got into the service of Mrs. General Hughes, previously to which she occupied herself in learning the business of weaving, and how, from 'the poor girl's simple accomplishments, and keeping herself from idle company and gossips, she had excited a good deal of envy amongst the narrow-minded in her own station and degree.' The editor adds, that putting all Mary's reading together, it amounted to very little, excepting that she had made herself perfectly acquainted with the Bible. 'Here she is quite at home, and knows whole chapters of it by heart.' We shall, by and by, see how easy it is to know whole chapters of the Bible by heart, and to suffer the same heart to remain insensible to some of its most essential precepts. Mary, it seems, moreover, is an astronomer!—for she read some book about it: and the whole Mythology of Greece, the Auroras, and Floras, and Pomonas, &c., she became acquainted with, from seeing an account of such matters at the end of an old dictionary. But her language—her way of writing—her "bold and forcible expressions,"—whence did she draw for auxiliaries so important, in every point of view, to a poet? From the Bible? No. From Watts's Hymns? No. From the little sixpenny book, with its sundry stories and pieces in verse? No. The cunning rogue acknowledges that 'as to her language, she had gained that from hearing Mr. Bray preach!' No wonder that, after this admission, Mrs. Bray has the fortitude to hold up Mary Colling as a poet. To listen to him was her greatest delight, and she thought she owed much to his sermons. As a proof of it, she said, 'he had inspired her to attempt poetry.' Thus we learn the secret by degrees. Mr. Bray inspired the maiden to write verses, and Mrs. Bray very naturally publishes them. It is all a family concern.

But how did Mary happen, if this were the case, to turn her poetical attention particularly to fables? One would have thought that Mr. Bray's sermons ought to have given a more serious direction to her muse, and have taught her to compose not fables, but hymns. We are afraid that the allegation about the power of Mr. Bray's discourses could not have been in fact well founded, for we find that her true inspirers after all were the prose tales in her sixpenny book, and Gay's Fables, which somebody had lent her. These, however, were not all. Mary gives a highly poetical account of another source, whence she derived her fabulous propensities.

'"I was anxious to learn what could have induced her to think of writing fables, not having been, from her own account, at all prompted to do so by reading them. She blushed like crimson when I asked her, smiled, and at last I drew out the confession. She said, 'that her master, seeing she did not go out much, or run about like other girls, from kindness to her gave her a slip of garden, to amuse herself with cultivating it in her leisure hours; till, at length, all the flower garden came under her care.

The river Tavy flowed at the foot of it; and here she found the greatest delight. She would tell me truth, though she was afraid to speak it, lest I should think her mazed;* but when of an evening she was amongst the flower beds, and saw them all so lively and so beautiful, *she used to fancy the flowers talked to her.* Thus, a peony growing near her laurel tree, she fancied the one reproaching the other for not being so fine as itself, and so composed her little fable of the 'Peony and the Laurel.' And these kind of thoughts used to come into her head in a moment, and then she turned them into verses and fables.' Is not this poor girl truly a poet of nature?" '—pp. 11, 12.

Very possibly she may be a poet of nature, but her fables show that she is rather too little of the poet of art, the business of which is to improve the natural impulse, and clothe the poetical thought in a poetical dress. But before we produce any of her compositions, we must dismiss the remaining portion of her biography, which is not without interest, whatever we may think of her talents. The manner in which Mrs. Bray speaks of her own 'all-powerful secret,' is amusing. It reminds us of the grand notion which school-girls entertain of the slightest whisper which wears the mysterious form of a secret, not to be told on any account for a certain number of hours—the result of which, is that it is forthwith blabbed round the whole school. We must confess, however, that we never heard of an omnipotent secret before. It is something new. It is equally novel to hear of a country girl being frightened on hearing mentioned the name of the Poet Laureate—the King's Poet! There is no disputing about tastes: we suppose that Mrs. Bray knows her man, and was probably courting Southey for an article upon her novels in the Quarterly; otherwise common delicacy must have prevented her from penning such trash.

'"I mentioned, I believe, in a former letter, that she had not been in the habit of writing down her compositions, and that when I asked her how she managed to preserve them, she gave me a truly Devonian reply, assuring me that 'she could mind them,' meaning she could retain them in her memory. I also inquired if any one in the place, besides ourselves, had ever heard her poems. She said 'Yes, a few persons had. That some ill-natured people scorned her for writing them, and some thought it wrong in a poor girl at service; but an old man, whose name was Pearce (and who it appears was the *first* person intrusted with her secret this way), and a few others, liked them pretty well. Her kind and generous master, also, approved them.'

'"I then ventured to tell her my all-powerful secret (for I had not yet disclosed it to her) namely, that I had sent two of her fables to no less a person than Mr. Southey! and asked her if she really knew who he was. She looked somewhat alarmed, and said, 'Oh yes, she had heard that the gentleman was the King's poet!' I told her not to be frightened, and assured her that the '*King's poet*' was one of the kindest-hearted men in the world, and that I would venture to say in his name (for I had not then received your

* '*Mazed* is a Devonshire expression, meaning mad.'

last letter), that he would not despise her little verses, but would read them with every indulgence.

'"Another little anecdote must not be forgotten. She told me that somebody had lent her an old book, containing extracts from different poets. I asked her whose poetry she liked best in it? She answered me, with all the simplicity imaginable, 'that there were some extracts from a person whose name was Shakspeare, and she thought she liked them the best.'

'"Knowing how close a union there is at all times between poetry, flowers, and love, I ventured to ask if she had a sweetheart. She smiled and said, 'Oh, no, she could read and amuse her mind, in her leisure hours, with making verses, and with her flower-garden, and that made her quite happy: she did not want one.'

'"I do not think there is any danger that this poor girl's head will be turned by any notice of her. She is very modest, and seems imbued with a deep sense of religious feeling, the surest safeguard against vanity; since such a fault is seldom found in a mind accustomed to serious thoughts on sacred subjects. It is more frequently the vice of those who think too much about themselves, and too little about their God.

'"She has the Devonshire accent, but not coarsely; and, though a perfect country girl in every thing,—in her smile, her cap, her little straw bonnet, and her curtsy,—yet there is nothing vulgar about her. The elevated feelings of her character have given to her manners that indescribable mark of mind, which shows itself amidst the greatest simplicity, and is never to be mistaken.

'"As, in noticing those who are at all distinguished for talent or worth, it is customary to say something of their persons, I may be allowed, perhaps, to state, that nature has been liberal to her in this particular. Her features are regularly handsome, especially the forehead, eyebrows, and eyes; the latter peculiarly so when animated in conversation. And I may here observe, that Mary Colling the servant, and Mary Colling talking about poetry and flowers, scarcely appears to be one and the same person. If I had not seated her for a couple of hours by my side, and won upon her to open her heart, I should never even have guessed the animated interesting being she could become in conversation.

'"I do assure you, when I looked on the beautiful expression of her countenance, so tempered with modesty, and listened to the feeling modulation of her voice, 'soft and low,' for she has that 'excellent thing in woman,' as she repeated to me her own admirable lines on Creation, I could not help entertaining for her a degree of admiration that was not unmixed with reverence and regard.

'"Should it be the will of God that this poor girl is to be benefited by our means, I can only say I shall most happily become the instrument.

'"I hope you will not think me superstitious, if I confess to you that I love to trace events through the most apparently trifling links of that chain which leads to their source. It certainly was something quite out of the usual course of things that Mary should have sent her little poems to me (and not the best of them either) at such a time—on the very day I was about to reply to your letter, and when my own feelings had been so recently impressed with your kindness to me, that mine were but the more open to her. I have only to add, that she bears an unblemished character, and I have every cause to think will not disgrace the good gifts Providence

has so amply bestowed upon her. You will also be glad to learn, that, since I commenced my letter, a lady of this place, Miss Mary Beauford, whose good sense and kind heart are ever active in promoting the welfare of the humbler classes, called upon me, and expressed her readiness to assist in any plan that might be set on foot for Mary's benefit. Mary's worthy master, Mr. Hughes, has likewise, in the most generous manner, expressed the same resolution; so I hope on my return from London, which I am soon about to visit, that we shall be able to bring out a little volume of her poems to do credit to Tavistock.

'"She has this moment sent me a beautiful plant from her garden, and a copy of verses, expressive of her grateful feelings for the little kindness I have shown her. Could there be a more graceful mode of returning it?"'—pp. 15—19.

As we love beauty in every shape, and, above all, the beauty of woman, we must add, that the portrait prefixed to the volume, fully answers the description which Mrs. Bray has given of Mary's features. We have seldom seen a more perfectly handsome countenance, and there are decided indications of intelligence about it, which render it peculiarly interesting. We wish with all our hearts that the girl were happily married, and placed in a useful station, in which she might earn a decent maintenance. Beautiful though she be, we should, for her own sake, much rather see her selling fruits and flowers from her own garden, than wasting her time in writing verses about them. For that it is a waste of time, we think a very few specimens of her composition will abundantly shew. We pass over several more common-place verses, whose only merit is, that they do not absolutely offend good taste. But what mark of poetical inspiration, or of self-taught genius can be traced, we should like to know, in the following fable of the two foxes?

'Upon a spacious plain, one day,
Two foxes met, *as foxes may:*
"Behold!" cries one, "I've had good luck,
To-day I've killed this well-fed duck."

'Then straightway said, "How glad I feel,
I've lived a life devoid of ill:
From other foxes' faults I'm free;
No farmer e'er was robb'd my me."

'The other cried, "*Oh! what a puff!*
I'm sadly vex'd to hear such stuff:
Indeed, my friend, 'tis my belief,
That every fox hath been a thief.

'It likes me not to hear such boast;
Those are not best, who brag the most:
You know, like me, you're ruled by pelf:
Pray, *did you rear that duck yourself?*'

The writer of this precious specimen of English fabulous poetry, has been compared by Mrs. Bray to La Fontaine. Pray did Mrs. Bray ever read La Fontaine? We should say not; otherwise it

would be incomprehensible by what process she had brought her mind to recognize, in such a production as this, the delicacy, the point, the graceful simplicity of expression, which have rendered the French fabulist immortal.

It is confessed that Mary Colling was a good deal envied in her neighbourhood, and that she vented in verse, the feelings to which the gossip of her slanderers gave rise. Several of her fables bear the decided marks of this angry and vindictive spirit, which reflects little credit upon any person, who professes to be guided by the precepts of the Bible. When we look at her pretty face, we are astounded to find masked beneath it, the spirit of a fierce termagant. We suppose, that in her fable of the eagle and the toad, the former represents herself, and the latter some one of her enemies.

'" Oh! who but a fool such a gewgaw would be,
'Twere better by far wert thou humble like me;
Pray, is not the earth good enough to abide in,
That thou on the clouds of the sky must be riding?"
The eagle look'd down, while from anger exempt,
And answer'd the toad in a strain of contempt:
" Go, and talk to thy venomous race, not with me,
I need no advice from a tadpole like thee.
'Tis surely beneath me thine insults to chide,
Whilst high on the sun-gilded clouds I can ride:
Pray, what makes thee think I molested can be,
By a poor insignificant crawler like thee?" '

Mrs Bray's defence of her protegée, upon this point, is curious, considering that she is herself the wife of the vicar of Tavistock, whose sermons are so full of every sort of inspiration.

' " I have already mentioned, that Mary had complained to me of having suffered a good deal by the envy of certain persons in her own class of life; and that it was her custom to give vent to her indignation by making such attacks the subject of her fables. I have remarked in her, that, like most persons endowed with acute feelings and a lively imagination, she is very sensitive in respect of an injury as well as a benefit. I have seen her cheek flushed, and her eyes sparkle, when she related to me many little instances of unprovoked malevolence. I have also seen them overflow with tears, when her heart has been full in grateful acknowledgment of any kindness that has been shown to her. There is in her no disguise of her real feelings; whatever they may be, they are manifest.

' "However she may occasionally have indulged in this poetical mode of revenge, it has proceeded, I am satisfied, from no natural inclination to satire, or illiberal spirit of remark. These, indeed, are vices more frequently found in the higher than in the lower classes. In what is called refined or fashionable society, we too often observe a practised love of satire, a quick sense of the ludicrous, and but little perception of what is elevated in feeling, or great and noble in action. Every speck in the character of another is detected and ridiculed, whilst the real worth of the person thus censured is too frequently overlooked: just as he would do who forgot, that though a diamond might have flaws, it was still a precious stone.

'"Very different from this has been the motive that awakened any thing like a spirit of satire in poor Mary Colling; nor has she, I believe, ever exercised it, but when provoked to do so by the malice of others.—pp. 66, 67.

So then, according to this doctrine, the malice of others is sufficient to justify in the person who is the object of it, even though that person be a Christian and a woman, the most unamiable and most uncharitable of all vices, that of attacking her assailants in return. We are ashamed to introduce such trash, as the following, to our readers; but it is necessary that they should know how much there is of natural malignity and of bad temper in this village girl, who had the Bible by heart, and how little there is in her genuine feelings of the true poetical temperament. The discreet and amiable editor must be allowed to give the "argument" of the following fable.

'"Every country town, perhaps, can boast of certain gossips and busy-bodies, who are fond of employing their time in idle talk, and meddling with the affairs of their neighbours. Tavistock is not deficient in sundry persons of this description. One old woman, in particular, is very celebrated for this plague of the tongue. It appears she once managed to insinuate herself into the friendship, and in some degree to win the confidence, of Mary; and afterwards, without any cause of offence being given, very ill-naturedly said, 'That for her part she thought Mary Colling knew so little of the world, and was so great a fool, she could get any thing out of her.' Mary was fired with displeasure on hearing this, and gave vent to her feelings in the following lines; ending them with a fable, in which her false friend is characterised as the spaniel dog, 'Craft,' and herself under that of 'Snap,' the 'inexperienced pup.'"

'THE TWO SPANIELS.

'ADDRESSED TO ——

'Yes, traitor of my thoughtless youth!
Fools and children speak the truth;
I'll bear, while truth is made your rule,
Contentedly the name of fool.
I am a fool then; this is well:
My friend, for once the truth you tell;
And this is also true, of course,
If fools are bad, that rogues are worse.
You let your tongue go very free;
You say you've power to injure me:
Then why not do so? I am near,—
Don't think I'm led a knave to fear.
O, no! your malice I defy:
A thousand times I'd rather die
Than I'd lie fawning at your feet,
Or act, like you, the hypocrite.
You say you've power—then why not strike?
Do what you can—soon as you like;
And mind, my friend, I'll make you feel
That I am flint, if you are steel.

Revenge, say you, should be repress,
That strong bad passion of the breast;
But God, I'm sure, hath made no laws
But that I may defend my cause.
Now pause awhile, and speak with reason:
Pray, did I ever tell you treason?
If so, howe'er the world might chide it,
I would not give you thanks to hide it.
Your saintship says, that 'tis a merit
To have a kind forgiving spirit;
But oft I've seen—Heaven knows 'tis true—
Poor proofs thereof in such as you.
Know, treacherous friend, I do detest
To harbour hatred in my breast;
And e'er I choose another name,
A fabled dog shall bear the blame.

'Near Tavy's bank, one summer's day,
Two spaniels met, as spaniels may;
As to their names, mistakes may hap,
But yet I think 'twas Craft and Snap.
Said Craft to Snap, "You look quite well;
Pray have you any news to tell?
Dear, bless my heart! how you are grown!"
"Yes," Snap replied, "more ways than one.
Grown in experience, I have found
The world with treachery doth abound;
For you I thought an honest dog,
Before you proved yourself a rogue.
You to my neighbours make a rule
To call me silly easy fool;
To say you'd get me to impart
To you the secrets of my heart;
That I, an inexperienced pup,
Would easily become your dupe.
Yes,—what you ask'd me to unfold,
With honest ignorance I told:
And now you brag that you can harm me;
But that, my friend, doth not alarm me.
No more may puppies have to do
With such deceitful dogs as you.
What! can your spite so long withhold?
Fulfil your boast—if young, I'm bold;
Though by deceit a knave's empower'd,
If Snap's a fool, he's not a coward."—pp. 68—71.

Need we observe, that such low disputes as these, between the detractors of a country town, are hardly fit to be made the subject of poetical composition: that even if they were, the treatment of them comes with an ill grace from one of the parties, and that verses such as these, betray very little indeed of that "deep sense

of religion," and those "elevated feelings of character," for which Mrs. Bray has given her heroine so much credit.

Assuredly no man or woman, even slightly skilled in poetical literature, will venture to praise the *poetry* of such verses as these :—

'A Goat, a Monkey, and a Fox,
Resided once upon some rocks;
And what the world may friendship call
Existed long between them all.

'Until it fell upon a day
That, lo! there was the deuce to pay;
One with another they fell out,
And each began to brawl and flout.

'The Monkey did no anger lack,
His two companions to attack;
He in a passion raised his head,
As unto Reynard thus he said :—

'"You are a false dissembling rogue!
You ever sneak, lie, and collogue;*
Turn out, you thief, there from your hole,
Those fine fat turkies which you stole!"

'The Fox replied—"Your charge is true;
But still I am not worse than you:
You need not give yourself such airs—
If I stole turkies, you stole pears!"

'The Goat said, "Both are in the wrong,
And each had better hold his tongue;
For, were your actions brought to test,
Soon 't would prove that bad 's the best."

'"Hold!" cries the Monkey, "master Shag!
I 'm sure you have no room to brag;
You know, 't was but the other day
You stole some oats from farmer May."

'An Owl, that yet had silence kept,
Peep'd from the ivy where she slept;
And, with a magisterial look,
She checked them thus, with stern rebuke :—

'"My friends," she said, "from what has past,
Learn to be careful how you cast,
At a near neighbour's house, a stone,
When glass it is that forms your own."'—pp. 108, 109.

Take here a specimen of Miss Colling's grandiloquent strains:—

'From the dark north, *in fury's form,*
With thunders girded march'd the storm.

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* "To flatter," &c. Vide Johnson's Dictionary,—a word commonly used in Devonshire.

The skies were veiled with *awful glooms*,
And Flora's tribe conceal'd their *blooms*:
The sun withdrew his shining rays,
And birds sat mute upon the sprays.' &c. &c. &c.

What does the reader think of Miss Colling's *elegance*? Saith an owl to a nightingale

—'"Cease your song at my desire:
Who can such hideous cries admire?
Indeed, your note mine ear annoys—
I beg you'll cease that horrid noise."
The owl replied:—"That I'll not do;
Sure I may sing as well as you."'

Miss Colling thus makes a monkey address an ass:—

'"Is this the way by me you pass?
You should have made your bow at least,
You stupid and ill-mannered beast."

To which the ass responds in language equally edifying:—

'"What obligation am I under
To pay respect to you, *I wonder*?
Is't 'cause you wear a coat outside
Which covers o'er your natural hide?'"

We can find nothing whatever in these fables to admire, either as to language, or sentiment. The former is coarse, and the latter despicable, either for its meanness or its malignity. What Mrs. Bray is pleased to call their *moral* point, is nothing more than a poisoned sting, which this amiable reader of the Bible protrudes upon every occasion, for the purpose of gratifying a paltry spite against her paltry enemies. Her miscellaneous verses are, for the most part, free from this taint; and we should have expected that her bad temper, being silenced amid the scenes of nature, and innocent amusements, she might, if she had a spark of poetry in her temperament, have made it apparent on such occasions. Let her 'May Day Dialogue' speak for her *simplicity*. We rather apprehend that the reader will look upon it as a specimen of the most silly nonsense, that ever was printed in the form of verse.

'PHILLIS.

'See, Roger! there's a fine blue sky:
I hope it will continue dry;
Then all our village will be gay:
To-morrow is the first of May.

'Oh, what delights we then shall see,
When all are full of mirth and glee!
I wonder if the May-pole 's made,
Two groats tow'rds it my dame has paid.

'ROGER.

'I've been to stroll with Larry West;
Both he and I have seen it drest;

Dame Danks, too, says, and she must know,
A finer never made a shew.

'All talk is now of May-day's fun,
And who's to wrestle, dance, or run;
You'll see both me and Walter Watts
With flowers and oak-leaves in our hats.

'PHILLIS.

'Then, there's our plough-boy, Jemmy Rook;
You cannot think how gay he'll look;
Dame said, last night, there won't be seen
A smarter lad upon the green.

'And I shall wear a new stuff gown,
And so will Sue and Lucy Brown;
And Master says, he does intend
To give us each a groat to spend.

'I've been so busy all the week
To make white shirts for Jem and Dick;
And well employ'd has Dame been too
In trimming caps for me and Sue.

'ROGER.

'You may be fine, with all my heart;
No doubt but we shall all be smart:
I've just been told by Peggy Locke
The bells will ring by six o'clock.

'PHILLIS.

'I don't think I shall sleep to-night:
I'll rise to-morrow with the light;
And milk my cows, and feed my pigs,
And then prepare for May-day rigs.'—pp. 139, 140.

After the insertion of such ridiculous trash as this, we are not at all surprised to find a poem, expressive of the writer's gratitude, addressed to Mrs Bray herself: we can only say, that the poetry is worthy of both parties, the inditer and the editor.

'Though conscious, dear madam, how great is your goodness,
Yet words to express it I never shall find:
I fear to offend; pray, pardon my rudeness:
Heaven knows that respect with presumption's combined.

'How oft, when the frowns of malignity darted,
From many, whose hatred I never deserved,
I've wept! for, alas! even hope had departed,
And I thought not a friend like thyself was reserved.

'Unconscious that any I ever offended,
Yet assailed, too, by envy, I knew not for what;
By Heaven and by you since I thus am befriended,
My fears and my sorrows will soon be forgot.'—p. 155.

In declaring our candid opinion, that verses such as these which we have quoted, and we might add to them almost every *poem* in the collection, were unfit to meet the public eye, and very little cal-

culated to exalt the reputation of their author, we beg to be understood as objecting rather to the bad taste of Mrs Bray, in bringing them forward, than to the untutored girl who wrote them. When she gave expression in verse to the feelings, to which the gossip of her petty slanderers gave rise, she most probably was not aware of the rules of charity which she thus habitually violated. When her pride was flattered with the idea of seeing her productions in print, she, doubtless, in her simplicity, thought that they were at least as good as those of John Jones, and quite as worthy of public patronage. Indeed Mrs Bray taught her to believe, that, although not so polished in language as his compositions, her effusions were superior to his in point of conception. This might be true, and yet they might not deserve to be recommended, as they have been, to the attention of the literary world. It is upon Mrs. Bray alone, that the consequences attending such an unjustifiable step must fall; upon her be the ridicule of its failure; she alone must stand accountable to this poor girl, for the disappointment of hopes that ought never to have been encouraged, and most probably for rendering her discontented with the humble station in life, in which it was the will of Providence to place her.

ART. VII.—*Memoirs of the Life and Administration of the Right Honourable William Cecil, Lord Burghley.* By the Rev. Edward Nares, D. D., Regius Professor of History in the University of Oxford. Vols. II. and III. 4to. London: Colburn & Co. 1830-31.

A LEARNED and profound philosopher, of a former age, has declared, that there are no greater flatterers of princes, than clergymen. Had this writer lived in the present times, he would have found the objects of clerical devotion not a little varied; for instead of courting princes by soft dedications, as was anciently the case, the great body of the order are now engaged in supporting the most foolish and most mischievous prejudices. He would have seen how intensely they are occupied in nourishing the flame of religious bigotry; how sedulously they bend the whole of their energies, their industry, their talents, and erudition, to the recovery of every element of social discord, which, in the lapse of time, and by the progress of charity, had fallen into oblivion. This object they pursue under a thousand varied disguises. The shapes of history, romance, poem, and light essay, and we may now add the inviting one of biography, have been successively assumed, for the purpose of more securely effecting the desired end. We should think it quite impossible, for any dispassionate man to peruse the leviathan quartos before us, without being convinced, that the author had far different purposes in view from the ostensible one; namely, the illustration of Lord Burghley's life. We are not aware, in the first place, what new lights have been obtained by Dr. Nares, to justify him in usurping the office of biographer to Lord Burgh-

ıy. There is not an important fact, throughout his pages, which ıay not be read in numerous volumes; nor indeed have we dis-ɔvered, amongst the impressions derived from this work, the lightest variation from those notions of Burghley's character and onduct, to which the most ordinary accounts of that eminent ıan have given rise. We have, therefore, much regret, in being bliged to repeat the judgment which we applied to the first volume ı 1828, that the ostensible hero of the plot is denied altogether is proper proportion of the business of the scene, and that the ttention of the spectator, instead of being employed as he expect-d, is wasted over a series of incidents and episodes, that have ıeither novelty nor interest to render them attractive.

Far between as are the confines of Dr. Nares's memoirs of Burgh-ey, how little is there, even by accident or mistake, to be found in ıll he has written respecting Burghley, which deserves to be con-ıidered within the true meaning of biography. He presents this ;reat statesman to our view, at the most distant possible point, and ɔetween us and the object of our curiosity, this blundering en-:hanter has created a dense atmosphere, in which politics, and :heology, and the dust of the schools, unite to mar the transparency ɔf the medium. We have therefore no fair opportunity of becom-ıng acquainted with such of those exact features in the character ɔf the principal person, which it is the well established business of biography to expose. We are admitted to no private or secret interviews with him, either amongst his domestics or in his closet. He is never presented to us in any of the relations of social life; he is never, in short, brought upon the scene, except in the capacity of a statesman, surrounded with all those pomps and circumstances, which are so effectually calculated to disguise the real man. Whilst then Dr. Nares has devoted himself to the very superfluous task, of recording the political transactions in which Lord Burghley was engaged, he wholly neglects that department of his duty, which most urgently required to be discharged.

In a work, intended by its author, as we presume this to be, to take its place amongst the historical records of our country, one would expect that a necessary degree of attention would be paid to the style and diction of its contents. The consent of mankind, throughout the civilized world, seems to have assigned to history, as essential to its dignity, a seriousness of tone, a propriety of language, a careful and cautious vigilance, such as will denote an adequate sense on the part of the narrator, of the important task which he has undertaken. How little of any of these qualifications does Dr. Nares appear to possess! His text widely departs from every species of regular jurisdiction recognized in our literature. Like a wild and wayward current, it pursues its devious way, sometimes rushing on in angry violence, and sometimes declining into the stagnant state. It is quite pitiable to behold Dr. Nares, struggling amidst the mighty events of Queen Elizabeth's reign. In-

stead of arranging those events with a firm and steady hand, he appears confounded by their multiplicity and importance. The result is a misshapen and totally disorganized narrative; desultory facts; abrupt transitions from one subject to another; numerous repetitions; forming altogether such a compound, as is but little calculated to maintain the good reputation of our literary character.

If such be the fair estimate of Dr. Nares's powers, in comparitively small things, we cannot surely expect to find him possessed of those more exalted qualifications, which are indispensable to the true historian. In vain do we seek in his pages, any traces of that discriminating mind, which, from the superabundant harvest of former events and incidents, winnows the precious moral, to be for future ages the seed of political virtue and national probity. In vain do we seek his aid, as a guide, to direct us to the right path in that wilderness of intrigue and secresy, of which the policy of Burghley was altogether made up. Neither has he varied the dull narrative, with any thing like a grace or an ornament drawn from good taste or ingenuity. Notwithstanding the lofty pretensions of our author, and though, at this moment, he be the incumbent of the chair of modern history, in the classic territory of Oxford, yet, we must declare, that a more thorough misapprehension of the nature and design of writing history, was never before so palpably exemplified, as in the work before us.

A great deal of light, however, is thrown upon the causes of all these errors, when we reflect, that it was not to write the life of Burghley, or to illustrate in detail the influence of his great powers of mind on the interest of these countries, that Dr. Nares undertook his performance. In choosing this particular subject, he was guided by a determination to dwell upon that critical era in our annals, which offered the most appropriate materials, for enabling him to indulge that spirit of theological hatred against all who differ from him in creed, which we have already charged upon his profession. The history of the rise and progress of the "Reformation," is accordingly hashed up once more, with all the piquant accessories, with which a modern divine knows so well how to surround such a service for the public palate. Imputations long exploded; calumnies self-repealed; slanders, over which time has drifted a mound, that ought to have secured to them an everlasting oblivion; these are the momentous topics, which are to constitute the chief portion of the index, to be appended to Dr. Nares's memoirs of Lord Burghley.

Although we cannot promise to regale the reader with any thing novel, which may have been discovered by Dr. Nares, respecting the great subject of his work, we do not yet think ourselves at liberty to discard the opportunity, however awkwardly it has presented itself, of referring to some of the principal events in the life of one of our most eminent statesmen. The circumstances of the times in which Lord Burghley acted so conspicuous a part, pre-

cludes, perhaps, for ever, the possibility of unravelling the course of policy which distinguished his administration. In his days, the press was but in its embryo stage of existence. As there were then no public means of mutual communication, such as we now possess in happy abundance, little curiosity was generally felt by the people at large about the motives which actuated the ruling powers; and the community seemed perfectly well contented to ascertain the nature of the policy which a given ministry pursued, by the practical results that were developed before their eyes. In addition to this, we find all the authorities agreed as to one peculiarity of Burghley—his extreme taciturnity. He uniformly reserved himself, both in parliament and in his correspondence, on all pending questions of a political nature. Under the most pressing provocations in the House of Commons, before his promotion to the peerage, he never swerved from that obligation to silence by which he appeared to have been bound. These circumstances were very favourable to the reputation of Burghley; for as it was impossible that a man who never stated an opinion, should be guilty either of inconsistency or rash judgment, so did this lucky statesman obtain all the credit of avoiding the one fault as well as the other. We have traced, in one of our volumes for 1828, the personal history of Cecil* up to the date of Elizabeth's accession. This may be regarded as the commencement of his career, as the ruler of the destinies of England. We can scarcely apply the term "sagacity" to the conduct of Burghley, when, at an early period, he abandoned the fortunes of Queen Mary, and directed all his attentions to the Princess Elizabeth. Though the latter was at the time living in obscurity and neglect, and though it might be hastily said of him, who preferred the princess to the queen, that he was philosophically sacrificing his interests to his sense of justice; yet it would require no more than a very slight portion of cunning in any person, with the opportunities for acquiring genuine information which fell to the lot of Cecil, to see that, in the feelings of the universal people, there was a certain assurance that the cause of Elizabeth was the one which would finally prevail. Burghley, therefore, saw clearly the course he should pursue; and, with consummate skill and foresight, he took a decisive step in favour of Elizabeth, at a moment when all the world but himself supposed that the measure was a desperate one, and compromised his fortunes. His claims then upon the new queen were irresistible. He was made secretary of state and member of the privy council in the very first days of her reign, and commenced, what we should certainly, in our own time, designate as a vigorous administration, by measures for the "set-

* Dr. Nares, with that want of ordinary tact which is so frequently exemplified in these volumes, uses the title of Burghley indiscriminately with the name of Cecil, at a period of this history, long before the former title was conferred.

tlement of religion," as it was called—and for the restoration of the coin of the realm. The latter of these acts of policy, which is one of the brightest jewels in the historic crown that entwines the brows of Elizabeth, receives the particular attention of Dr. Nares, for a space of time no longer than that, during which he is engaged in inditing some dozen and a half of words! The scent of the reformation, however, had, just at the moment, begun to agitate his nervous system, and it was more than human frailty is equal to, to resist the solicitation which such an appeal to the senses involved. But Dr. Nares ought to have done justice to this favorite subject in all its multifarious details. We are importuned with whole pages about the machinations of the priests, and the turbulent treachery of popish subjects—but not a word does Dr. Nares concede to such trifling topics as the resumption of the First Fruits and Tenths, by Elizabeth, which her predecessor had so consistently relinquished. Neither does he present, in his record, a single allusion to that important document, which may be found in "Weaver's Funeral Monuments," containing a most pathetic enumeration of the frauds and oppressions which continued still to be practised since the dissolution of monasteries, in a former reign, by royal authority. Amongst the numerous omissions of interesting and important measures adopted in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, and consequently forming a substantial part of the biography of her principal minister, we may mention the law of the 5th of that queen, which seems to have been the first statute enacted for the relief of the poor. Neither has Dr. Nares ventured to touch upon the causes which led to the introduction of "an Act for erecting of Hospitals," "a notable piece of charity," observes an old author, "to give the people leave to relieve the distressed out of their own estates." It would have been, no doubt, with great reluctance, that Dr. Nares would have ventured upon such incidents as these; for it would have sadly damped his triumphant panegyric of the Reformation, to have reminded his readers, how many large hospitals, and houses of reception for the poor, had been buried in ruins, and their revenues plundered in consequence of that event; and how many thousands of destitute creatures were left to perish on the highways, until, at last, a sense of policy, more than an impulse of humanity, induced the government to direct its attention to these wretched creatures. But we cannot expect better from such an organ as Dr. Nares, seeing the straits to which, in common with his brethren, he is now reduced, even for the existence of their order.

Amongst those early proceedings of Elizabeth's reign, which we have been just considering, we are struck with a resolution of the government to proclaim a restriction on the common fashions of wearing apparel. The nature of the extravagancies to which a taste for dress had carried our ancestors, has been described rather imperfectly by most authors. The evidence of a contemporary, however, who, for good reasons, must have made this growing

luxury a subject of much meditation, cannot fail to interest the antiquarian reader. The following extract is from the sermon of an archbishop, who, at the time alluded to, thought it a part of his duty to bring the terrors of the pulpit in aid of the arm of civil authority, in order to curb the licentiousness of the national costume.

' "These five-fingered rufflers, with their sables about their necks, corked slippers, trimmed buskins, and warm mittens, furred stomachers, and long gowns: these tender parnels must have one gown for the day, another for the night: one long, another short: one for winter, another for summer: one furred through, and another but faced: one for the work day, another for the holiday: one of this colour, another of that: one of cloth, another of silk or damask. Change of apparel: one afore dinner, another at after: one of Spanish fashion, another of Turkey: and to be brief, never content with enough, but always devising new fashions and strange. Yea, *a ruffian** will have more in his ruff and his hose, than he should spend in a year: he which ought to go in a russet coat, spends as much on apparel for him and his wife as his father would have kept a good horse with." '

Cecil seemed to have inspired universal confidence in his ability, his prudence, and judgment. There was scarcely a national or municipal contention, of which he was not selected as the final umpire. Sometimes he discharged the duties of a judge—sometimes he was appointed an arbitrator—again, he had to act as referee; and, too frequently, he was appealed to as capable of deciding the most delicate cases of theological casuistry. A rivalship was set up between Travers, a furious churchman, and Hooker, so celebrated in his day, for an office in the temple: the questions between the competitors, consisting chiefly of difficult points on doctrine and discipline, were submitted to Cecil. An archbishop, in Ireland, requested him to restrict the ambitious activity of Sir John Perrott, who lives in history by the title of a "Troubler of Bishops:" he next receives a communication from the Bishop of Winchester, who invokes his judgment on the merits of a dispute in Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The Bishop of Man, meantime, sends a remonstrance to Cecil, respecting an exorbitant rate in his diocese: the Bishop of Durham urges, about the same time, the dilapidated state of Sherborne hospital; and the Bishop of Hereford complains of an utterer of seditious expressions, who had made a visitation to his flock. The senate and town of Geneva consult Cecil as to the speediest means of getting rid of famine and war, in which that city was involved. Thomas Cartwright, the famous nonconformist, seeks to confer with the minister on the bad estate of his hospital at Warwick. Sir James Smith calls for his interference to arrest the suppression of his book on military discipline; whilst despatches were daily pouring into his closet from Topcliff, the travelling agent of the Reformation, the very mention

' * One who wears a ruff.

of whose name should make Protestants ashamed to reproach Roman Catholics with the inquisition. In reference to Cartwright, just spoken of, it is proper to mention, that he very early protested against the ceremonies and the government of the Church of England. He declared the distinctions of the new hierarchy to be no more than *officia et nomina impietatis*, and that true religion was inconsistent with their existence. Cartwright and his followers so alarmed the high-church party by their zeal and ability, that the latter sought protection in the great influence of Cecil. The heads of the colleges at Cambridge addressed him with the greatest earnestness, they implored his assistance, and, perhaps, in the hope that his exertions would be corresponding, they attributed to him the mightiest powers. They did not hesitate to exaggerate his influence, so as, in a great measure, to compromise their own confidence in the omnipotence of the Deity; for with something like blasphemy, they concluded their memorial to Cecil in these remarkable words: "Jesus Christ, for his infinite mercy's sake, deliver us, in these dangerous days, and grant *you* long life and power to be a *patron of his glory!*"

The importunity of the zealots still pursued Cecil throughout his career—and, even at the time, when in the decline of life he had commenced a solemn preparation for his passage to another state, his hours of meditation were intruded on by an application from two fiery divines, who solicited him to determine between their inconsistent views of our Lord's descent into hell.

It appeared to be no part of the public policy of Lord Burghley to conform at all times to the stern dictates of morality. Hence, notwithstanding all the decision and zeal which he avowed in favour of the new religion, he did not scruple to fill the bishopricks with men, whom, in several instances, he knew to be inimical to the established church. Certainly the great object of all his exertions seemed to have been the extirpation of the Roman Catholic religion—and he thought it best, perhaps, as a skilful politician, to enlist every sect of Christians not professing the Catholic tenets, on the side of the Protestant faith. At all events, it is quite true, that the rankest Puritans occupied some of the most important dignities in the church, and that occasional conformity was as well known in the days of Elizabeth, as it was during the reign of any of her successors. The orthodox part of the clergy did not partake of the indifference which the government showed, as to the character of the ministers to whom they entrusted spiritual functions; and it was by no means the easiest portion of the duties imposed upon Burghley, to evade the expostulations which these conscientious men continually addressed to the government, out of a well founded jealousy, and impatience of their heterodox colleagues. These remonstrances, which frequently contained passages of great asperity, amounting sometimes to the offensive, were coolly received by the great minister. The inferior clergy he scarcely condescended to

notice—a dean or bishop could expect nothing at best, save a brief acknowledgement of the favour of a communication—but when such a dignitary as an archbishop so far forgot himself, as to become troublesome in his importunity, Burghley had a very pretty, and we venture to believe, a very successful, method of rebuking first, and finally silencing the most reverend suitor. The following epistle, addressed by him to an angry archbishop, is a very fair specimen of the manner in which he could administer a just measure of castigation, without, in the slightest degree, compromising the serenity of his temper. The reader who is versed in the history of the last few months, will smile as he reads the second paragraph of this reply.

'"My good Lord,—Your lordship's letter is too full of choler for me to answer directly without adding of choler; and so I should *addere oleum igni*, add oil to the fire, but I am otherwise disposed, both for reverence to your spiritual vocation, and for charity to mine own familiar acquaintance. For the opinion by you conceived of me as not bearing you good will, surely your lordship doth therein misinform yourself: and for answer, *coram Domino*, I protest that I bear you no kind of disfavour. That I have said to you of your wasting of timber, I spake as a public officer, and will speak the like upon like occasion to any of your estate, how dearly soever I love them.

'"For reprehension of the common misusage by bishops, chancellors, commissaries, summoners, and such like, I say with grief of mind that I see therein no true use of the discipline meant at the first erection of these offices (which I allow well of) but a corrupting of them to private gain, and not to the public benefit and edifying of the church. *And it grieveth me to see the fond, light, pretended reformers, to have occasion ministered unwisely to condemn the officers, where they should condemn the misuse thereof.*

'"And so, my lord, lest in much writing, I should by heat of argument stir your choler, I end, and pardon your taunts sparkled in your letter.

'"Your lordship's, with reverence and Christian charity,

'"*Westminster, May* 26, 1579."' '"W. BURGHLEY."'

The misfortune of Lord Burghley's situation was, that the Non-conformists had staunch friends in the Privy Council—whilst the indefatigable exertions—the enthusiastic zeal—the splendid and popular talents, at the command of this large party, raised it too much in general estimation, to permit that any government should treat it with levity or disrespect. The leaders of the Non-conformists consequently maintained a tone in correspondence, with the consideration which they were conscious of having inspired.

'"If it be lawful," they eloquently declared, "to speak but truth for ourselves, this is our course: we serve her Majesty and the country, not according to our fantasies, as the world falsely bears us in hand, but according to the law and statutes of England. We reverence both the law and the law maker. Law speaketh, and we keep silent. Law commandeth and

we obey. Without law, we know that no man can possess his own in peace. By law we proceed against all offenders. We touch none that law spareth: we spare none that law toucheth. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* We allow not of the Papists their treacherous subtleties and hypocrisies. We allow not of the *Family of Love*,* an egg of the same nest. We allow not of the Anabaptists, nor of their community. We allow not of Browne, the overthrower of Church and Commonwealth. We abhor all these—No—we punish all these.

'"We beg leave to advertise your lordships," continue the remonstrants, "how the adversary has very cunningly christened us with an odious name, neither rightly applied, nor, surely, rightly understood. It is the name of *Puritanism*. We detest both the name and heresy. It is a term compounded of all other heresies aforesaid. The Papist is pure and immaculate: he hath store of goodness for himself, and plenty for others. The *Family* cannot sin: they be so pure that God is *homnified* in them, and they *deified* in God. But, we, thanks be to God, do cry, *peccavimus cum patribus nostris*. We groan under the burden of our sins. We confess that there be none worse before God: and yet before the world we labour to keep ourselves and our profession unblameable: this is our puritanism."'

It can never be said of Burghley, that the confidence, so long and so uniformly reposed in him by his royal mistress, proceeded from any other source, than a feeling that she was doing best for the country, in retaining him in her service. The praise, then, which has been so pleasantly awarded to her, by the poet Waller, is certainly nothing more than her due; for it argued no mean proficiency in wisdom in Elizabeth, to chose wise men for her councillors. Much, at the same time, of that influence which he possessed over her mind, is to be attributed to his skill in the science of human nature; and the real secret of his prolonged power, was, that, by adroitly watching the inclinations of the queen, he seemed to the world to lead her. We find Cecil always cordially entering into the various negotiations, which were set on foot, from time to time, for the marriage of the queen. In a letter to Walsingham, when mentioning the proposal of marriage, which came on the part of the King of France's brother, Lord Burghley observes, that "he saw no continuance of the queen's quietness without a marriage." Whether or not the writer alluded to the state of her Majesty's mind at the time, or to any dangers which threatened the stability of her crown, it is difficult to say; but it appears to have been the anxious desire of Cecil, to close with any arrangement, which gave a hope of preserving the succession to the throne, from the various obnoxious parties, who were then likely to contend for it. It is a curious, but, in whatever light we regard it, a humiliating fact, that Cecil contrived to obtain the assistance of contemporary

* A sect so called. It was one of the numerous births of the Reformation, and survived no longer than the middle of the succeeding century. Colchester was the head-quarters of the *Familists*.

astrologers, for the purpose of encouraging the queen, to encounter the uncertain adventures of wedlock. He took the pains of consulting the star-gazing soothsayers; and a paper was left, containing, in his own handwriting, the copy of a calculation, furnished to him by a distinguished astrologer, in which the queen, if she wedded, was assured, that there will be born to her, besides a daughter, a son, who, when he should arrive at man's estate, would prove a paragon of manly strength, and would lead a life of happiness and glory.* We can collect from a number of incidental circumstances in which Burghley was concerned, how nearly he had at heart the marriage of the queen. The commissioners, who were deputed by France, to negotiate the settlement of the affair with the ministers of this country, were received with unusual ceremony by Burghley, who invited them to an entertainment at his gorgeous mansion, which, from its magnificence, forms an era in the gastronomic annals of this country. A curious inventory of the articles which were served up on this occasion, has been preserved amongst the papers of Lord Burghley. We select a few of the items, with the prices appended to them.—

'"Two stags, 40*s.*; two bucks, 20*s.*; six kids, 24*s.*; six pigs, 10*s.*; six shins of beef, 24s.; four gammons of bacon, 16*s.*: one swan, 10*s.*; three cranes, 20*s.*; twenty-four curlews, 24*s.*; one rest shank, 10*d.*; fifteen pheasants, 30*s.*; fifty-four herons, 8*l.* 15*s.*; eight partridges, 8*s.*; besides vast quantities of beef, veal, mutton, pork, and other solid substantial feeding. In the list of fish are enumerated sturgeon, congers, salmon, trout, lampreys, lobsters, prawns, gurnuds, and oysters; whilst there are set down for herbs and salads 36*s.*; cream, 27*s.*; besides which were purchased for this entertainment, 360 lbs. of butter; 3300 eggs; 42 lbs. of spices, and three gallons of rose-water, for which 3*s.* were charged."'

But if Elizabeth was indebted to Lord Burghley, she certainly went considerable lengths in order to repay the obligation. Almost immediately on her accession, she created him Master of the Wards; and, in ten years afterwards, raised him to the peerage. The gift of the dignity itself was scarcely more honourable to Burghley, than the manner in which it was conferred; for in the patent which was made out for the occasion, it was recited, that the title was granted to Cecil, "as well for his long services in the time of our progenitors, kings of England, as also for the faithful and acceptable duty and observance, which he hath constantly performed from the beginning of our reign, and ceaseth not daily to perform many ways, not only in the great and weighty affairs of the council, but generally, also, in all other concerns of the realm; and also for his circumspection, valour, wisdom, dexterity, integrity of life, providence, care, and faithfulness."

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* The oracular words are—"Verum Venus est in domo propria conjuncta Mercurio, domino filiorum. Et idcirco spes maxima detur de filio uno robusto, claro, et felici in ætate sua matura. Luna in Tauro unam filiam designat."

Burghley, as a peer, remained exactly the same character, as when he ranked in the humbler station of a knight. He appreciated the honour at its real value; and therefore saw no reason in his new capacity, to feel prouder or greater than he felt before. Amongst his friends, he was known to refer with great indifference to his preferment; and to a correspondent, who appears to have been on familiar terms with him, he once wrote "my style is lord of Burghley, if you mean to know it for your writing, and if you list to write truly, the poorest Lord in England. Yours, not changed in friendship, though in name, William Burghley." The conclusion of a letter to another friend, is in the following terms,—"your assured, as I was wont, William Cecil, and as I am now ordered to write, William Burghley." This nobleman continued, to the hour of his death, which took place in 1598, to receive from his royal mistress continued tokens of her veneration and regard. The honour of the Garter, and the splendid office of Lord High Treasurer, were given to him in succession; and it is no small proof of the admiration in which his memory was held, that amongst his immediate descendants, two noble houses, still subsisting, were founded.

'"His death," says a faithful domestic of his, "was not sudden, nor his pain in sickness great; for he continued languishing two or three months, yet went abroad to take air in his coach all that time, retiring himself from the Court, sometimes to his house at *Theobald's*, and sometimes at London; his greatest infirmity appearing to be the weakness of his stomach. It was also thought his mind was troubled that he could not WORK A PEACE FOR HIS COUNTRY, which he earnesly laboured and desired of anything, seeking to leave it as he had long kept it. For there was no other worldly thing to give him cause for grief: he had the favour of his prince, the love of his people, great offices, honours, livings, good children, and all blessings the world could afford him; yet he contemned the world, and desired nothing but death, either because he had lived long enough, and desired to be in heaven, or else because he could not live to do that good for his country he would—or rather, as is most likely, both; for he had seen and tasted so much, both of the sweet and sour of the world, as made him weary to live; and knew so much of the joys of his salvation, wherein was his onely comfort, as gave him cause to desire death, when it was God's good pleasure, as he often said: but how or whatsoever it was, the signe was infallibly good. He contemned this life, and expected the next; for there was no earthly thing wherein he took comfort, but in contemplation, reading or hearing the Scriptures, Psalms, and Praieres. About ten or twelve days before he died, he grew weak, and so dryvenne to kepe his bed, complayning onely of a pain in his breast, which was thought to be the humour of the goute (wherewith he was so long possessed) falling to that place, without any ague, fever, or sign of distemper or danger, and that paine not great or continuall, but by fits, and so continued till within one night before his death. At six o'clock at night, the phisitions finding no distemper in his pulse or bodie, but assuring his life, affirming it was impossible he should be hartsicke that had so good temper, and so perfect pulse and sense; yet at seven of the clock following, he

fell into a convulsion like to the shaking of an ague. Now, quoth he, the Lord be praised, the tyme is come. And, calling his children, blessed them and took his leave, commanding them to love and feare God, and love one another. He also praid for the queen, that she might live longe and die in peace. Then he called for Thomas Bellot, his steward, one of his executors, and delivered him his will, saieing, I have ever found thee true to me, and I nowe trust thee with all. Who, like a godlie honest man, praid his Lordship, as he had lived religiously, so now to remember his Savioure Christ, by whose blood he was to have forgiveness of his sins; with manie the like speeches used by his Chaplaines, to whom he answered it was done already, for he was assured God had forgiven him his sins, and would save his soul."

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' " He had, says the same authority, a little mule, upon which he rode up and down the walks (at Theobald's): sometimes he would look on those who were shooting with arrows, or playing with bows; but, as for himself, he never took any diversion, taking that word in its usual sense. He had two or three friends, who were constantly at his table, because he liked their company; but in all his life, he never had any favourite, or suffered any body to get an ascendant over him. His equipage, his great housekeeping, his numerous dependence, were the effects of his sense, and not at all of his passions; for he delighted little in any of them; and whenever he had any time to spare, he fled, as his expression was, to Theobald's, and buried himself in privacy." '

Some of the precepts which Burghley left to his children are, for the beauty and force of the language, as well as for the deep knowledge of the world which they display, well worthy the greatest attention. But we confess that, in not a few of these precepts, do we discover the feelings of one who considered *self* as the first object of every man's care. The effect, therefore, of his recommendations must have been, to contract the springs of generosity in the minds of his children—to deaden their best sympathies—and to fill them with suspicion of their fellow creatures. The following are the most striking of these precepts.

' " When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in the chusing thy wife; for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of thy life, like unto a stratagem of war; wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home, and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Enquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous soever; for a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility. Nor chuse a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth; for it will cause contempt and loathing in them. Neither make choice of a dwarf or a fool; for by the one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies, the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will yirke thee to hear her talk. For thou shalt find it to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool.

' " Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance, and convenient maintenance, according to thy ability; other-

wise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death, they will thank Death for it, not thee. And I am persuaded, that the fooljsh cockering-up of some parents, and the over stern carriage of others, causeth more men and women to take to ill courses, than their own vicious inclinations. Marry thy daughters in time, lest they marry themselves. Suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps, for they shall learn nothing there but pride, blasphemy, and atheism. Neither, by my consent, shalt thou train them up in wars, for he that sets up his rest to live by that profession, can hardly be an honest man, or a good christian: besides, it is a science no longer in request than in use; for soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.

'"And touching the guiding of thy house, let thy hospitality be moderate, and according to the means of thy estate, rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly; for I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table; but some consume themselves through secret vices, and their hospitality bears the blame: but banish swinish drunkards out of thine house, which is a vice impairing health, consuming much, and makes no show. I never heard praise ascribed to the drunkard, but for the well-bearing of his drink, which is a better recommendation for a brewer's horse, or a drayman, than for either a gentleman or a serving-man. Beware thou spend not above three of four parts of thy revennes; nor above a third part of that in thy house; for the other two parts will do no more than defray thy extraordinaries, which always surmount the ordinary by much. Otherwise thou shalt live like a rich beggar, in continual want, and the needy man can never live happily or contentedly; for any disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell; and that gentleman who sells an acre of land, sells an ounce of credit—for gentility is nothing else but ancient riches. So that if the foundation shall at any time sink, the building must need follow.

'"Live not in the country without corn and cattle about thee: for he that putteth his hand in his purse for every expense of household, is like him that keepeth water in a sieve.

'"Be not served with kinsmen or friends, or men entreated to stay: for they expect much, and do little.

'"Let thy kindred and allies be welcome to thy home and table: grace them with thy countenance, and farther them in all honest actions: for by this means thou shalt so double the bond of nature, as thou shalt find them so many advocates to plead an apology for thee behind thy back.

'"Beware of suretyship for thy best friends: he that payeth another man's debts, seeketh his own decay."'

The character of Burghley still remains a problem, notwithstanding the three quartos of the Regius Professor of History at Oxford. The circumstances of the times in which he lived were, undoubtedly, favourable to his particular genius for public business; for it is by no means probable, that had he to act as a minister in the present day, he would have been able to maintain a footing for a single hour, seeing how opposed our existing institutions are in their nature, to those which were so aptly suited to the dissembling and intriguing policy of Burghley. Lightly, however, as we think of his probity, and convinced as we are of his zeal in the cause of the

Reformation, we still are assured that Burghley would have felt a pang on his death-bed, had he foreseen that a day would arrive in England, when his name would be degraded into the shibboleth of a party.

ART. VIII.—*Tour in England, Ireland, and France, in the Years* 1828 *and* 1829; *with Remarks on the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants, and Anecdotes of distinguished Public Characters. In a Series of Letters.* By a German Prince. In two Volumes 8vo. London: Effingham Wilson. 1832.

THESE letters are reported on the Continent, where they were originally published, to be the productions of Prince Pückler-Muskau, a subject of Prussia, who is said to have travelled in England and Ireland, about the period at which they are dated. It is very certain that a foreigner under that title, visited Ireland at the time in question; but whether he was a German prince, or had any claim to the title which he assumed, we have no means of judging. The translator thinks that, as the Prince Pückler-Muskau has not declared himself the author, it would be unfair to fix the letters upon him: the German editor says, that the author is already numbered with the dead, although the Prince, we believe, is still living. We have no clue to these mysteries. It is not improbable, that they have been got up for the purpose of giving additional interest to the work; we can have no doubt as to its foreign origin, and no person can read it without being convinced that the author is a German, exceedingly well acquainted with the world, intelligent, good-humoured, and though at times given to spleen, more frequently pleased with enacting the part of the laughing philosopher. He has many singularities about him, which are highly amusing. He is a bold and comprehensive thinker, and entertains views of his own upon almost every subject. Desirous of seeing the machinery of society in these kingdoms, he ascends and descends the gamut of our community with the facility of a master. He seems equally at home in the drawing-room of the nobleman, and the cabin of the peasant. Blessed with the rare faculty of seeing generally only the sunny side of things, he enjoys it with a freshness of feeling, a festive delight, which it is difficult sometimes not to envy. 'The gifts of God,' he very truly remarks, 'are infinite; and we might almost say, we are inexcusable if we are not happy. How often, indeed, we have it in our power to be so, every one may see, who looks back at his past life;—he cannot escape the conviction, that he might easily have turned almost every evil to good. We are the makers of our own destiny. Let every one only do his utmost to be of good courage, and to regard the outward things of this world, without exception, as of light moment,—for the things of this world are verily light and unimportant, in good as in evil. There is no better weapon against un-

happiness; only we must not on that account cross our hands, and do nothing.' This is the summary of our author's philosophy in the conduct of life. It is the true recipe for a wise happiness, and uniform cheerfulness, and we must do him the justice to say, that his practice seems very seldom to have deviated from this admirable precept, which he inculcates subsequently in still more forcible terms.

'Both pious hope,' he observes, 'and energetic action consist perfectly well together, and indeed mutually aid each other. No man can doubt that the former greatly lightens the latter: for if that sort of piety which is common in the world,—that confident expectation of earthly and peculiar protection from above, that supplication for good against evil,—is merely a self-delusion, still it is a beneficent one, and perhaps grounded in our very nature, subject as we are to so many illusions, which, when they take fast hold on our minds, become to us individual truth. It appears that our nature has the power of creating to itself a factitious reality, as a sort of auxiliary support, where reality itself is unattainable. Thus a pious confidence in special interpositions, though but a form of superstition, gives courage. A man who goes into battle with a talisman which he believes renders him invulnerable, will see bullets rain around him with indifference. But still more powerful and exalting is the enthusiasm excited by ideas which place us above the external world.'—vol. i. pp. 129, 130.

This passage will make the reader better acquainted with the author's mental constitution, than twenty pages of description. To this he adds a romantic and poetical temperament, which enables him to derive peculiar enjoyment from natural scenery, and to dramatize, as it were, the varieties of human character with which he meets in the world. Every object, however trifling in the eyes of ordinary observers, every person, however insignificant in his own esteem, has for this German traveller a fund of the most lively interest. He more than once calls himself a misanthropist. We never knew an individual less so, for, on the contrary, he seems uniformly to entertain the strongest affection towards his fellow beings, and to sympathise in their concerns.

We pass over his journey through Wales, as this portion of his work consists of little more than sketches of scenery, with which most of our readers are probably acquainted, and join the prince, as we suppose we must call him, upon his landing in the neighbourhood of Dublin. How truly does he at once catch the peculiarities of that beautiful, yet wretched city; its broad straight streets, adorned with magnificent palaces, yet bearing the marks of poverty in their dirty appearance; the general raggedness of its lower classes, the want of English elegance in its higher; the brilliant uniform of regimental officers, never seen, except on duty in the streets of London; the neglected air of its environs; its large, but silent and deserted inns; its tasteless monuments, and general second-handed look, as compared with the country which he had

just quitted. After visiting the college, the park, and the other public places in and near Dublin, he gives a characteristic account of a journey which he made to the "three rocks," whence he had a commanding view of the capital, and the country adjacent to it. In his usual way of estimating things, he found this scene still more animated, by a 'sweet looking' young woman, whom he found on the rocky solitude, platting straw, and in whom he recognized a beautiful figure, though her whole clothing consisted of a very coarse straw hat, and two or three rags of sackcloth, suspended under the breast by a piece of cord. Nevertheless, though the conversation of this girl was sportive and witty, unembarrassed, and far from being prudish, she was a pattern of virtue; and the author justly remarks, that the women of her class in Ireland, are, almost universally, extremely chaste, and still more disinterested. They are seldom tempted, at all events, by money, to abandon the path of duty.

A little incident which occurred to our prince in the streets of Dublin, may be taken as an index to the whole volume of jobbing, which has for centuries been familiar to that miserable country. He happened to meet a London 'dandy' of his acquaintance, who, after laughing heartily at their encountering each other in such a 'horrid place,' and ridiculing its society in general, told him, that through the influence of his family, he had just obtained an official situation there, that brought him in 2,000*l.* a-year, without imposing upon him any other business, than that of compelling him to pass a part of the year 'pro forma' in that 'dreadful abode.' Who will wonder after this, at this foreigner's honest remark, that 'the pitcher will not always go to the well without breaking,' and that Ireland 'appears to experience, in almost every instance, a step-mother's care, contributing largely to the power and splendour of the English nobility, without obtaining in return, the smallest portion of those advantages, of which England receives so much.'

Among the "lions," or rather, perhaps we should say, the "lionesses" of Dublin, the author could not of course have failed to visit Lady Morgan, of whom he gives a piquant, and, as we should imagine, a very faithful sketch. He was much disappointed in that personage. He found her 'a little frivolous lively woman, apparently between thirty and forty, neither pretty nor ugly, but by no means disposed to resign all claim to the former, and with really fine and expressive eyes.' He remarks, as every body who sees her must do, upon her affectation of the manners of fashionable life, her incessant allusions to her fashionable acquaintances, her ultra political liberalism, and her religious infidelity. The doctrines of Helvetius and Condillac, are certainly not rendered more amiable when they fall from the lips of a woman. A female atheist is of all things the most intolerable.

From Dublin, the prince proceeded to visit in detail, the beautiful and celebrated scenery of the county of Wicklow; his sketches

of which are, however, rather tiresome from their number, as well as their indistinctness. For although an ardent lover of nature, he has not the talent and the patience, or if he has, he does not frequently shew them, for conveying to the reader a clear representation of the natural objects which have most attracted his admiration. He is much more happy in his pictures of moving scenes, of which we may select as a specimen, his graphic picture of Donny-Brook fair.

'Nothing, indeed, can be more national! The poverty, the dirt, and the wild tumult, were as great as the glee and merriment with which the cheapest pleasures were enjoyed. I saw things eaten and drunk with delight, which forced me to turn my head quickly away, to remain master of my disgust. Heat and dust, crowd and stench, ("*il faut le dire,*") made it impossible to stay long: but these did not annoy the natives. There were many hundred tents, all ragged like the people, and adorned with tawdry rags instead of flags; many contented themselves with a cross or a hoop; one had hoisted a dead and half-putrid cat as a sign; the lowest sort of rope-dancers and posture-masters exercised their toilsome vocation on stages of planks, and dressed in shabby finery, dancing and grimacing in the dreadful heat till they were completely exhausted. A third part of the public lay, or rather rolled about, drunk; others ate, screamed, shouted, and fought. The women rode about, sitting two and three upon an ass, pushed their way through the crowd, smoked with great delight, and coquetted with their sweethearts. The most ridiculous group was one which I should have thought indigenous only to Rio de la Plata; two beggars were seated on a horse, who, by his wretched plight, seemed to supplicate for them; they had no saddle, and a piece of twine served for reins.

'As I left the fair, a pair of lovers, excessively drunk, took the same road. It was a rich treat to watch their behaviour. Both were horribly ugly, but treated each other with the greatest tenderness, and the most delicate attention. The lover, especially, displayed a sort of chivalrous politeness. Nothing could be more gallant, and, at the same time, more respectful, than his repeated efforts to preserve his fair one from falling, although he had no little difficulty in preserving his own balance. From his ingratiating demeanour, and her delightful smiles, I could also perceive that he was using every endeavour to entertain her agreeably; and that her answers, notwithstanding her "*exalté*" state, were given with a coquetry and an air of affectionate intimacy, which would have been exquisitely becoming and attractive in a pretty woman.

'My reverence for truth compels me to add, that not the slightest taste of English brutality could be perceived; they were more like French people, though their gaiety was mingled with more humour, and more genuine good nature; both of which are national traits of the Irish, and are always doubled by potheen (the best sort of whiskey illicitly distilled.)'—vol. i. pp. 203—205.

If this picture be in some respects vulgar, it is, nevertheless, a faithful one; its coarseness may be overlooked on account of its truth, an apology which has been generally found sufficient on behalf of the paintings of the Dutch school. We must select as another example of the writer's graphic powers, his sketch of inn life, as it is generally exhibited after the English fashion.

'*August* 31*st*.—I found this country inn so pleasant, that I resolved to prolong my stay over to-day, Sunday. Living at inns affords one a good opportunity of observing the middle classes. Every man here shows himself as he is, and seems to feel himself alone. I have already told you that English travellers, of this class, (I include all the inhabitants of the three kingdoms, who have English manners and habits), usually pass their time, when out of doors, in a common room, called the coffee room. In the evening, this coffee room is lighted with lamps; candles are carried, if called for, to the gentlemen who sit at the separate little tables. It has often surprised me, that in a country in which luxury and refinement, on all the wants of life, are so universal, even in the best provincial inns, (and often in London,) tallow candles are commonly used. Wax candles are an unwonted luxury; and, if you ask for them, you are treated with redoubled civility, but your bills are also doubled throughout.

'It is very diverting to observe the perfect uniformity with which all behave, as if machines out of one workshop. This is particularly observable in their eating: though placed at separate tables, and no individual taking the slightest notice of any other, they all seem to have exactly the same usages, exactly the same gastronomic tastes. Nobody eats soup, which, unless bespoken before hand, is not to be had. (This is the reason, by-the-bye, for which my old Saxon servant left me. He declared that he could not exist any longer in such a state of barbarism—without soup!) a large joint of roast meat is commonly carried from one to another, and each cuts off what he likes. This is accompanied by potatoes or other vegetables, boiled in water; and a "*plat de ménage*," filled with sauces, is placed on every table; beer is poured out, and there, in a common way, ends the dinner.

'But now follows the second stage:—the table cloth is removed; clean plate and knife and fork laid; wine and a wine glass, and a few miserable apples or pears, with stony ship-biscuits, are brought; and now the diner seems to begin to enjoy tranquillity and comfort. His countenance assumes an expression of satisfaction; apparently sunk in profound meditation, leaning back in his chair, and looking fixedly straight before him, he suffers a sip of wine to glide down his throat from time to time, only breaking the death-like silence by now and then laboriously craunching his rocky biscuits.

'When the wine is finished, follows stage the third—that of digestion. All motion now ceases: his appetite being satiated, he falls into a sort of magnetic sleep, only distinguishable from the natural by the open eyes. After this has lasted for half an hour, or an hour, all at once it ceases; he cries out, as if under the influence of some sudden possession, "Waiter, my slippers," and, seizing a candle, walks off gravely to his chamber to meet his slippers and repose.

'This farce, acted by five or six men at once, has often amused me more than a puppet-show: and I must add, that, with the exception of the incident of the slippers, pretty nearly the same scene is represented in the first clubs of the metropolis. I scarcely ever saw an Englishman read at dinner; I am not sure that they don't think it an act of indecorum—perhaps of impiety—like singing and dancing on a Sunday, for instance. Perhaps, however, it is only a rule of dialetics, converted by time into a law, which no vivacity of temper can break through.

'Englishmen who do not belong to the aristocracy, and are not very rich, usually travel, without a servant, by the mail or stage-coach, which deposits them at the inn. The man who waits on strangers to the coach, cleans their boots, &c., has the universal appellation of "Boots." It is, accordingly, "Boots" who brings your slippers, helps you to pull off your boots, and then departs, first asking at what time you will have, not as in Germany, your coffee, but your hot water to shave. He appears with it punctually at the appointed hour, and brings your clothes cleanly brushed. The traveller then hastens to dress himself, and to return to his beloved coffee-room, where the ingredients of breakfast are richly spread upon his table. To this meal, he seems to bring more animation than to any other, and, indeed, I think, more appetite; for the number of cups of tea, the masses of bread and butter, eggs, and cold meat, which he devours, awaken silent envy in the breast, or rather in the stomach, of the less capable foreigner. He is now not only permitted, but enjoined (by *custom*, his gospel,) to read. At every cup of tea, he unfolds a newspaper of the size of a table cloth. Not a single speech, crim con., murder, or other catastrophe, invented by the "accident maker," in London, escapes him.' —vol. i. pp. 208—211.

This is nearly as good in its way as some of Washington Irving's crayon sketches. In his wanderings through the county of Wicklow, the author became accidentally acquainted with a young parson from Connaught, who gave him an invitation to that most hospitable, though least civilized part of Ireland. The scenery on the road thither reminded him of the Wendish districts of Lower Lusatia, with the exception that there thick woods abound, while here they appear only to *have been*. Plains, stretching beyond the boundaries of the horizon, are covered with bog; the cabins of the inhabitants are wretched beyond description. On arriving at the house of his friend, who was reputed as one of the richest notables of the county, he describes it, we dare say very justly, as not better than that of a German nobleman of moderate estate. Of English elegance he saw nothing; wax lights were unknown; he had to drink nothing but port and sherry, and whisky punch, and detestable coffee; but the living otherwise was excellent, nutritious and plentiful. 'The house,' he adds, 'is not over clean; the small establishment very respectable, from length of service, zeal, and attachment, but of a somewhat unwashed and boorish appearance!' The rest of his description is worth transcribing.

'From my chamber windows I penetrate into all the mysteries of the domestic economy, which is too modest to spread out the dunghills as chief "*point de vûe*," as in North Germany. The rain (for alas! it does rain) runs merrily through my windows, and falls in romantic cascades from the window-sill to the floor, where an old carpet thirstily drinks the stream. The furniture is rather tottering; but I have tables enough (a great matter to me with my multitude of things), and the bed seems at least large and hard enough. In my chimney burns, or rather smoulders, capital turf, which not only gives heat, but covers every thing with fine ashes like an eruption of Vesuvius. All this does not sound brilliant;—

but how largely are these trifles outweighed by the patriarchal hospitality, the cheerful, easy, unaffected kindness of the family. It is as if my visit were a distinguished favour, for which all seem to feel indebted to me as for some real service.

'*September 6th.*—I like my host very much; he is seventy-two years old; and still hale and vigorous as a man of fifty. He must have been very handsome, and has given the world twelve sons and seven daughters, —all by the same wife, who is still living, though just now too unwell for me to see her. Some of the sons and daughters have been long married, and the old man sees his grandsons of twelve at play with his youngest daughter, of fourteen. The greater part of the family is now here, which makes the abode rather a noisy one; this is increased by the musical talents of the daughters, who daily perform on an instrument horribly out of tune,—a circumstance which seems not to annoy them in the slightest degree. The men generally talk about horses and dogs, and are somewhat uninstructed. To-day a country squire of the neighbourhood searched long and patiently in a map of Europe for the United States;—at last his brother-in-law gave him the fortunate suggestion of trying his luck on the map of the world. The occasion of the search was, that the old gentleman wanted to show me Halifax and B—— town, which latter takes its name from him. He laid the first stone of both during the American war, in which he commanded seven hundred men, and loves to recall those days of his youth and importance. The scrupulous and chivalrous courtesy of his manners, the constant and ready sacrifice of his own convenience to others, are proofs of the education of times long passed by, and mark his age more surely than his appearance does.'—vol. i. pp. 221—223.

The prince accompanied the family to the neighbouring church of Tuam, where, with his characteristic quickness, he seized at once upon all the repulsive and disagreeable portions of the "reformed" service, the long and tiresome sermon, the endless repetition of antiquated and contradictory prayers, occasionally re-echoed in singing from the choir, 'while certain phrases are repeated every minute, many of which are more characteristic of cringing slaves, prostrate in the dust before an Eastern tyrant, than of Christian freedom and dignity!' There being an ordination of four clergymen, the traveller closely observed their deportment, which, he says, disgusted him exceedingly; 'it was,' he remarks, disgustingly hypocritical; they continually wiped their eyes with their pocket-handkerchiefs, held them before their faces as if in the deepest emotion, answered with a broken voice;—in short, Hernhuters could not have acted it better: "*la grace n'y etoit pas;*"—of no kind.' 'I must frankly confess it,' he adds, 'I do not understand how a reflecting man can be edified by such a service.'

The reader will be much amused by the prince's humorous description of the Galway races, and of some Irish legends which he picked up in that part of the country. We fancy, also, that his more serious reflections, which he frequently mingles with his characteristic gaiety, will be equally acceptable. We have never seen the heavenly gift of "a good temper," more happily delineated than it is in one of these interesting letters.

'On our way home, my young friend discoursed largely on the perfections of Mrs. L——. Among other things, he said, "Never with all her vivacity did I see, even for an instant, the least trace of impatience or ill-humour about her; never had woman a sweeter 'temper.' This word is, like 'gentle,' untranslatable. Only the nation, which invented 'comfort,' was capable of conceiving 'good temper,' for good temper is to the moral what 'comfort' is to the physical man. It is the most contented, the most *comfortable* state of the soul; the greatest happiness both for those who possess it, and for those who feel its influence. Perhaps it is found in perfection in woman alone; for it is rather a passive than an active quality; and yet we must by no means confound it with mere apathy, which is either tedious or exasperates one's anger and contempt; whereas 'good temper,' soothes and tranquillizes all who approach it. It is a truly kind, loving and cheerful principle; mild and balmy as a cloudless May-day. With 'gentleness' in his own character, 'comfort' in his house, and 'good temper' in his wife, the earthly felicity of man is complete. 'Good temper,' in the highest sense, is doubtless one of the rarest qualities;—the consequence of an absolute harmony, or equilibrium of the moral powers,—the most perfect *health of the soul*. Great and striking single qualities cannot therefore be combined with it; for wherever one quality is predominant, the equilibrium is destroyed, It is possible to be most captivating, to inspire passionate love, admiration, or esteem, without 'good temper;'—to be *perfectly* and lastingly amiable without it, is impossible. The contemplation of harmony in all things has a salutary effect on the mind; often unconscious of the cause, the soul is gladdened and refreshed by it, whatever be the sense through which it is communicated. A person, therefore, who is gifted with 'good temper,' affords us continual enjoyment, without ever awakening our envy, or exciting any vehement emotion. We gain strength from his tranquillity, courage from his cheerfulness, comfort from his resignation; we feel our anger vanish before his loving patience, and are finally the better and the happier for listening to the spiritual music of his harmony."'—vol. i. pp. 242—244.

Every where in Ireland, and especially in the county of Galway, beggars abound. A strange gentleman, and especially a foreigner, they look upon as their lawful prey. The prince could seldom stir abroad without being pestered by multitudes of them. Visiting the Caverns of Cong, he was followed, as usual, by a whole cortege; if he stooped to pick up a stone, a dozen scrambled for it, and then asked for money; if a gate were to be opened, forty hands were laid upon it at once, all expecting to be rewarded. Having exhausted all his small cash, he was obliged to refuse a supplicant, who insisted that he had performed some service for the prince. "Oh," said the ready rogue, "a gentleman's purse can never be empty—you look too much like a gentleman not to have money, but if you are so ungenerous as not to give any, you are not a true gentleman; and, if you really have none, still less are you one." The crowd laughed at this, until the prince purchased his deliverance.

He had frequent occasion to remark the furious religious bigotry which prevails, particularly amongst the Orangemen of Ireland.

We own, that when we have sometimes read, in the newspapers, of displays of this abominable feeling, we have been inclined to set the worst part of them down to the credit of party exaggeration. But Prince Pückler Muskau satisfies us that we have been, in this respect, a great deal too charitable. He gives the essence of the conversation of a Mr. L—, the husband, we presume, of the "good tempered lady" already alluded to, than which the "talks" of Indian savages, when discussing measures of revenge against a hostile tribe, contain nothing more truly fiendish.

'"I have served my king for nearly thirty years in almost every part of the world, and want rest. Nevertheless, it is my most ardent wish, which I daily pray to God to grant, that I may live to see a 'good sound rebellion' in Ireland. If I were called out to serve again, or if I were to lay down my life the very day it broke out, I should make the sacrifice willingly, could I but be sure that the blood of five millions of Catholics would flow at the same time with my own. Rebellion! that's the point at which I want to see them, at which I wait for them, and to which they must be led on, that we may make an end of them at once; for there can be no peace in Ireland till the whole race is exterminated, and nothing but an open rebellion, and an English army to put it down, can effect this!"'— vol. i. p. 257.

It is a consolation to add, that the sons of this monster were as much horrified at this discourse, as the prince himself. He mentions, with due praise, the beautiful seat of Mount Bellew, the owner of which, however, is not a nobleman, as he supposes, but a plain country gentleman of the most excellent character; who, following the example of his virtuous and patriotic father, constantly resides on his own estate. He is the possessor of one of the handsomest collections of paintings, and of one of the most splendid private libraries to be found in Ireland. Our traveller, after taking leave of his Connaught friends, visited Limerick, where he was reported to be a natural son of Napoleon, (a mistake arising from a similarity of the title of Ney's eldest son) and, as such, he was greeted on his arrival, very much to his annoyance. He had scarcely seated himself in his chamber, when the Catholic sexton waited on him for ten shillings, for having set the bells ringing, to announce his royal highness's entry into Limerick. When this fellow was, as he deserved to be, sent about his business, the Protestant sexton made his appearance. The prince asked him what he wanted. '"Only to warn your royal highness against the impositions of the Catholics, who annoy strangers in the most shameless manner, and to beg that your royal higness will not give them any thing: at the same time I take the liberty to ask a small contribution to the Protestant poor-house." "Go to the d—l, Protestants and Catholics," said I in a rage, and flung the door in his face.' He was not, however, yet rid of Limerick attentions. A deputation of Catholics immediately waited upon him, to present his royal highness with the "Order of the Liberator," which he declined, and with an invitation

to dine with their club, from which he also, with much difficulty, escaped.

After seeing the unrivalled lakes of Killarney, our traveller proceeded to pay a visit to the great Agitator himself, Daniel O'Connell, at his bleak and rock-bound residence, in the wildest part of the county of Kerry. The description of the route which the prince pursued to Derrinane Abbey, though he might have taken another road not quite so desperate, is frightful. We should suppose that such a savage accumulation of rocks, as our traveller ventured through upon this occasion, is to be found in no other part of the world. His journey was more than romantic. Having by rare good fortune obtained the loan of an old black cart horse, he set out upon this dangerous expedition, attended by a guide. It was raining water-spouts, and his umbrella was shivered to atoms at the first gust of the mountain whirlwinds. He rode on, drenched to the skin; and being apprehensive that his valise would soon contain not a single dry article, he requested his guide to get something to cover it at the nearest cottage, and incautiously pursued his way alone, expecting the guide to follow every moment. The guide, however, preferred the solace of potheen, and never made his appearance until the journey was nearly over. 'The road, which gradually grew worse and worse, lay for the most part close to the sea, which the storm threw into magnificent agitation; sometimes across a dreary flat of bog, sometimes by the side of chasms and steep precipices, or through wide chaotic plains, in which masses of rock were thrown together in such wild confusion, that it seemed the spot from which the giants had stormed heaven.' It was, perhaps, the least of his difficulties, that he hardly knew whether the route which he followed was the right one or not.

'At length it began to grow dark just as I reached a part of the coast, which assuredly it would be difficult to parallel. Foreign travellers have probably never been thrown into this desolate corner of the earth, which belongs rather to owls and seamews than to men, and of whose awful wildness it is difficult to give an idea. Torn, jagged, coal-black rocks, with deep caverns, into which the sea breaks with a ceaseless thunder, and then again dashes over the top of the tower-like crags its white foam; which, drying, is borne by the wind in compact masses, like locks of wool, over the highest points of the mountains;—the wailing cry of the restless fluttering sea-fowl, piercing through the storm with its shrill monotonous sound;—the incessant howl and roar of the undermining waves, which sometimes suddenly dashed over my horse's hoofs, and then ran hissing back again;—the comfortless removal from all human help;—the ceaseless pattering rain, and the coming-on of night, on an uncertain and entirely unknown road.

'I began really to feel uneasy in earnest,—not half in jest as the day before. Your eager search for the romantic will turn out as ill for you, as for the sorrowful knight, thought I, and urged on my tired horse to his utmost speed. He stumbled every moment over the loose stones, and with great difficulty I at length brought him into a heavy trot. My anxiety was

increased by O'Connell's letter. He had written to me that the proper approach to his house was from Killarney,—that carriages must cross thence by water; but that from Kenmare was the most difficult, and that I must therefore be sure to provide myself with a safe guide. And, as is generally the case when we pursue one train of thoughts with great pertinacity, a popular tale of Croker's, which I had lately read, came into my mind. "No land," says he, "is better than the coast of Inveragh to be drowned in the sea; or if you like that better, to break your neck on shore." Yet thought I—and here my horse suddenly stumbled, shyed, and turned with such a leap as I had hardly given the old mare credit for, I now found myself in a narrow pass. It was still light enough to see several steps before me clearly, and I could not understand what had struck this panic into my horse. Making all the resistance he could, and only in obedience to the admonitions of my shillelah, he at length went on again; but in a few steps I perceived with astonishment, that the path which had appeared pretty well tracked, terminated directly in the sea. The bridle nearly dropped out of my hand, as a foaming wave chased by the storm, sprang upon me like a huge monster, and scattered the narrow cleft far behind me with its spray. Here was really a difficult situation. Bare inaccessible rocks surrounded me on every side,—before me rolled the ocean,—there was nothing for me but to retreat. But if I had lost my way, as I could not but suspect, how could I reckon on meeting my guide, even by returning; and if I did not meet him, where was I to pass the night? With the exception of O'Connell's old castle, there was no hope of meeting with the least trace of a shelter for twenty miles round. I was already shivering with cold and wet, and as my constitution would certainly not carry me through a bivouac in such a night, I had doubtless cause for some alarm. It was useless, however, to consider: I must ride back, that was clear; and as quickly as possible. My horse seemed to have come to the same conclusion; for, as if inspired with new force, he bore me away from the spot at a gallop. But would you believe it: a black figure was again destined to help me in my difficulty. You will say this is too much. "*Ce n'est pas ma faute; le vrai souvent n'est pas le vraisemblable.*" In short, I saw a black figure glide like a dim phantom across my path, and disappear behind the rocks. Invocations, prayers, promises, were in vain:—Was it a smuggler allured to this coast by the ample facilities it offers? or a superstitious peasant who took my unhappy person for a ghost? At all events, it appeared that he did not choose to venture from his hiding-place, and I began to despair of the help I had thought at hand; when suddenly his head peeped out close to me from the cleft of a rock. I soon succeeded in tranquillizing his fears, and he explained to me the puzzle of the road terminating in the sea. "This road was made for low water; the tide is now," he said, "about half in; a quarter of an hour later it is impossible to pass; but now, if you'll pay me well, I will try and bring you through,—but we must not lose a moment." With these words he seated himself at one bound on the horse behind me, and we made what speed we could back to the sea, which was rolling with great rapidity.

'I felt a strange sensation, as we now appeared deliberately to plunge down into the stormy sea, and had to make our difficult way amid the white waves and the rocks, which looked like ghosts in the dim twilight.

'We had the greatest trouble, too, with the horse. However, the black

man knew the ground so perfectly, that we reached the opposite coast in safety, though bathed up to the arms in salt water.

Unluckily, the terrified beast, shyed again here at a projecting rock, and broke both the rotten girths directly in the middle, a mischance for which there was no remedy here. After all my disasters, I had the agreeable prospect of riding the last six miles, balancing on the loose saddle. My black guide had, indeed, given me the clearest directions for the prosecution of my journey; but it was now so dark, that the land marks were no longer visible.

'The road lay, as it appeared to me, across a wide moor, and was at first quite level. After half an hour of rough and stumbling trotting, during which I pressed my knees as hard as possible together, that I might not lose my saddle, I remarked that the road turned again to the right, into the higher range of the mountains, for the climbing grew steeper, and more continual. Here I found a woman, who was passing the night with her pigs or goats. The road branched off into two divisions, and I asked her which I must take to reach Derrinane Abbey? "Oh! both lead there," said she, "but that on the left is two miles nearer." Of course, I took this, but soon found, to my cost, that it was practicable only for goats. I execrated the old witch, and her traitorous intelligence:—my poor horse exhausted himself in vain efforts to climb through the blocks of stone, and, at length, half stumbling, half falling, he threw both saddle and me. It was impossible to keep the saddle on him alone; it fell down incessantly, and I was obliged to load my own shoulders with it, and to lead my horse besides. Till now I had kept in pretty good temper; the spirit was still willing, but the flesh began to be weak; the man on the cliff had said, only six miles further, and you are there; and now, after half an hour's hard riding, the woman insisted upon it that it was still six miles, the shortest way to Derrinane. I began to fear that this mountain fortress was not to be found, and that I was the sport of Kobolds, who bandied me from one to another. I seated myself on a stone, quite out of heart, fevered with alternate heat and cold; when, like the voice of an angel in the wilderness, the shouts of my guide resounded in my ear, and I soon heard the trampling of his horse's hoofs. He had taken quite a different way through the interior of the mountains, to avoid the sea, and had luckily met the woman whose direction I had followed.

'In the delicious feeling of present security, I forgot all my disasters, loaded my deliverer with the saddle and my wet cloak, gave up my horse to his guidance, and seated myself upon his, thus making what speed I might. We had, in fact, five miles yet to ride, and that through a mountain pass surrounded by precipices,—but I can give you no further description of the road. The darkness was so complete, that I was obliged to strain my eyes to the utmost to follow the man, who appeared only like a dim shadow flitting indistinctly before me. I perceived, by the stumbling of my horse, that we were on uneven ground; I felt that it was a continual alternation of steep ascents and descents; that we waded through two deep and rapid mountain torrents,—but that was all:—now and then, indeed, I suspected, rather than saw, that a bare wall of rock rose by my side, or the deeper black beneath me betrayed the precipice which yawned below.

'At length,—at length a bright light broke through the darkness; the

road grew more even; here and there a bit of hedge was visible; and in a few minutes we stopped at the gate of an ancient building standing on the rocky shore, from the windows of which a friendly golden radiance streamed through the night.

'The tower clock was striking eleven, and I was, I confess, somewhat anxious as to my dinner, especially as I saw no living being, except a man in a dressing-gown at an upper window. Soon, however, I heard sounds in the house; a handsomely-dressed servant appeared, bearing silver candlesticks, and opened the door of a room, in which I saw, with astonishment, a company of from fifteen to twenty persons sitting at a long table, on which were placed wine and dessert. A tall handsome man, of cheerful and agreeable aspect, rose to receive me, apologized for having given me up in consequence of the lateness of the hour, regretted that I had made such a journey in such terrible weather, presented me in a cursory manner to his family, who formed the majority of the company, and then conducted me to my bedroom. This was the great O'Connell.'—vol. i. pp. 325—332.

This romantic, yet literal, description of the prince's journey to Derrinane, will remind the reader of some of the stories in the Arabian Nights, in which the traveller, after making his way over vast deserts, and tremendous mountains, beholds at length, in the distance, the palace of which he was in search, shining, like burnished gold, in the sun-beams. The prince appears to have been much pleased with the appearance and manners of his host, of whom he gives a character, not more favourable in our opinion than that extraordinary man deserves.

'The next day I had fuller opportunity of observing O'Connell. On the whole, he exceeded my expectations. His exterior is attractive; and the expression of intelligent good nature, united with determination and prudence, which marks his countenance, is extremely winning. He has, perhaps, more of persuasiveness than of genuine large and lofty eloquence; and one frequently perceives too much design and manner in his words. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to follow his powerful arguments with interest, to view the martial dignity of his carriage without pleasure, or to refrain from laughing at his wit. It is very certain that he looks much more like a general of Napoleon's than a Dublin advocate. This resemblance is rendered much more striking by the perfection with which he speaks French,—having been educated at the Jesuits' Colleges of Douai and St. Omer. His family is old, and was probably one of the greatest families of the land. His friends, indeed, maintain that he springs from the ancient kings of Kerry,—an opinion which no doubt adds to the reverence with which he is regarded by the people. He himself told me—and not without a certain *pretension*,—that one of his cousins was Comte O'Connell, and "*cordon rouge*" in France, and another a baron, general and chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria; but that he was the head of the family. It appeared to me that he was regarded by the other members of it with almost religious enthusiasm. He is about fifty years old, and in excellent preservation, though his youth was rather wild and riotous.

'Among other things, he became notorious about ten years ago, for a duel he fought. The Protestants, to whom his talents early made him

formidable, set on a certain Desterre,—a bully and fighter by profession,—to ride through all the streets of Dublin with a hunting-whip, which, as he declared, he intended to lay on the shoulders of the king of Kerry. The natural consequence was a meeting the next morning, in which O'Connell lodged a bullet in Desterre's heart; Desterre's shot went through his hat. This was his first victory over the Orange men, which has been followed by so many more important, and, it is to be hoped, will be followed by others more important still.

'His desire for celebrity seemed to be boundless; and if he should succeed in obtaining emancipation, of which I have no doubt, his career, so far from being closed, will, I think, only then properly begin. But the evils of Ireland, and of the constitution of Great Britain generally, lie too deep to be removed by emancipation.—To return to O'Connell; I must mention that he has received from Nature an invaluable gift for a party leader; a magnificent voice, united to good lungs and a strong constitution. His understanding is sharp and quick, and his acquirements out of his profession not inconsiderable. With all this, his manners are, as I have said, winning and popular; although somewhat of the actor is perceivable in them, they do not conceal his very high opinion of himself, and are occasionally tinged by what an Englishman would call "*vulgarity*." Where is there a picture entirely without shade?

'Another interesting man, the real though not ostensible head of the Catholics, was present, Father L'Estrange, a friar, and O'Connell's confessor. He may be regarded as the real founder of that Catholic Association so often derided in England, but which, by merely *negative* powers, by dexterous activity in secret, and by universally organizing and training the people to one determinate end, attained a power over them as boundless as that of the hierarchy in the middle ages; with this difference, that the former strove for light and liberty, the latter for darkness and slavery. This is another out-break of that *second* great revolution, which solely by intellectual means, without any admixture of physical force, is advancing to its accomplishment; and whose simple but resistless weapons are public discussion and the press. L'Estrange is a man of philosophical mind and unalterable calmness. His manners are those of an accomplished gentleman, who has traversed Europe in various capacities, has a thorough knowledge of mankind, and with all his mildness cannot always conceal the sharp traces of great astuteness. I should call him the ideal of a well-intentioned Jesuit. As O'Connell was busy, I took an early walk with the friar to a desert island, to which we crossed dry-footed over the smooth sand now left by the ebb. Here stand the genuine ruins of Derrinane Abbey, to which O'Connell's house is only an appendage. It is to be repaired by the family, probably when some of their hopes are fulfilled.

'On our return we found O'Connell on the terrace of his castle, like a chieftain surrounded by his vassals, and by groups of the neighbouring peasantry, who came to receive his instructions, or to whom he laid down the law. This he can the more easily do being a lawyer; but nobody would dare to appeal from his decisions. O'Connell and the Pope are here equally infallible. Law-suits, therefore, do not exist within his empire; and this extends not only over his own tenantry, but I believe over the whole neighbourhood.

'I wondered, when I afterwards found O'Connell and L'Estrange entirely

free from religious bigotry, and even remarked in them very tolerant and philosophical views, though they persisted in choosing to continue true Catholics. I wished I had been able to conjure hither some of those furious imbeciles among the English Protestants, as, for instance, Mr. L——, who cry out at the Catholics, as irrational and bigotted; while they themselves alone, in the true sense of the word, cling to the fanatical faith of their politico-religious party, and are firmly predetermined to keep their long ears for ever closed to reason and humanity.'—vol. i. pp. 334—338.

While staying in that part of Ireland, our traveller visited the most remarkable scenery in its neighbourhood, not omitting the beautiful bay of Glengariff, nearly encircled by mountains, the recesses of which are inhabited by a patriarchal race of people. So mild and equable is the climate here, that the author observed, suspended to the branch of a blackberry bush, a large honeycomb, which the bees made in the open air. 'The weight of the honey bowed the branch to the earth, and they were still busily adding to their store.' On the banks of a clear spring, that ran near them, the Egyptian lotus thrived admirably. He next bent his way to Cork and Cashel, where he was entertained by the liberal club, and the clergy of all denominations, in the most hospitable manner. He entered with much zeal into the politics of the country, and with true-hearted indignation lifts up his hands, as all honest men must do, in wonder at the crying injustice, which compels the great majority of its population to support a church which they detest, at an enormous and intolerable expense. The following remarks, founded upon information which cannot be contradicted, come with irresistible force from a foreigner, who cannot be supposed to have been actuated by any party or local feelings.

'The most scandalous thing, however, is, that the Catholics are forced to pay enormous sums to the Protestant clergy, while they have entirely to maintain their own, of whom the state takes no notice. This is manifestly one great cause of the incredible poverty of the people. How intolerable must it appear in a country like Ireland, where more than two-thirds of the whole population are most zealously devoted to the Catholic religion! In the south, the proportion is much larger. In the county of Tipperary, there are about 400,000 Catholics, and only 10,000 Protestants: nevertheless, the Protestant clergy costs the inhabitants the following sums yearly:—

The Archbishop - - - -	£25,000,
The Dean - - - - -	4,000,
For about 50 parishes, on an average, each -	1,500,

which charge, of course, falls mainly on the Catholics. Most of the parsons do not even live in Ireland, but put some poor devil, with a salary of 50*l.* or 60*l.* a-year, to perform their duties; these are the far-famed curates: the duties are, indeed, soon performed, as there are parishes which do not contain more than ten Protestants; and, indeed, there is one in this neighbourhood, in which *not one* is to be found, and not even a church—only an old ruin, in which the "farce" of divine worship is, once a year, acted to empty walls, during which a Catholic, hired for the occasion, per-

forms the office of clerk! Meanwhile, the clergy are, year after year, wearing away the pavement of London and Paris, and living as unspiritual a life as possible. I lately read in an English newspaper, that a clergyman at Boulogne had lost a large sum at play; that an affair had ensued, in which he had shot his antagonist, and had been obliged immediately to quit the place, and *return to his living*. Even the higher clergy, who must, at least, reside at certain stated periods, in their episcopal and archiepiscopal sees, suffer none of their ill-gotten gains (for what else can money so acquired be called?) to return back again to the poor people, from whom they have wrung it, but save all they can, that they may enrich their families.'—vol. ii. pp. 39, 40.

We shall add to this statement, a list, which the author obtained of thirteen districts, in the county Tipperary, setting forth the comparative amount in each place, of the Protestant and Catholic population.

	Catholics.	*Protestants.*	
Thurles has	12,000	250	Military included.
Cashel	11,000	700	
Clonoughty	5,142	82	
Cappawhyte	2,800	76	
Killenaule	7,040	514	
Boherlahan	5,000	25	
Feathard	7,600	400	
Kilcummin	2,400	—	
Mickarty	7,000	80	
Golden	4,000	120	
Anacarty	4,000	12	
Doniskeath	5,700	90	
New Erin	4,500	30	

vol. ii. p. 5.

The time is evidently fast approaching, when this monstrous state of things must cease. The subject is one of immense interest, to which we must again and again advert, and which we shall never give up, until some rule of justice be established, in this respect, for miserable Ireland.

Our author gives a most amusing account of a day's hunting among the Galtee mountains of Tipperary, and of the festive scene with which it concluded. As we have a friend at our elbow, who happens to be *au fait* to all this portion of the prince's history, we have no difficulty in filling up the blanks, left for some of the names.

'I was on horseback by six o'clock, on my way to breakfast, at Captain Scully's country-house, where the sportsmen were to rendezvous for a hare-hunt. I found six or seven sturdy squires assembled: they do not think much, but their life is all the more gay and careless. After we had eaten and drank, the most heterogeneous things—coffee, tea, whiskey, wine, eggs, beef-steaks, honey, mutton-kidneys, cakes, and bread and butter, one after another—the company seated themselves on two large cars, and took the direction of the Galtee mountains; where, at a distance of about eight miles, the hounds and horses were waiting for us. The weather was fine,

and the ride very pleasant, along a ridge of hills, commanding a full view of the fruitful plain, inclosed by mountains, and richly varied by a multitude of gentlemen's seats and ruins, which are scattered over the whole level country. I enjoyed these beauties, as usual, alone; my companions had only dogs and horses in their heads. A spot was pointed out to me where a strange phænomenon took place ten years ago. A bog which lay at a considerable elevation, forced up, probably, by subterranean springs, was completely loosened from its bottom, and travelled on in a mass, sixteen feet high, and three or four acres in extent. It moved in a continual zigzag, according to the nature of the objects it encountered; and thus passed over a distance of nine miles, till it reached the nearest river, into which it slowly discharged itself, causing an overflow of the waters. The rate of its progress was about three miles an hour. It laid waste every thing in its course. Houses were levelled to the earth at its touch; trees torn up at once by the roots; the fields completely covered, and the valleys filled with bog. An immense multitude had assembled at the end of its course, without the power of offering the slightest resistance to the progress of this awful and majestic phænomenon.

'On our arrival at the appointed place of meeting, the horses were there, but no dogs. There were, however, a great many gentlemen, and instead of hunting hares, we now all traversed the fields in every direction in search of the stray hounds. The sort of riding on these occasions is a thing of which people in our country can form no idea. Although most of the fields are inclosed by stone hedges from three to six feet high, and either piled loosely together, or regularly cemented, and some of them edged by ditches; or strong walls of earth and stones pointed at the top, from five to seven feet high, with a ditch on one, sometimes on both sides;—all this is not admitted as any pretext whatever for the riders to deviate from a straight line. If I mistake not I have already described to you how wonderfully the horses here leap; the sagacity is also admirable with which they distinguish a loose hedge from a firm one; one recently thrown up, from one hardened by time. The loose ones they spring over at one leap, —"clear them," according to the technical expression; but they take the firm ones more easily, making a sort of halt at the top. All this takes place equally well in a full gallop, or, with the utmost coolness, at a foot pace, or with a very short run. Some gentlemen fell, but were only laughed at; for a man who does not break his neck on the spot must look for no pity, but on the contrary, ridicule. Others dismounted at very bad places; and their docile steeds leaped without them, and then stood still, grazing while their riders climbed over. I can assure you I very often thought I should be compelled to follow their example; but Captain Scully, who knew the excellent horse on which he had mounted me, and was always by my side, encouraged me to trust with perfect security to the admirable creature; so that at the end of the day I had acquired a very considerable reputation even among "fox-hunters." Certainly it is only in Ireland one sees all that horses are capable of; the English are far behind them in this respect. Wherever a man could get through, my horse found means to do so in one way or other, leaping, crawling or scrambling. Even in swampy places where he sank up to his girths, he laboured through, without the least hurry or agitation, where a more lively and timorous horse, though equally strong, would certainly never have made his way. Such a horse on

a field of battle would be beyond all price: but only very early and perfect training, joined to the excellence of the breed, can produce such an one. Experience shows that a peculiar bent of education, continued through centuries, ends in rendering the superinduced qualities natural even in animals. I saw pointers in England, which, without any training, stood still and pointed as decidedly the first time they were taken out shooting, as if they had been ever so carefully trained.

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'At length we found the dogs: the men who had the care of them having got completely drunk. Our hunt did not end till the approach of twilight. It was become excessively cold, and the flickering fire, with the table spread before it, shone most agreeably upon us on our arrival at Captain Scully's house. A genuine sportsman's and bachelor's feast followed. There was no attempt at show or elegance. Glasses, dishes, and all the furniture of the table, were of every variety of form and date: one man drank his wine out of a liqueur glass, another out of a champagne glass, the more thirsty out of tumblers. One with his great-grandfather's knife and fork, his neighbour with a new green handled one which the servant had just bought at Cashel fair. There were as many dogs as guests in the room: every man waited on himself; and the meats and potables were pushed on the table in abundance by an old woman and a heavy-fisted groom. The fare was by no means to be despised, nor the wine either, nor the potheen clandestinely distilled in the mountains, which I here tasted for the first time genuine and unadulterated. For sweetening a pudding, two large lumps of sugar were handed about, and we rubbed them together as the savages do sticks for kindling a fire. That the drinking was on a vast and unlimited scale you may safely presume: but though many at last could not speak very articulately, yet no one attempted any thing indecorous or ill-bred; and the few who were much excited, enhanced the merriment by many a "*bon mot*" or droll story.

'I am indebted for the great cordiality, I might say enthusiasm, with which I am received here, to my visit to the "Man of the People," with whom the curious believe me to be in God-knows-what connection. I am greeted with hurrahs in every village I ride through; and in Cashel, the market-place, in which my inn stands, is daily filled with people, who congregate at an early hour, and cheer me every time I go out. Many press forward and ask leave to shake my hand, (a no very gentle operation), and are quite happy when they have accomplished this.

'We rose from table very late. I was packed into my host's car, with another gentleman, and set off for Cashel through an icy fog. Every individual ran out to my assistance. One would draw a pair of furred gloves on my hands; another lent me a cloak; a third tied a handkerchief round my neck; every man insisted on doing me some little service: and with many a "God bless his Highness!" I was at length suffered to depart. The gentleman with me, Mr. O'Ryan, was the most original, and the most drunk of any. Equally bent on doing me some kindness, he invariably made the matter worse than he found it. He unfastened my cloak, in trying to fasten it; tore off my handkerchief, instead of tying it; and fell upon me, in his efforts to make room. This poetical humour displayed itself as characteristically when we reached the Rock of Cashel. It was dreadfully cold, and the cloudless firmament twinkled and glitttered

as if bestrewn with diamonds. Between the road and the rock, however, a thick mist lay along the earth, and covered the whole surrounding country, as with a veil, though it did not rise higher than to the foot of the ruin. Its base was invisible, and it appeared as if it stood built on a cloud in the blue æther, and in the midst of the stars. I had been admiring this striking night-scene, some time, when my neighbour, whom I thought asleep, suddenly cried aloud, "Ah, there is my glorious rock! look, how grand! and, above all, the sacred place where all my ancestors repose, and where I too shall lie in peace!" After a pause, he tried, in a fit of great ecstasy, to stand up, which, but for me, would probably have ended in his falling from the carriage. As soon as he was firm on his legs, he took off his hat reverently, and with a sort of devotion, at once affecting and burlesque, called out, with tears in his eyes, "God bless Almighty God, and glory to him!" Notwithstanding the nonsense, I was touched by the feeling which broke through it, and in this, at least, I sympathized with my whole soul.'—vol. ii. pp. 57—64.

The author thinks it necessary to apologize to the fair friend to whom his letters are addressed, for the kind of life which he led with the gentlemen of Tipperary. It was, however, 'genuine,' and therefore, irresistable in its attractions for him. The scene varies, when he once more arrives in Dublin, and partakes of the hospitality of its representative court. Among the public edifices of that city, he mentions, in terms of particular praise, the principal Catholic chapel, in which, though many objections might be made on the score of good taste to the structure as a whole, some of the details are exquisitely beautiful.

'Above, on the centre of the altar, stands a magnificent temple of splendid gems and gold, in which the real pyx is kept, and near it two no less magnificent golden candlesticks. On each side of the altar stands a tripod, supported by angels with folded wings; on the tablet at the top are placed the host and the wine. The details are executed in the best possible taste, and a grand simplicity reigns through the whole. From the roof hangs a massive silver chain, supporting an antique lamp of the same metal, which is kept perpetually burning. It is certainly one of the most beautiful institutions of the Catholic religion, that some churches stand open day and night to all who long for communion with Heaven. In Italy I scarcely ever went to rest without visiting one of these; and giving myself up to the wonderful effect produced in the stillness of night, by the red fantastic light thrown on the vaulted roof by the few scattered lamps, I never failed to find some solitary figure, kneeling in supplicating reverence before one of the altars, busied only with his God and himself, and utterly unmindful of all that passed around. In one of these churches stood the gigantic statue of St. Christopher, leaning against the middle pillar, and touching the roof with his head. On his shoulders was his heavy burthen, the miraculous child; and in his hand, as a staff, the full-grown trunk of a tree, with fresh green boughs, which were renewed every month. The light of a lamp suspended above, surrounded the infant Christ with a glory, and threw some rays, as if in benediction, upon the pious giant.

'When I compare the Catholic service as it is performed here, with that of the English Protestant Church, I must unquestionably prefer the former.

It may, perhaps, contain some superfluous ceremonies, some which even border on the burlesque, such as the tossing about of the censers, the continual shifting of dresses, &c.; but still this form of worship has a sort of antique grandeur which imposes and satisfies. The music was excellent; the singers very good, and, which amazingly enhanced the effect, invisible. Some Protestants call this a taint of sensuality; but I cannot discover why the scream of an unmusical Lutheran congregation, which rends one's ears, should be more pious than good music executed by people who have been well taught*. Even with a view to the contents of the sermon, the comparison was greatly to the advantage of the Catholic Church. While the Protestant congregation at Tuam was entertained with miracles, swine, and evil spirits, the discourse here was purely moral and practical. The eloquent preacher had taken Envy as his subject, and said among other excellent remarks, "If you would know whether you are entirely free from this crime, so afflicting to humanity, so degrading to the individual who cherishes it—examine yourselves thoroughly, whether you never experienced an unquiet and dissatisfied feeling at the constant and growing prosperity of another; whether you never felt a slight satisfaction at the tidings that some mischance had happened to a fortunate neighbour? This is a serious inquiry, and few will make it earnestly without advantage."

'The way in which every one reads silently his prayer-book, while the sublime music elevates the soul, and withdraws it from the earthly and trivial, appears to me far preferable to the loud responses and prayers of the Anglican church. During this interval of silent veneration, little heed is given to the ceremonies, the change of raiment, or the incensing the priests. But even allowing for these slight blemishes, the Catholic church strikes the mind, as a whole, as something congruous and harmonious with itself, and venerable from its antiquity, and its consistency; the English Protestant church, on the contrary, as something patchwork, incongruous and unconnected.'—vol. ii. pp. 86—89.

The author remained some time in Dublin, with the society of which he appears to have been much pleased. Thence he returned to England, and passed over to France, and his letters conclude with some remarks on the modern manners and sciences of the latter country. In closing the volumes of this writer, we feel as if we were bidding adieu to a friend of some standing in our esteem. He expresses himself, on all occasions, with so much fearlessness, and sincerity, and benevolence, that we become attached to him from the moment we begin to know his character. We have seldom met with an author better calculated, in every respect, for a tourist, than this German prince. Nothing comes amiss to his hand. He reasons with the wise, disputes with the politician, laughs with the gay, and plays at antics with the wild. Persons of all these, and many other shades, he encountered in abundance in Ireland, of which his work furnishes, perhaps, the best whole-length portrait that ever was drawn.

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* 'Much has lately been done towards improving, I might say humanizing, the music in the churches in Prussia; and the influence of this improvement on the congregations has been universally found to be very beneficial.—Editor.'

ART. IX.—1. *What will be done with the Lords?* 8vo. pp. 32. London: Ridgway. 1831.

2. *The People's Manual; or Notices respecting the Majority of* 199 *Peers, who at Six o'Clock on the Morning of the* 8*th of October*, 1831, *rejected the Reform Bill.* 8vo. pp. 32. London: Ridgway. 1831.

3. *List of all the Members composing the House of Peers, on Saturday Morning, October* 8, 1831; *shewing the Manner in which they voted on the Reform Bill, as well as those who were absent from the Division; together with other Lists illustrative of that Proceeding, and involving the future State of the Measure.* 8vo. pp. 28. London: Ridgway. 1831.

THE short period of the prorogation has now very nearly elapsed, and Parliament will meet again in a few days for the dispatch of business. Short as that interval has been, enough has appeared during its progress, to convince the anti-reform peers, that their obstinacy and folly in rejecting the Bill, have gained for them absolutely nothing in the way of additional strength, and have at the same time put to hazard, not only the peace, but the existing constitution of the country. Meetings have been held in every part of the kingdom, which must have completely dispelled the visionary idea, recently so fondly cherished by the Tories, that there was a re-action going on amongst the people, which would eventually render them altogether indifferent to that important measure. But this is not all. Sentiments were very generally expressed at those assemblies, which some few years ago would have been considered as equivalent almost to high treason;—the union of the church and state has been very freely canvassed, and many sensible persons seem to have formed an opinion, that such a union was no longer necessary either to the church or state, but was positively injurious to both; and this opinion has been received, wherever it was promulgated, with unanimous approbation. We venture to say, that if the bishops had abstained, as they ought to have done, from voting on the Bill, this question would not have been raised so soon, or, if so raised, it would not have met with the prompt and enthusiastic applause with which it has been universally cheered. The expanding demands of the people—which always will become larger in proportion as their fair solicitations are unjustly and tenaciously resisted—do not stop here. Not contented with the separation of the church from the state, many persons have begun to question the propriety of the prelates of a Christian congregation, being invested with the character of legislators and judges in a civil capacity, under the impression that those ministers ought to be confined to the performance of their spiritual duties exclusively, and that those duties, if properly attended to, are abundantly sufficient to occupy all their time. There are those who say, that the indifference to rea

religion, and the hypocritical affectation of morality, which prevail so generally in this country, are plainly to be traced to the apathy and inactivity of the clergy; and, that for these defects in the clerical body, the church is indebted to the absence from their dioceses during a great portion of the year, of the prelates, who actually derive their title of bishops from the duty of constant superintendence, which they were consecrated and appointed to exercise with respect to the ministers placed under their control. They are called *Episcopi*, from two Greek words which signify "to look over," to inspect, to act as overseers; and rational men are at a loss to know, how the bishops of the English church can duly perform that essential part of their office, inasmuch as their time is principally occupied in Parliament, when in town, and in political intrigue when in the country. The wish, therefore, begins to be very generally entertained, that the prelates should be removed altogether out of the House of Lords, and the more speedily the better, since if that were done, it would be hardly necessary to create a new batch of peers, in order to carry the Reform Bill.

Other questions are also in progress of maturation, which would not possibly have been thought of for some years to come, if the Bill had not been so violently rejected. For instance, it has been very confidently stated, that "the peers could not do without the people, but that the people could do very well without the peers." In other words, our merchant ships would be passing and repassing over every sea, our lands would continue to be cultivated, our steam engines to emit their clouds of vapour, our spinning jennies and power looms to heap up new articles for the home and foreign markets, our foundries to resound with labour; if, by some untoward accident, the House of Lords ceased to exist on the 8th of October last, or any other day whatever. Lord Kenyon might think it very strange perhaps, but we verily believe, that if he, and all his order should lose their legislative character to-morrow, the sun would rise and set, rain would fall, the snow and ice would still continue to come at their appointed season, marriages would take place, children would be born and would die, and men would go about their ordinary business, just as surely as if only a sparrow had fallen, or nothing at all had happened. This again is a notion that would not, as yet at least, have risen to the surface of the stream of political agitation, if the Bill had not been rejected, without being admitted even to a second reading.

The consequences of that ill-omened vote spread still farther. On the 8th of October there were not, we believe, in this country, more than two extensive political associations, organized for the purpose of obtaining for the people, something more than the influence of the elective franchise in public affairs. We believe that there is hardly a county town, or a town of any consideration throughout this kingdom, which has not, at this moment, its political union, either

efinitively regulated, or in process of formation. It gives us plea-ure to observe, that the observations which we made in our last umber, upon the state of the law with respect to associations of his description, have turned the attention of the public to this im-ortant point; and have induced the "National Union" in London, o withdraw the plan which at their first meeting they had pro-nulgated, for the creation of branch unions throughout the country, n connection with the London assembly. Such branch associa-ions would be clearly illegal, and we are glad that the idea has been abandoned. In the first place, it would not be prudent, nor ndeed grateful towards the present government, to do any act which would commit them in hostility with the people, for it is the inevi-table duty of the officers of the crown, to take care that the laws be obeyed. In the second place, these unions ought to be planted upon a basis, which would afford them solid strength and security, in case that (which heaven forbid!) the present cabinet should, by force of circumstances, be changed, and be succeeded by one that might be disposed to enforce the existing laws in the most rigid manner, or even procure new restrictions to be enacted, against the liberties of the country. If political unions be useful institutions under the government of Lord Grey, they would be absolutely essential under the administration of the Duke of Wellington, and they ought therefore to be prepared to stand firmly in the front either of friend or foe.

The Birmingham Union was also betrayed, by the inadvertence of some of its officers, into the proposition of a plan of organization, which was clearly an infraction of the written law, as well as of the unwritten, though well understood practice of the constitution. They suggested the division of the town into districts, within which the members of the union should form themselves into separate bodies, elect their own officers, and establish a gradation of rank, ascending from the mass of the union to the council, which was to control the whole. The object of this plan was, undoubtedly, to establish a force for the preservation of the public peace, in order to suppress with facility, riots, such as those which have disgraced the city of Bristol. The object was, in itself, blameless, but the mode adopted in order to attain it, was a direct infringement on the pre-rogative of the crown. For as the king is the first magistrate of the state, and the principal conservator of the public peace, to him alone belongs the authority for preserving it, and all authority not derived from him, for that purpose, is apocryphal, and need not be obeyed. In addition to this, the 39th of Geo. III. c. 79, as we fully explained in our last number, expressly denounces as illegal, every society which is composed of *different branches*, acting dis-tinctly from each other, or of which any part shall have any separate president, secretary, delegate, or *any other officer elected* for it. It is manifest, that the Birmingham plan, for placing divisional companies of ten members, under the orders of a "tithing man," elected by themselves, for placing the "tithing men" under

the orders of a "constable of a hundred," elected by the "tithing men," the "constables of a hundred," under the orders of a "marshal-man," and the "marshal-men" under the orders of the council, which was to depute seven of its body, to be aldermen of their respective districts, if carried into effect, would have been a violation of the statute which we have just mentioned. We are happy, therefore, to observe, that in consequence of the matter having been properly explained to the Birmingham council, they have given up the scheme which they had matured, and have wisely resolved to found all their proceedings upon the law of the land. It must be gratifying to the king's government to know, that this scheme had been given up, before it was possible that the recent proclamation against political associations, constituted as that association was intended to be, could have reached Birmingham. It is but justice to add, that this document, besides being nothing more than an exposition of the law and of the constitution, so far as relates to the Birmingham plan, is dictated evidently in the most paternal and friendly spirit towards the people at large, and that it indirectly recognizes and encourages the formation of societies, regulated in the manner which we have already laid down.

The North-western Metropolitan Union, which comprises the three parishes of St. Mary-le-Bone, St. Pancras, and Paddington, have adopted, with some few variations, the regulations which we suggested in our last number. We had provided, by those rules, against even the chance of a breach of the law, by the associations which might adopt them for their government. The union in question, therefore, and every other submitting to similar principles of control, have nothing to retract in their organization, and will have nothing to fear, so long as they adhere to those regulations. It is extremely satisfactory to us to find that, thus far, we have been instrumental in assisting the public cause.

And now that there is scarcely any place of importance in the kingdom without its political association, we may be asked whether it is our opinion that such bodies ought to be organized merely for temporary purposes, or whether they ought to assume a permanent form? To this question we can have no hesitation in giving a decisive answer. It is our humble opinion, that as these unions have sprung out of the exigencies which have been produced by the rejection of the Reform Bill, they ought, in the first place, to direct all their energies towards the successful accomplishment of that important measure: until that Bill shall become law, the unions ought not to cease from the most active agitation. But we must confess, that, even if the Bill were converted into law before Christmas, we should not be prepared to counsel the dissolution of the unions at that period, as a matter of course. It appears to us, that the prolonged existence of such institutions can do no harm, provided they be properly regulated, and be used as schools for the political instruction of the great mass of the people. We would not have them constantly debating the politics

of the day, publishing their speeches in the newspapers, and presenting petitions to Parliament and addresses to the King. Such proceedings as these would be unnecessary, and injurious to the machinery of the state, unless some other great questions should arise, in the discussion of which it might become the duty of the people to take a decided part. Until some such necessity for fresh agitation should take place, we would wish the unions (after the passing of the Bill, be it observed) to be used as political schools, in which persons competent to the task might, by verbal or written discourses, diffuse sound political information among the members. At present the lower classes—ay, and the middle classes too—are left to gather their knowledge of events, and to frame their principles of action, from a variety of newspapers and small periodical publications, which are often conducted by ignorant, sometimes by mischievous and evil-designing men. There will be no corrective for these sources of error, until men of intelligence, education, and sober good sense, mingle among the uneducated classes, and teach them how they are to proceed in the exercise of their constitutional privileges. Thus guided, the people will become, as they ought to be, an enlightened and formidable body; and if ever questions of importance should arise for discussion and arrangement, such as the continuance of the House of Peers; of the union between church and state; the resumption by the state of church property; the payment of the national debt by some fair compromise; the abolition of the standing army; and an immense reduction of taxation; the people will have thus been prepared to consider such questions with the requisite degree of knowledge and calmness, and to lead them into a train of peaceable and effectual settlement, without being exposed to the hazard of those violent revolutions, which are attended with plunder and the profusion of blood.

From what we ourselves happen to know of the ignorance that prevails amongst the middle and lower classes upon the common question, of the respect that is due to the law of property, to mention no other subject, we should say, that the formation and continuance of local unions, upon the plan which we have mentioned, will be indispensable to the gradual and tranquil amelioration of our whole system of government. With them we may look forward with confidence to a bright and happy future: without them, we can see nothing before us but clouds and ill-omened darkness, big with the most perilous tempests. This is our sincere conviction.

It is said that several of the peers have been negociating with Earl Grey, not, indeed, for any essential alteration in the Bill, for to that they well know he will never agree, but for some loop-hole through which they might escape, in order at once to allow the Bill to pass, and to save an appearance of consistency. We know not how this may be, though we are inclined, to a certain extent,

to adopt the view which the author of the first pamphlet on our list entertains on the subject.

'The Peers have, as we before observed, given proofs of boldness—they have, also, vindicated their consistency; and they can, therefore, now the better afford, to concede something to the wishes of their countrymen. In asserting these their undoubted privileges, they have, for the moment, estranged from them the feelings and sympathies of the many; who are inclined to consider them (since their vote) as composing a *caste* apart from them, and possessed of different interests, and different views. Now is the time, by a well-judged and prudent alteration in their course, to recover their lost station, and to place themselves again by the side of the people, and at their head, instead of continuing to meet them in battle array with unequal forces. Such a conduct would be worthy of the position, which the Peers of England have ever held in the history of their country; and which we trust, for their own selves, as well as for ours, they will, in future, again hold. But let them walk warily; another false step would plunge them "deep into the mire and clay, where no footing is."

'It is undoubtedly our confident expectation, as well as our earnest hope, that the Peers, that is a majority of them, will act in the way we have pointed out. But as it is always possible, we trust not probable, that they may hold a contrary course, it is necessary that we should take a view, of what would be likely to occur, if they did so. For then would be asked, but in a very different tone, from the one, in which we ask it—"What will be done with the Lords?"

'And here we must beg those, who do us the honour to read these pages, not to be led away from the fair consideration of our arguments and views, by the senseless cry of intimidation. Nothing is so easy as to raise a cry of that sort—and to say, "You wish to frighten us, but we will not be bullied—we will not alter our course on account of your threats," &c. And why is it so easy to raise a plausible cry of this kind? Simply, because it may equally be raised, against all arguments and reasonings of a dissuasive kind. For what are the arguments by which any man is prevented (if he be prevented) from doing a foolish or a wrong thing, but intimidation? All dissuasives resolve themselves into this—either his intended course will do him harm physically, or morally. And how do his friends dissuade him from it? Why, by explaining to him the consequences of it—by frightening him—by shewing the precipice on which he stands—and by warning him against it. All debate, also, in the Houses of Parliament, where the Speakers wish to dissuade from an intended course of proceeding, is intimidation. Nay, what are the arguments and invectives of the Anti-Reformers themselves, but intimidation; "Revolution, anarchy, subversion, mob-government," &c., "dance," to use the expression of Junius, "through their periods in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion."

'It is, therefore, surely ridiculously unjust, to make it a ground of complaint against the Reformers, that they endeavour to intimidate their opponents, by representing to them the consequences of their blind and prejudiced conduct—when every other *dissuasive* reasoner, in public, and in private—within the walls of Parliament, and without them—and on every given subject, is pursuing exactly the same course.

'"My dear Sir," said Johnson to Boswell, "clear your mind of cant" —and we re-echo the sentiment—and entreat persons, who interest themselves upon these matters, to clear their mind of the cant of intimidation, which will only blind their eyes, and obscure their understandings.

'We, therefore, now come again to the question, "What will be done with the Lords?" And in answering it, we will first endeavour to state, what, if they continue refractory, will probably be done with them, by the Government of the country—and, secondly, by the country itself. If the House of Lords manifest an intention of *again* rejecting the Reform Bill, it is quite clear that the Ministers *must* create a large batch of Peers. The evils of such a proceeding are manifest; but they are as dust in the balance, compared with the evils, which would result from any further delay in the passing of that great measure. If the Peers, therefore, are obstinate, and shew a continued determination to reject it, a creation of Peers is the only method left for the Government, to enable them to carry, to a successful conclusion, the Bill, upon which the tranquillity, the happiness, almost the existence of the country depend.

'The creation of Peers then becomes not only a justifiable act, but an imperative duty upon the Government; and if the House of Lords dislike being *sluiced* with fifty or a hundred new ones, they must remember that it is their own conduct, which has brought it upon them. That such a creation would materially damage the House of Lords; that it would lower it greatly in public estimation; that it would render it so numerous, as probably, eventually, to necessitate the choosing of a representative body out of it, for the purpose of legislation; who can doubt? Nay, such a creation might almost occasion the extinction of the House of Lords, as one of the estates of the realm. But, let it be ever borne in mind, that if such a measure *must* be resorted to, it is the Peers themselves, who are the cause of it.

'They can no longer plead in excuse for their resistance, that the feeling of the country in favour of Reform, is a passing excitement—they can no longer, with any pretence, even of firmness, resist the wishes of the nation—such tyranny would be insupportable. For it never could have been intended, that one rank of the State should be suffered to domineer over all the rest, and to act against their united wishes. If such a proceeding were endured, there would be an end of the balance and equipoise of the different powers of the realm, of which we hear so much. A small majority of one branch of the Legislature would be enabled, "for ever and a day," to defeat the good intentions and the high resolves of the other two.

'It becomes, in truth, a question, whether or not the Constitution has not *already* received a most serious shock. But that it would be utterly at an end, were the whole country, with their whole present Representatives, to yield up their opinions and their wishes, upon the most important of questions, to a narrow majority of the Peers—not, in fact, to the Aristocracy at large, but to the Peers made by Mr. Pitt, and Lord Liverpool,* is perfectly clear.

'Let any man calmly reflect on this, and he will see the absolute necessity of the King and the Country having some resource against

* 'Of these, 113 divided in the Majority!'

such an overthrow of the Constitution. Are those Lords, who cannot be changed—who cannot go back to any constituents—who are for life, and hereditary too—are they, a handful of the State, with 28 or 30 Bishops, to dictate or domineer among us? What right have they to humour their caprices at our expense? Mr. Pitt himself, in 1789, distinctly admitted, that the Constitution gave the Crown the power of making Peers, expressly to frustrate such designs as this; and never was such a case for exercising that power as now exists.'—pp. 12—18.

We have, upon more than one occasion, expressed the rooted dislike, constitutionally speaking, which we entertain to the creation of a numerous batch of peers for political purposes. Besides being founded upon a bad precedent, and being at best but a clumsy expedient for the purpose of obtaining numerical force, it necessarily tends to depreciate the dignity of the peerage, and to reduce it to the state of the French noblesse. It is but fair, however, for us to acknowledge that it is, perhaps, in the present condition of things, the only practicable contrivance to which the minister could have recourse. The removal from the House of the spiritual lords, though already decreed by destiny as certain to take place, may require a little time for its accomplishment, and that time cannot be spared for the enactment of the Bill. It is but just also to observe, that the industrious and well-informed author of the third pamphlet on our list, has produced the names of a number of heirs-apparent favourable to reform, who might be called up to their father's *baronies* without occasioning any permanent increase of the peerage. Amongst these he mentions the following individuals:

Title by courtesy of elder Son, &c.	*Title of Father.*
Surrey. E.	Norfolk. D.
Seymour. Ld.	Somerset. D.
Euston. E.	Grafton. D.
Tavistock. M.	Bedford. D.
Douglas. M.(of age in February.)	Brandon, (Hamilton.) D.
Tichfield. M.	Portland. D.
Wiltshire. E.	Winchester. M.
Kerry. E.	Lansdowne. M.
Uxbridge, E.	Anglesey. M.
Cassilis. E. (late Kennedy.)	Ailsa. M.
Ormerlie. E. (late Glenorchy.)	Breadalbane. M.
Grosvenor. E. (late Belgrave.)	Westminster. M.
Stanley. Ld.	Derby. E.
Andover. V.	Suffolk. E.
Morpeth. V.	Carlisle. E.
Bury. V.	Albemarle. E.
Harley. Ld.	Oxford. E.
Fordwich. V.	Cowper. E.
Milton. V.	Fitzwilliam.E.
Althorpe. V.	Spencer. E.
Ebrington. V.	Fortescue. E.
Newark. V.	Manvers. E.

Title by courtesy of elder Son, &c.	*Title of Father.*
Howick. V.	Grey. E.
Holmesdale. V.	Amherst. E.
Cavendish. Ld.	Burlington. E.

To this table the author adds another, containing the names of other heirs, who might be *created* without permanently augmenting the ranks of the aristocracy.

Title by courtesy of elder Son, &c.	*Title of Father.*
Duncannon. V.	Besborough. E.
Killeen. L.	Fingall. E.
Molyneux. L.	Sefton. E.
Howard. Hon. H.	Howard of Effingham. L.
Twisleton. Hon. W. P. F.	Saye and Sele. L.
Fox. Hon. C. S.	Holland. L.
Vernon. Hon. G.	Vernon. L.
Moreton. Hon. H. G. F.	Ducie. L.
Dutton. Hon. J.	Sherborne. L.
Pelham. Hon. C. A.	Yarborough. L.
Wellesley. Hon. W. L.	Maryborough. L.
Plunkett. Hon. D.	Plunkett. L.
Hill. Lord Arthur.	Next in remainder to Sandys. B.
Sir Gerard Noel, Bart.	Father to Lord Barham.
Windham. Hon. F.	Next Brother to E. Egremont.

To these we might add several other names which the author has, we suppose unintentionally, omitted; but he has given enough to show, that, by adopting his suggestions, the scale might be barely turned against the non-reforming lords. But may we not hope that these persons will perceive the error into which they have fallen, and endeavour to retrieve themselves, while yet they may, in public opinion? We should exceedingly regret ever to see so much as a finger raised to offer personal injury to one of these personages, even though they be confederated against our liberties. But assuredly they cannot, in common prudence, much longer continue to oppose what they must now well know to be the unanimous voice of the people. Mr. Baring, of the lower House, has already, it is said, given up schedule A., as a concession that must be made to popular opinion. He has, perhaps, found out the inconvenience of having his house excluded from the light of day, and converted into a dungeon. As he has followed the example of the Tories in one way, we trust that they may be induced to imitate his in another.

'The state of discomfort and even of danger, to which the Tories are reducing themselves by their insane conduct, is very remarkable; and may be taken both by themselves and others, as a slight, *a very slight* earnest of what awaits them, if they persevere in their ill-judged course. Already has the public feeling, respecting them, been so strongly declared, that they are obliged to live in barricaded houses, and to walk about, defended by troops of Police.

'Like the feudal banditti of other times, their habitations are become

fortresses. In the middle ages at Rome, the Colonnas, the Orsini, the Frangipani, &c., had each their castle in the midst of the city—one fortified the top of the arch of Titus—another that of Janus Quadrifrons. It was the same thing at Paris during the civil wars; but since those days, we are not aware that any capital has exhibited such a spectacle, as is now to be witnessed in the outward appearance of the houses of the principal Anti-Reformers. The Duke of Wellington's mansion, Apsley House, is boarded up on all sides—so is Mr. Alexander Baring's—as for His Highness of Gloucester's, it is an absolute fortification—every chink and cranny is boarded over, while the spikes and *chevaux de frises* on the wall towards Piccadilly, give it quite the appearance of a fortified position. Lord Wharncliffe, we are informed, is strongly entrenched in Curzon Street; and Lord Londonderry, who prefers fortifying his person to his house, as we know, carries, and threatens to fire loaded pistols; while that temple of the winds, his habitation, exhibits all the marks of popular fury.

'Then, when they stir out of these feudal castles, the Anti-Reformers are forced to be escorted by bands, either of soldiers or policemen. With the assistance of the latter, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland was so fortunate as to get down to the House of Lords; but poor Lord Londonderry was driven back by a shower of missiles; and had the Noble Lord been hit any where but on the head, the blow might have had serious consequences.

'But if the Anti-Reformer leaves London, and seeks the rural shades of his country seat, is his condition there the more gracious.—On his journey he is groaned at and pelted in every market town, where he is known (*e. g.* Lord Tankerville at Darlington, Lord Bute at Banbury, Lord Londonderry at Thirsk); and when he arrives, at length, at his own domain, he is only enabled to take and keep possession of it, by means of troops of Yeomanry, and Special Constables. See the account in all the newspapers, of the manner in which the Duke of Newcastle is about to keep his Christmas at Clumber. Four hundred Yeomanry partaking of his hospitality, and eating him out of house and home—cannon planted round the house—videttes all about the Park, to take up suspicious characters, &c.

'We have already done wondering at this state of things, when our attention is called to another part of the newspaper, where we find that two troops of dragoons have been ordered to be in readiness, to escort Sir Charles Wetherell into Bristol, to discharge the duties of Recorder of that City. The following days bring the accounts of the frightful riots, occasioned by the presence of the anti-reforming knight. The records of his calamitous visit to that city, are, indeed, written in blood and flame. Nor can we help remarking, that he might as well have avoided going to a place, where he must have been aware, (for we believe he was duly warned of the consequences) his presence was likely to cause bloodshed and tumult. But we think, if we remember right, Sir Charles was one of the loudest in his prophecies, with regard to the anarchy and confusion, which the excitement upon Reform was sure to cause. And as he found the people of England were, on the contrary, very patient and long suffering, he, perhaps, wished to assist in furthering the acccomplishment of his own predictions.

'It is said, that he also considered himself in the light of a martyr;

and gloried, before hand, in the sufferings he was about to undergo. If this were so, he appears to have thought better of it, when the danger was really imminent. For his sudden retreat from Bristol, in the very midst of the riots he had occasioned, remind us of that of *Jean Bon St. André*, in Lord Howe's battle, as celebrated in the Anti-Jacobin :—

> '"Good John was a gallant Captain,
> In battles much delighting;
> *He fled full soon*
> *On the first of June,*
> *But he bade the rest keep fighting!*"

'It is evident, from all these things, that the prophecy of the ingenious author of "Mr. Dyson's Speech to the Freeholders" is on the eve of fulfilment; where he says, that if the Reform Bill does not pass, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, &c., will have to pass their lives in hollow squares of troops—happy, if even these, these hired defenders, do not fail them in their need.'—pp. 20—24.

But this state of things cannot go on. It is but the preparation on one side for the offensive war which will soon be commenced on the other, should the Bill be rejected a second time. We beg leave here to record our entire concurrence in the view which the author of the pamphlet just quoted has taken upon all this part of the subject.

'If the Peers continue to resist the changes, which the rest of the nation so loudly demand, it is quite clear that the people will call to mind the apothegm of Mr. Gibson Craig, that "the people can do without the Peers." That the House of Lords is an essential part of the Constitution, and one of the three estates of the realm; and that, therefore, their annihilation would be a great, and perhaps irreparable calamity, is certain. But will the many think so, when they are goaded almost to madness, by the pertinacious obstinacy and resistance of that body; and when they find their wishes—wishes, too, sanctioned by the approval of the King, his Ministers, and the House of Commons,—crossed and defeated only by them? It is absurd to suppose that they will then stop to weigh with nicety abstruse constitutional questions. They will consider the Aristocracy as their enemies; and so considering, they will use the means they possess—and these means, if they once know them, and bring them into action, are means of terrific power,—to be rid of them. It will then be in vain, that the moderate of all parties will strive to arrest the torrent of popular indignation and popular vengeance.

'Deeply shall we deplore that day, if it do come; and anxiously would we endeavour, were it in our power, to avert it. But that power rests not with us—it rests with the Peers themselves; and we implore them, if they value their honours, their stations, and the good of their country, to hesitate, before they again venture to dash the cup of promise from the lips of an expecting people. Another vote similar to the one they have already given, may render conciliation too late, and concession useless.

'Let them pause, then, ere they give it—and let them take counsel upon the subject, of their own excellent understandings; and not of a few factious men, who, untaught by the past and reckless of the future, are

only anxious to see themselves again in place. These persons, whose whole souls are in the offices they have lost, (we hope we may say *irrecoverably lost*,) believe, or affect to believe, that the present struggle, like the many that took place during the last century, is merely a contest between the two parties of Whig and Tory. Let them disabuse themselves, before it be too late, of this vain delusion. It is not now a question between two factions; but between the people and the Boroughmongers —between a nation seeking its rights, and the few who wish to withold those rights from them.

'Again, there are others among the Anti-Reformers, who go into the other extreme—who profess to expect, that revolution and anarchy will be the consequences of the perilous contest they are waging with the country—and who are ready, nay anxious for these calamities, if, by their means, they can get rid of the present ministry and the present Reform Bill. It is said of the Great Captain, we know not whether truly, that his remark upon the state of things is, "We must come to a fight; and therefore the sooner we do so, the better." But all these are but the wild incoherencies of mortified vanity and frustrated ambition. They speak for themselves, and will deceive nobody; and it is not therefore necessary or adviseable, to waste time in confuting them, or in warning others against them. Besides, it is a truly remarkable thing, and worth the attention of the conscientious Anti-reforming Peers, that the Duke has ended by advertising himself as ready to bring in a Reform Bill, if he can only once more get into place. We believe no considerable man's friends ever held down their heads more than did the Duke's, upon hearing this most wonderful declaration. It really exceeded all belief, and shows how sweet a thing office must be when lost!

'And here we would fain call the attention of the Anti-reforming Peers to a higher subject than themselves—we mean the country, and the state to which they are themselves bringing it by their conduct. For if dangers and difficulties arise, they may rest assured, that it is in a great measure their rancorous opposition to the wishes of their countrymen, that has caused them. What they are heaping upon their own devoted heads, we have endeavoured to lay before them—or, in other words, to explain to them, *what will probably be done with them.*

'The possible fate of the country is a more serious matter—and what is the most serious part of it is, that that fate would appear, in a considerable degree, to depend on the Anti-reformers. That the 199 Anti-reforming Peers are powerless to do good, except by resigning themselves to the Bill, and allowing it to pass, is evident; but though powerless to a good purpose, they may be powerful to a bad one: like the evil Genii of the fairy tales, whose attributes restrained them from conferring benefits, but left them free to work mischief.—Their ill-timed resistance may kindle a flame in the nation, which no wisdom can quench.—The prolonged struggle occasioned by them, may irritate the people against all rule.—They may excite universal discontent, and even wide-spread rebellion; and if the latter, once excited, were successful, the whole frame of government might be destroyed, and the very elements of society be again resolved into chaos—And all by their means. They may think this picture an overcharged one—we fear it is not so.

Already, bad they almost driven the people into a resolution not to pay

taxes; and from such a determination, (against which, if generally taken, there can be no remedy,) there is but one step to universal anarchy. The people, as it is, have been led to form political unions; and were on the eve of turning themselves into National Guards. The first of those institutions, if carried to their full extent, would take the trouble of governing the country out of the hands of the Executive; and the latter would terrify into obedience those, who seemed disposed to resist such a tremendous tyranny. These are, indeed, the natural consequences of a prolonged struggle between a portion of the higher orders, and the whole of the lower and middling classes. The latter are indignant at being thwarted by a miserable oligarchy—by a handful of pensioners; they throw the blame indiscriminately upon all those, who are above them, and determine at once to take the government into their own hands.'—pp. 25—30.

When we come to consider the materials of which the anti-reforming peerage is composed, we cannot but feel indignant that the people should have been thwarted in their just desires by a set of individuals, the great majority of whom have held, or still hold, offices or pensions, paid out of the taxes annually taken out of the pockets of the middle and industrious classes. Who stands the first upon the list which the author of the "People's Manual" has so seasonably put forth?—The Duke of Cumberland, of whom it is truly added, that he is "too notorious to require any particulars to be related of him." His royal highness (how great titles are sometimes abused!) is followed by the Duke of Gloucester, formerly a Whig, but now a Tory, because Lord Grey would not give him the appointment of Commander-in-chief; by the Duke of Buckingham, proprietor of the two boroughs of St. Mawes and Buckingham, one of which is disfranchised, the other opened, by the Bill; by the Duke of Wellington, of whom we need say nothing; by the Duke of Beaufort, patron of the borough of Monmouth, which is opened by the Bill; by the Dukes of Leeds, Rutland, Dorset, Newcastle, Manchester, Marlborough, and Northumberland, all of whom, with the exception of the poor Duke of Dorset, and the pauper Marlborough, are boroughmongers in the worst sense of the word. These are succeeded by a list, with appropriate and pointed annotations, of the marquisses, earls, viscounts, and barons, who have voted against the Bill, and from which a few selections may be deemed curious.

'Beauchamp, Earl of.—Whose Earldom is said to have been purchased a few years ago. He is naturally a supporter of the present system of corruption. Did he lend 15,000*l.* to the Private Secretary of the Prince Regent? It is said, the Secretary understood the loan to be a gift, which led to a little difference between the Noble Lord, and the very dutiful Secretary; but the quarrel occurred after the Noble Lord was elevated to the Earldom.

'Guilford, Earl of.—A richly-beneficed non-resident Clergyman. He also, of course, is in favour of the abuses of the system.

'Eldon, Earl of.—The Ex-Tory Chancellor; and who, though possessed of a fortune of between 40 and 50,000*l.* a year, condescends to

receive from the country his retiring pension of 4000*l.* a year; besides having supplied his son with about 8000*l.* a year in sinecures. It is obvious that *he* cannot like reform.

'VANE, Earl of.—Marquis of Londonderry in Ireland.—The opponent of all successive governments; because no government has the same opinion of his merits, which he entertains himself. It is him whom Lord Byron calls "a *crazy* widower," when speaking of his marriage with the present Lady Londonderry. By the favour of his late brother, Lord Castlereagh, he was placed in high diplomatic situations, for which he was totally unfit. It was upon his request for a diplomatic pension (though he possessed at the time 60,000*l.* a year, which he has since squandered away), that Lord Liverpool wrote "this is too bad,"—words which may, perhaps, be thought to apply to the whole career of the noble Marquis.

'BATHURST, Earl of.—An Old Tory—a Sinecurist—Clerk of the Crown—Teller of the Exchequer—with one Son, Clerk of the Privy Council—and another in a high employment at Malta. He was long in office, and perhaps has received more public money than any other man now alive. He has a seat for the Borough of Cirencester.

'LIMERICK, Earl of.—A true Irish jobber—who has jobbed Peerages, Earldoms, and, lastly, an English Peerage, out of successive Tory Governments.

'MAYO, Earl of.—An Irish Tory.—Has a large retired pension. His wife is a Lady of the Bed Chamber to the Queen!!!

'WALDEGRAVE, Earl.—Has just left the Whigs, and gone over to the Anti-Reformers, supposed to be influenced by the *able arguments and deep reasoning* of his kinsman, the Duke of Gloucester.

'MALMESBURY, Earl of.—Owes his honours, and his sinecure place of Governor of the Isle of Wight to Pitt—and is, therefore, *naturally against all Reform.*

'BOLTON, Lord.—Of this nobleman's intellect or opinions it would be unfair to say any thing; suffice it to remark, that he is undoubtedly a very fit supporter of Anti-Reform!

'WALLACE, Lord.—An old Placeman and Tory, and *now* enjoys a pension. Made a Peer by the Duke of Wellington.

'COWLEY, Lord.—Brother of the Duke of Wellington. Has deserted the side of his eldest brother, Lord Wellesley, who made his fortune, by sending him to India, and giving him an appointment there. Enjoys a large pension.

'ARDEN, Lord.—An Ultra-Tory. Made a Peer by Pitt—Lord Lieutenant of Surrey, by the Duke of Wellington. Was, during the war, the holder of the greatest sinecure ever known.

'MARYBOROUGH, Lord.—Brother of the Duke of Wellington—late Master of the Stag Hounds—all his life in Office—and now enjoys a pension. Made a Peer by Lord Liverpool.'

But we must close this truly black list, composed as it is of apostate Whigs, of pensioned Tories, and boroughmongering imbeciles—men insensible, for the most part, to any other interest than that of their own personal ascendancy in the state, and the confederated enemies of popular liberty. Let them yield in time,

say we, before the public mind be exasperated; for we may tell them, without affecting the gift of prophecy, that unless they come forward with a good grace, and recall the wicked steps which they have already taken, the day of retribution will not be far off. The people are quiet at present: they are tranquil because they believe, from confidence in their own strength, that their wishes will be eventually realised. But if this hope should be again baffled, the Peers may as well shut up their House—if they do not, it will be shut up for them. We are far from wishing that such things may come to pass, for at best no great changes are effected without individual wrong; but who can control the course of the winds? We may foresee events which are likely to take place, without being responsible for their occurrence, and we may express our opinion as to the probability of their occurrence, without exactly wishing for them. We may truly say, that for these, and the many other mischievous consequences that may follow from the rejection of the Bill, the peers, both spiritual and temporal, will have only to thank themselves.

ART. X.—*A Visit to the South Seas, in the United States' Ship, Vincennes, during the years* 1829 *and* 1830: *including Scenes in Brazil, Peru, Manilla, the Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena.* By C. S. Stewart, A. M., Chaplain in the United States' Navy. In 2 Vols. London: Colburn and Co. 1832.

WHEN the British public will have learned that the volumes before us are the production of a missionary, whose religious and political education has been conducted amongst the free and unsophisticated institutions of the American republic, they will be solicitous to inquire into the success of experiments in diffusing Christianity, which have been planned in a country, and executed by agents, so completely opposed in character and policy to our own. Mr. Stewart has been long engaged as an American missionary to the South Seas. He only left the Sandwich Islands in 1825, where he had established himself in the confidence of the inhabitants, and where he might have remained extending the triumphs of Christianity, but that one of those causes, to which our Protestant missionaries, as we have before shewn, are so constantly exposed, arose to interrupt the course of his beneficial labour. His lady was directed by her physicians to avoid, at her peril, a tropical climate, so that her husband was forced, prematurely, to abandon a field, where a brilliant harvest awaited his further superintendance. Whilst yet in suspense as to the best means of carrying on the great purpose to which he had devoted himself, consistently with a necessary attention to his domestic happiness, Mr. Stewart was incidentally informed, that a government vessel, the Guerriere, was about to sail for the Pacific ocean, to relieve the squadron which was stationed there; and that one of the ships destined to

return home, the Vincennes, would, during her voyage, visit the South Sea Islands. In the beginning of the year 1829, Mr. Stewart embarked in the Guerriere at Baltimore. The vessel proceeded to Rio Janeiro, where the company made a short stay. The author gives a copious account of Brazilian customs and manners, entirely according with that which has been already so elegantly narrated by Dr. Walsh, whom, by the way, our naval chaplain met at the court of Brazil, to his own very great gratification.

The Guerriere, after a short delay in the harbour of Rio Janeiro, pursued her voyage round Cape Horn, and landed her passengers at Valparaiso. They next proceeded to Lima, where they disembarked, for the purpose of visiting the most interesting parts of Peru. The corvette Vincennes, which was appointed to take up the missionary, was now at anchor at Callao, and on the 26th July, 1829, he sailed in her for the South Sea Islands. Those for which the vessel was first destined, belonged to the United States, and are called the Washington Islands. They are generally confounded in our maps and descriptions with the Spanish group, the Marquesas; but it is singular, that notwithstanding the great proximity of the "Marquesas" and the "Washington," the latter were not discovered till 1791, whereas the others have been known since 1595. Mr. Stewart's account of the inhabitants, and the productions of the Washington group, will have, doubtless, the effect of directing general attention to them. The names of the islands are Huabuka, Nukuhiva, and Napou—the second one being worthy of remembrance by all Englishmen, as the place where Commodore Porter refitted his squadron in the Pacific, during the late American war. The islands form, by their relative position, a triangular figure, the points of which are included within the parallels of 8° 38′ and 9° 32′ S. lat. and 139° 20 'and 140° 10′ W. long. from Greenwich. Nukuhiva, the principal island, was selected as the place of disembarkation; and as the inhabitants were in a complete state of nature, and as the little they had already known of civilized visitors was of a very unfavourable character, it became important for the ship's captain, and the chaplain, to deliberate on the proper means of introducing themselves to the islanders. After due consideration, a general order was drawn up by the captain, which was read by the first lieutenant after prayers, a few days before the time fixed on for a landing. This document exhibits strong sense, liberality, and prudence; and is admirably suited to all occasions of the like nature, whatever be the part of the world where they occur.

As the ship was bearing away for a convenient place on the shore of Nukuhiva, they were suddenly surprised at seeing the top of one of the hills, directly abreast of the ship, suddenly crowned with islanders. They were naked, and waved streamers of white cloth on their spears, while the coast rang with their shouts. The

ship ran close in with the shore of the above island, opposite a place called the Valley of the Taipiis. It was instantly surrounded by fishing canoes of all sizes, filled with men, who testified their surprise at the arrival of the vessel, by laughter and the most extraordinary expressions of wild joy. Several of the fishermen clambered up the ship's sides, and seemed delighted to be permitted to be in the presence of the crew. The secret of the enthusiasm exhibited by the islanders was afterwards fully developed, for it appeared that they were then at war with a neighbouring tribe, and they took it for granted that there was no other purpose intended by the approach of a ship to their territory, than the conveyance of succours to enable them to triumph over their enemies. In two or three hours after the arrival of the vessel, an announcement was made to the captain that a canoe of chieftains was in attendance. The party consisted of Moana, the king of the tribe, a boy only eight years old; Haape, his guardian; Tenae, a brother of Moana; and Piaroro, a chief of a neighbouring tribe. The boys are described as bright-looking little fellows, of good temper, and so insinuating as to become favourites, in a very short time, with all the officers. They were all naked, except that each had on a simple maro of an inferior kind of tapa or native cloth. Piaroro possessed all the bearing of a prince. He was tall and well proportioned, but his skin was tattooed in so finished a manner as to give it the appearance of a variegated garment.

Having obtained from this desultory intercourse with the natives, some valuable hints as to their character and dispositions, the captain of the Vincennes commenced a more friendly communication, by an offer of various presents. He caused a white flag to be hoisted at the foretop mast head, which, as Piaroro was desired to explain to the natives, who crowded round the vessel in canoes, was intended to be an invitation to all persons who wished to come on board. It was with some difficulty, in the evening, that the ship could be cleared of its visitors, and even some unpleasant manifestations of a resolution to send away the natives, was necessary, in order to accomplish that object. The next day the chiefs returned, accompanied by a no less remarkable companion than Morrison, an Englishman, who had resided in their islands for several years, in the capacity of a collector of sandal wood. The object of the visit was to request that the officers of the ship would come on shore. They complied, and proceeded in a large company to the house, where the young king Moana resided. The construction of the habitations, the manners, and costumes of these islanders, which the author describes at some length, do not differ materially from those of the other tribes of the Pacific, with the exception, that they are not infanticides. Their funeral ceremonies are, however, marked by some strking peculiarities. When a person falls dangerously ill, sorcerers are called in to exercise their skill in combating the disease. Women, in the mean time, pour in, in

crowds, wailing and moaning in the most melancholy tones. If the patient be despaired of, the Tanas (sorcerers) dance naked round the mat of the dying man, cutting their bodies with sharp stones, and uttering the most piercing cries. This sort of lamentation they keep up until the patient expires, and then they all combine in a terrific and prolonged howl. The corpse is then laid out in a neighbouring house, and watched night and day, whilst the priests occasionally chaunt songs over the deceased. Until these songs are completed, all the friends of the dead man abstain from food, and permit no fire to be lighted in their sight. Meantime every preparation is made for a large feast, the scale of which depends altogether on the station of the person whose memory it is meant to celebrate. Invitations to this festival are carried round by a regular officer, and on the day of holding it, there is always a large concourse of guests. The head of the family cuts up the hogs with a knife of bamboo, and separates the flesh from the bones with a sharp stone. The head of the hog belongs to the principal priest, who always lays it aside, taking care to make a hearty meal on some other part of the fattest of these animals. For the reception of the body of the deceased, a structure of singular formation was raised in a place adjoining the house where it lay. A small platform was raised in the midst of a stone enclosure, at each corner of which a number of long bamboos were erected. These were bound together at short intervals, in a square form, by bands of white cloth, whilst in the interior were seen several cones composed of the braided leaf of a cocoa-nut, confined at the tops by bands of white cloth, whilst the extremities hung down in long pennants. These cones surrounded a bier, which was covered with white, and they were destined to receive the food and water which it was thought the deceased stood in need of. Urns of cocoa-nut oil were likewise placed within this sanctuary, into which heated stones were put, in order that the evaporation of the oil might produce an incense, which was deemed of salutary influence on the condition of the dead man. Mr. Stewart took every opportunity of presenting the beauties and benefits of the Christian religion to the simple minds of the chiefs ruling over Nukuhiva, and for our parts, we cannot refrain from thinking that the kind and prudent conduct of himself and his party, rather than any force of argument which he might have used, generated in these chiefs that confidence in his councils, which induced them to long for his return, or for the approach of those, who, he promised, would repeat to them the same advice.

We have stated that the islanders with whom the ship's crew had hitherto been in communication, namely, the Teiis, Taisas, and Hapas, were waging a sanguinary war against the Taipiis, a neighbouring tribe. Captain Finch thought it prudent to make no distinction between the rival parties, and he resolved to shew an equal solicitude for the condition of the one as he had already exhibited

for that of the other. By presents of various sorts, and by displaying an earnest sympathy in the situation of the Taipiis, Captain Finch soon acquired a complete ascendancy over them. They heard him with the deepest attention, and were particularly pleased with the admonitions which the captain urged against war; for all that they had ever before received from white men in the shape of advice, was directly of a contrary tendency. So struck were the leaders of this tribe with the exhortations of the Americans, that they declared themselves ready to make immediate peace with the hostile tribes, and live for the future in harmony and friendship. As a proof of the good faith with which the Taipiis carried on their negotiations with Captain Finch, we may mention that they frankly avowed having long followed the practice of stealing from other tribes human victims to offer in sacrifice. They, however, added that this was merely an act of retaliation, which the example of their enemies justified them in adopting. Nor were the Taipiis less candid in admitting that they eat the bodies of their enemies, and of prisoners, taken in battle. But these and similar enormities they promised to relinquish, and we sincerely hope that the Americans, ere this, have taken full advantage of the happy docility of the poor islanders.

It is due to the natives of the Washington, and of the Marquesan groups, generally, to mention that they appear to respond more faithfully to the instincts of our common nature, than the inhabitants of any other of the South Sea Islands. Their population is unstained by the crime of infanticide, so common in the Georgian, Society, and Sandwich Islands, at least, during the period preceding the introduction of Christianity into those places: and it is a happiness to think that, in no country of the civilized world, are the relations of kindred more affectionately maintained, than in the rude valleys of Nukuhiva, and its neighbourhood. A singular anomaly, however, is chargeable upon the population, inasmuch as by their laws, or rather customs, they admit of a plurality, not indeed of wives, as exists in older countries, but of husbands; and stranger still, the marriage tie, even under such circumstances, is observed with admirable fidelity. Nay, instances of powerful conjugal affection are among the topics of familiar conversation amongst them. They state examples, in which the unkindness of a husband or a wife has so affected the companion, as to lead to the perpetration of suicide, which was easily effected by swallowing a poisonous berry.

After parting from the Washington group, the Vincennes proceeded direct to the Sandwich Isles, at the several missionary stations in which, Mr. Stewart evidently feels himself completely at home. His accounts of the labours of the missionaries on these islands, and his views of their future progress, are essentially different from those which have been promulgated by authorities worthy of confidence. We allude particularly to Captain Beechey,

whose honest exposure of the profligacy and hypocrisy of the royal family of the Sandwich Islands, and his condemnation of the imprudent zeal of the missionaries, have subjected him to the hasty censure of Mr. Stewart, in other respects one of the most candid and temperate commentators on persons and events, with whom it was ever our good fortune to become conversant. His explanation of the charges adduced by Captain Beechey, consists merely of an assertion, that the gallant officer received his information 'from a deceitful and deceiving source.' But we have to remind Mr. Stewart, that as to what was alleged by the former writer, respecting the royal family, he, (Captain Beechey,) spoke altogether from personal knowledge; and as to the statement about the missionaries, we have to observe, that the same Mr. Stewart acknowledges that 'these missionaries *possibly* are *too* rigidly literal in their interpretation and enforcement of the commandments; and an error *may* arise from this source in the formation of provisions for police, or other regulations by the native government, and on their subsequent administration and fulfilment.'—vol. ii. p. 274.

The corvette, after visiting Canton, returned by the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, to her native shores.

It is impossible to speak in exaggerated terms of the straightforward, manly, and generous tone in which Mr. Stewart uniformly treats of the strange countries, and the diversified customs of men, with which he became cognizant during his voyage. Whilst he pays unfeigned respect to the peculiarities of habit, and manners, and religion, and describes them with an unceasing recollection that they are all the adoption of persons who have an undoubted right to choose for themselves, he still never flinches from the fullest assertion of all the feelings that properly belong to his sacred and interesting character. Mr. Stewart professed to give us a book of travels, and most honourably has he observed the tacit treaty into which he thus entered with the public. Hence, beyond the occasional bursting forth of a high and holy zeal in the missionary cause, which, from its infrequency, may very well be excused, we are not disgusted at every page with the coarse and petulant bigotry, which too often obtrudes upon us in the works of other professed agents for the diffusion of the doctrines of peace, moderation, and unlimited charity.

Among the results of Captain Finch's circumnavigation, it does not appear that any very striking addition to our geographical knowledge has been made. He has certainly proved that there is no such island as Caroline island—at least that there is no island whatever in the situation assigned to it in Arrowsmith's chart. He further declares the non-existence of two other unnamed islands, which were said to be recently discovered westward of the Sandwich group, and the space assigned to which, the captain declared that his ship literally passed over. The same tale is told of

a shoal in the Indian ocean, which was said to have been seen from the ship Suffolk, in 1827. The captain mentions, as facts deduced from the experience of the present voyage, first, that it is a great error to suppose that the route which he had completed was an easy task for any vessel, and that its duration could be calculated with precision; and secondly, that it is perfectly practicable to preserve, for a long period of confinement at sea, a crowded crew in an accustomed state of health.

NOTICES.

ART. XI.—*A General System of Gardening and Botany; containing a complete Enumeration and Description of All Plants hitherto known: With their genuine and specific Characters, &c. &c.— Founded upon Miller's Gardeners' Dictionary, and arranged according to the natural System.* By George Don, F. L. S. In four vols. Vol. I. 4to. London: C. J. G. and F. Rivington. 1831.

THE study of botany, and the branches of knowledge which are subsidiary to that science, may now be said to form a necessary part of general education in this country. For this, which we deem no unimportant advantage, we are in a great measure indebted to the policy which has recently begun to influence our medical corporations; for, by requiring from every candidate for the faculties which they confer, sufficient evidence of a certain proficiency in botany, these bodies have, by this time, succeeded in sending into every town, and almost every hamlet in the empire, a good practical botanist in the character either of physician, surgeon, or apothecary. The influence of such an agency has been prodigious. In all the large towns, and in a considerable number of the minor ones, Horticultural Societies are established. We have been astonished, when we read in the descriptions of the annual botanical exhibitions at various places throughout the country, the account of the occupations of the persons who contend for the prizes. In one place we have found the office of president of a horticultural society filled by a working weaver: the best and largest cherries in the West of England, one year, were the produce of the care and ingenuity of an industrious cotton spinner. Numerous, and indeed ludicrous, testimonies may be adduced to show the enthusiasm with which horticulture is pursued by all classes of the community. A worthy mechanic, in one of the manufacturing districts, lately turned the roof of his house into a kitchen garden, and kept his family in fresh vegetables during the entire season. The finest bed of tulips (for its size) we ever beheld, had for its site the narrow back yard of about a twelfth-rate house in the purlieus of London.

Hitherto the great obstacle to the cultivation of botany has been its nomenclature. At first sight, it would appear that an impediment of this nature was merely a pedantic wantonness, proceeding from that love of mystery which has so uniformly characterized the learned in all ages. But a few moments' reflection will satisfy all reasonable minds, that the technical language of botany, difficult to acquire as it may be, grows out of, and is inseparable from, the genius of the

science itself. The study of it can never be located in any given country; its objects are as much Russian and German, or even African, as they are English. Botany allows no distinctions of territory; its field is the world of nature from pole to pole. Such being the case, it is obvious that the pursuit of botany must be carried on by infinite divisions, all of which are contributing to one common end. Hence a community of ideas between the botanists of one empire and those of another, becomes absolutely indispensable; and from this necessity springs that universal language which is fixed to no clime, but nevertheless is understood in every country.

We cannot, therefore, expect that this great difficulty will ever be removed; and it only remains for us to adopt such measures as may be best calculated to diminish it. For this purpose various contrivances have been resorted to, particularly in this country. Plans without number have been proposed and acted on, for the purpose of engaging the young mind in the pursuit of botany. A great deal of success has attended these efforts; for, after the employment of great labour and diligence, the mysterious veil in which this science had been so long wrapped, was drawn aside, and all its beauty exhibited familiarly to the contemplation of the unlearned. As one of the most important instruments for carrying on this great moral revolution, we have to notice the great work, of which the first volume is now before us. It certainly comes forth in the objectionable form of a costly publication: but when we come to consider the nature of its contents, we shall be satisfied that he who trusts exclusively to its pages for acquiring a competent knowledge of botany, will find that, in the long run, he will have but little grounds for self accusation for having violated the strictest principles of economy.

"Miller's Gardeners' Dictionary," so famous during the last fifty years, as being a standard work for the horticultural profession in general, may be said literally to have survived its own utility. There was a charm in the simplicity and enthusiasm of the author, which made his book popular when it could no longer be said to be wholly instructive. Still it was in all its parts so substantially constructed—so tried and proved by the revolutions of time—that there could be no doubt about the propriety of choosing it as the foundation of any new system of popular horticulture, which the state of modern improvement required. The present work, therefore, may be fairly described as comprehending all that can be considered in Miller's performance, as worthy of attention in the present day; as including such portions of all the modern systems of plants as could be conveniently combined together: and as containing an account, not only of all the genera and species of plants hitherto enumerated, but of a considerable number from the *Lambertian Herbarium*, of which botanists have as yet seen no description. In Mr. Don's Dictionary, then, we have a complete history and account of every species of plant, of which it is possible that a botanist can be called on to express an opinion. This account is given in so clear and intelligible a manner, that it is made perfectly comprehensble to a mere beginner. Here the student, the general reader, and the man of science, may learn not only the name and history, but also the character and affinity of any genius or species,

with all its properties, places of growth, time of flowering, mode of culture, and its use in medicine and domestic economy.

The arrangement of this work, and the contrivances which are appended for the purpose of an easy and prompt reference to any part of its contents, are, in their completeness and accuracy, fully worthy of the information to which they lead.

ART. XII.—*The Working Man's Companion.—The Rights of Industry: addressed to the Working Men of the United Kingdom.* London: Knight. 1831.

THIS little work, printed under the superintendance of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, is extremely well timed. From whatever cause it has arisen, there is no doubt that a notion has recently begun to spread among the "working classes," that their interests are in some essential points distinct from those of the wealthy members of the community. Never was so great a mistake entertained by any set of men: never was an error propagated that would be more fatal in its consequences to the very persons from whom it has arisen. To point out the fallacy of this notion, is the principal object of the excellent treatise before us. The author has succeeded in exploding it most completely. He has shown that it is an error of the most ridiculous description, and that in fact the true interests of the working classes are, if possible, more closely allied to those of the capitalist, than are the interests of any other class of men in the community. We earnestly recommend this little volume to the attention of those to whom it is addressed. We observe that it proceeds from the sensible pen of the author of "The Results of Machinery."

ART. XIII.—*Selections from the Poems of Robert Southey, Esq. LL. D. &c. Chiefly for the Use of Schools and Young Persons.* 8vo. pp. 373. London: Moxon. 1831.

AN excellent school book, upon the same plan as the Selections from Wordsworth, lately given to the world by the same spirited publisher. The extracts comprise the beauties of all the poems of Mr. Southey, and a very delightful treat they will afford to any person who chooses to turn them over for an hour or two.

ART. XIV.—*History of the Civil Wars of Ireland, from the Anglo-Norman Invasion, till the Union of the Country with Great Britain.* By W. C. Taylor, Esq. A. B. In two vols. 12mo. Vol. I. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1831.

FROM the excellent style, and very careful and impartial manner in which this volume is executed, we may venture to predict, that the work, when complete, will form one of the greatest ornaments of that long series of publications, to which Constable's Miscellany has now extended. A good history of the Civil Wars of Ireland was a desideratum in our literature. We shall be glad to bestow our best attention upon Mr. Taylor's pretensions to have supplied that desideratum, as soon as the second volume shall be placed before us.

ART. XV.—*The Van Diemans Land Almanack, for the Year of our Lord* 1831. *Being the Third Year after Leap Year.* 12mo. pp. 263. Hobart Town: Henry Melville.

IT is a very favourable sign of a colony to have attained the luxury of an Almanack, for it is one of those national conveniences, which a people advanced in civilization alone can relish or understand. We congratulate our distant brethren of Van Dieman's Land, on the moral advancement which this publication so signally testifies; and considering that this is the first attempt of the kind which has been made in the colony, we regard the performance as altogether highly creditable to the editor. The calendar, chronological cycles, and those tables usually found in European Almanacks, are given with great care and accuracy; the chief distinction by which this is rendered different from the others being, that it contains detailed accounts of the geography and history of the colony.

The philosopher who takes a comparative view of human affairs, in different situations, will be greatly struck at the picture which this book pourtrays. He will see, politically and morally, in the community of Van Dieman's Land, nothing more than a miniature model of the great country itself, from which it derives its existence. With some differences, indeed, in the government of the colony, he will find the civil establishment, in almost all its details, placed on the same footing as that which, on a much more extended scale, exists at home. The people of Van Dieman's Land have their secretaries of state, their auditors, and their registrars. They have supreme courts, courts of requests and quarter sessions, with barristers, and attornies, and proctors to boot! The departments of a miscellaneous immediately connected with the executive of the colony, are nearly as numerous as those about Whitehall and Downing Street. In the list of public institutions, we find four banking houses, two other commercial companies, and a mechanic's institution. The recreation of the colonists seems to be very fairly provided for in the establishment of two clubs. One of these last associations, called the Whaling club, offers a prize to the first person who gives information of a whale being in the river. Two race-courses are open, at proper seasons of the year, for the gratification of those parties who cannot be prevailed on to try the dangers of a whale hunt. The established church is located here also, where, as usual, it is surrounded by rival Wesleyans and Evangelists of a thousand shades. Circulating libraries and book societies, seminaries for young gentlemen or young ladies, we are happy to say abound in the colony.

The Van Dieman people seem to be well grounded already in all the mysteries of taxation. They perfectly understand all the refinements of customs and harbour dues, with wharfage and warehouse charges: the privileges of having a license to vend certain articles have also been extended to the colony, and the clergy have been so complimentary to them, as to exact the same surplice fees that are demanded at home. In short, Van Dieman's Land is neither more nor less than another "Little Britain," in 43 degrees of south latitude, where the body politic of the mother country, in its various aspects, is represented on a Lilliputian scale, to the great edification, no doubt, of the aborigines of the soil. It may not be superfluous, that in respect of difference of time, Hobart Town is faster than London, by 9 hours, 49 minutes, and 40 seconds.

ART. XVI.-*Standard Novels, No. IX. Frankenstein. The Ghost-Seer. Vol. I.* London: Colburn and Bentley. 1831.

MRS. Shelley's singular story of Frankenstein, will never be forgotten by any person who has once perused it. Though a composition in every way, *sui generis*, yet it is easily admitted to a place among the standard works of fiction, which abound more in our language than in that of any other nation. We are glad to see it here reprinted, with an introduction, in which the author has mentioned the circumstances that led her to the conception of the wild and extraordinary plot, developed with so much felicity in her tale. The Ghost-Seer is a translation of the well-known composition of Schiller.

ART. XVII.—*The Dream of Eugene Aram, the murderer.* By Thomas Hood, Esq., with Designs, by Harvey. 8vo. pp. 31. London: Tilt. 1831.

THE reader has probably become already acquainted with this tale, which is a reprint from one of the annuals, and a versified account of one of the most deliberate crimes upon record. It will be found fully narrated in the Newgate Calendar, and the *Biographia Britannica*.—Aram in order to get possession of a trifling property, murdered, by the aid of an accomplice, a shoe-maker of the name of Clarke, whose body lay buried in a cave nearly fourteen years before it was discovered. An accidental expression uttered by the accomplice on this occasion, led to the arraignment of the murderer, whose defence has been preserved, and exhibits a finished specimen of eloquence and ingenuity. Mr. Hood has varied the course of the discovery, by imputing it to the remorse which haunted the culprit, and this has afforded him the opportunity of describing the tortures which the deed may be supposed to have inflicted upon the mind of a person well educated, and sustaining a reputable station in society. The ballad, as it is here told, is calculated for popular effect, which is considerably heightened by the designs of Harvey, well engraved on wood by Branston and Wright.

ART. XVIII.—*Lives and Voyages of Drake, Cavendish, and Dampier; including an introductory View of the earlier Discoveries in the South Sea; and the History of the Buccaneers. With Portraits engraved by Horsburgh.* 12mo. pp. 461. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1831.

THE 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library,' of which this forms the fifth volume, still maintains the popular character, which was so decidedly impressed upon its earlier numbers. The present compilation is in every respect well executed—the style, printing, paper, portraits, are all of an order of merit which one would hardly expect, even in this age of cheap literature, to find in a five shilling book. The lives of our Drake, Cavendish, and Dampier, will always be read by Englishmen with fresh interest, which will not be abated by being interwoven, as they are here, with the curious history of the Buccaneers, those chivalrous marauders of the sea, whose wanderings display some of the finest points in the character of the British seaman, notwithstanding the taint which their system of depredation had brought upon it.

ART. XIX.—*The Sister's Budget: a collection of original Tales in prose and verse, by the Authors of the "Odd Volume," with Contributions from Mrs. Hemans, Miss Mitford, Miss Jewsbury, Mrs. Hodson, Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. Mac Farlane, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. H. G. Bell, Mr. Malcolm, &c.* In two vols. 8vo. London: Whittaker & Co. 1831.

If we were briefly to state our opinion of the "Sister's Budget," we feel that we should be doing no injustice to its claims if we likened it to one of the tamest of last year's Annuals. The Editors, in both cases, boast of the distinguished names which are enrolled in the catalogue of their contributors: but in both we equally observe turgid promises succeeded by "lank performances." With respect to the three first names mentioned in the title page, we have a few observations to make. We find, in the first place, that Mrs. Hemans has contributed nothing whatever to the prose, unless the few thoughts which she has facetiously put into the fetters of metre and rhyme, be considered worthy of being placed under that category. Fourteen orthodox lines being the full amount of her contingent, we leave the angel of forgiveness to wash away the fault with a tear. The strange character in which Miss Mitford makes her appearance in this volume, has exceeded our most extravagant apprehensions. Why, she really makes a sonnetteer of the first water. She who used to rule the world of wit and fun, and make all the eccentrics and cynics of her acquaintance tremble before her, dreading her powers of conferring immortality! She to condescend to become "poet laureate" to St. Valentine, and assist the labours of the cockney muses on the fourteenth of February! Verily! the authors of our days occasionally remind us of the folly of some capital stage players, who will stick at no fantastic exhibition when invited by a favourite colleague to enact some rarity for his benefit. Now if the reader be surprised that the two first of the distinguished contributors have mustered scarcely a substantial page between them, what will be his wonder when he hears that Miss Jewsbury has contributed less? In fact this lady's share *came too late for the printer*, and though formally "booked" for the public, she has lost her *place* for the present. So that we are now in the condition of the party in Virgil's poem, and we can with great truth declare, in the language of that immortal bard,

Nulla tuarum audita nec visa sororum.

The Sisters having thus so awkwardly abandoned the family "Budget," its protection has been left almost entirely to a band of volunteers, who, in the generous warmth of fraternal feelings, determined to assert the cause of the sisterhood. Mr. Mac Farlane for example, has, in the most gallant manner, in proportion to his means, given the story of a Greek Pilot, the noblest adventure in whose annals, as far as we can discover, appears to be his miraculous promotion from the maritime profession to the office of waiting man to his biographer. The next of those generous volunteers is Mr. Kennedy, or we should perhaps be more regular in saying simply "Kennedy," as he is styled in these volumes, after the manner of Homer, Shakspeare, Byron, and the like. But Kennedy though he be, we will concede to him the privileges that are due to common mortals, and since, upon this occasion, he is accompanied by his lady, we shall

waive our critical right in such a presence, and observe a decorous silence. We would, however, respectfully convey to his ear, that bad imitations of the German school of romance do not afford us, we infer from the specimen before us, a congenial soil for the cultivation of his talents, his fancy, and his taste. We hope to see better things from this gentleman, and this hope is rather prompted by the consideration of the claims of which Mrs. Kennedy, we believe on her *debut*, sets forth in the present volume. The tale of tragic distress which she has conjured out of the elements of a few facts connected with the Greek revolution, is distinguished by the evidences of considerable dramatic talent, by energy and grace of diction, such as to surround the first appearance of Mrs. Kennedy in the world of letters, with auspices of the highest promise.

ART. XX.—*The Library of Entertaining Knowledge.* Pompeii. Vol. I. Published by the Society, for the Diffusion of Useful Kowledge. London: C. Knight, 1831.

NOT one of all the volumes hitherto sent forth by the Society abovementioned, more properly corresponds with the description of what their publications ought to be, than the volume before us; for, in point of fact, it does diffuse knowledge, both useful and entertaining, amongst a multitude of readers, who never, except through the same medium, could expect to attain it. Replete as is the history of the discovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii, with the most fascinating interest, it is surprising that, up to this time, no attempt had been made to render the details of the discovery familiar to British readers. An Englishman, Sir William Gell, it is true, has expended a great deal of money and toil in obtaining authentic descriptions of the buildings which have been recovered; and there are few of our travellers who have returned from the great tour without adding something to the stock of information, which had been published respecting Pompeii. All this intelligence lay scattered in a variety of books, requiring more labour and money to reach it, than any ordinary person could possibly spare.—But even were it ever so accessible, it was still partial and imperfect; for it is to the Italians we must look for the complete and satisfactory history of this interesting discovery. The task of collecting the materials for this little work was confided to Mr. Wm. Clarke, an architect, who has had it in his power by personal observations on the spot, to confirm or correct the representations of his authorities. A detailed account of the ruins of Pompeii, as they may at present be seen, forms the commencement of this volume. A reference for the sake of comparison is then made, to the ancient condition of the city, so far as the lights of history enable the compiler to determine that condition. Copious descriptions of the public edifices—the walls and gates—public roads—streets, &c., next follow in succession; and the whole is illustrated by nearly one hundred and forty engravings, including representations of architectural decorations, facsimiles of inscriptions, sculptural figures and groups, and articles of domestic use.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Guy Faux Day.—As a curious illustration of the changes which the progress of time effects on national feelings and customs, we may mention that Guy Faux's Day in 1831, was celebrated by the profanation, and finally the ignominious destruction of effigies, not indeed of supposed Catholic delinquents, but avowedly of contemporary Protestant bishops. How profoundly true it is, that time is the great avenger. It may be stated as a circumstance worthy of note, that there is in the city of Norwich a charity, called the "Gunpowder Treason Gift," from which 10*s.* each are given on the 5th of November, to twenty poor widows, whose united ages amount to the number corresponding with the year of the Gunpowder Plot, 1605.

Specimen of Mechanism. — A watchmaker, at Dundee, is now exhibiting a most singular specimen of workmanship, which possesses additional attraction, in consequence of its having been the property of the Scotch gentleman, who, according to Sir Walter Scott's avowal, stood for the well-known character of Monkbarns, in the Antiquary. This specimen consists of a pure orb of crystal, which exhibits, by small golden or brass knobs, fixed to the interior of the glass, a complete view of the firmament. The constellations are cut in crystal, and the whole appears to roll over the spectator, in imitation of the motions of the stars in the heavens.

Manchester and Liverpool Railway.—During the twelve months that have passed from the first opening of this railway, nearly half a million of persons have travelled in the steam-carriages, from town to town. The gross sum produced on account of passengers and goods, amounts to 160,000*l.*

Drunkenness in America.—Drunkards in the United States, are treated by the laws of the country as lunatics. Thus, if the overseers of the poor of any city or town, are able to prove that any resident, however rich, is a habitual drunkard, he, (the overseer,) is required to inform the Court of Chancery. The Court, in case the charge be true, appoints a committee, which remains in the management of the drunkard's property, until proof can be brought that he has completely renounced his licentious habits.

Strange Club.—There is in Lincoln, a society called the "Last Man," the object of which is altogether of an extraordinary nature. A bottle of wine was placed, at the institution of the club, in a case, the custody of which is determined by lots annually drawn. The member who has the care of the wine, at Christmas gives a dinner or supper to the whole club. The bottle is to be preserved until one member of the society remains—and he, "The Last Man," is to drink it to the memory of his former friends.

Late Patents.—Patents have been recently taken out for improvements in the mode of evaporating syrups and saccharine juices—in fire-arms —in apparatus for preserving lives from shipwreck—in manufacturing flax—in manufacturing metallic pens —in pattens or clogs for the feet—in machinery for acquiring power in tides or currents—in the boilers or generators of steam—in making

bobbin or twist lace-net—in manufacturing mangel wurzel—in making clothes—buttons—in tanning—in manufacturing street gas—in machinery for propelling vessels—in drawing salt from salt-pans — in machinery for making bread or biscuits—and also for a durable copy-book, or writing-tablet, and improved delible ink to be used therewith.

French Character. — We have often had occasion to smile, as we perused the list of the diversified and incongruous questions which the French Academy of Sciences proposed to entertain on the same day. We have now before us a catalogue of the papers which were read in succession before this patient assembly, and from this enumeration we select the following titles: 1. A cure for the cholera, proposed by a Dr. Duterte, who declares, that he will give himself up to be guillotined, if his remedy fails in a single instance. 2. Discovery of the quadrature of the circle, by M. Garnier. 3. A description of the head of a flying dragon, accompanied by the specimen itself, which Cuvier immediately pronounced to be the head of a pig; and fourthly, a copy of verses on a new remedy for the cholera.

Tithes—At a recent meeting of the county of Hereford Reformers, Dr. Meyrick, whose minute acquaintance with the ancient history of this country no one will dispute, positively denied that tithes could be traced to a divine origin. They arose, he added, from a very opposite source. A Saxon king murdered his brother, and to get rid of the clamour of the people who inveighed against the atrocity, the royal culprit had recourse to the power of the clergy. The latter agreed to exercise their influence in his favour, provided that they received an adequate permanent compensation for so great a benefit. The terms were readily complied with, and the wages of this guilty transaction are still paid under the innocent appellation of tithes.

Vegetable-growth. —The annals of gardening have nothing to exhibit worthy of being compared with the amazing turnip which has been grown in the late season, by a publican of Balborough, county of Derby. The seed of this turnip was only four months in the ground, and during that time, from the size of a small pea it increased in dimensions, so as that its circumference measured half an inch more than a whole yard, whilst its weight amounted to seventeen pounds and a quarter!

Education and the Clergy. — It may be regarded as a curious coincidence at least, that in those places in England where the clergy most abound, there the ignorance and degradation of the labouring classes are greatest; but that where the number of resident clergymen is comparatively the least, the people are most intelligent as well as independent. Norfolk, which has 731 parishes, and Suffolk, which contains 510, have a population backward as to civilization by whole centuries, when compared with that of the counties of the North of England. Lancashire, where a common jury has always been deemed equal in intelligence to a special jury in most counties, has only seventy parishes. The truth is, that in those districts where the people cannot have access to a clergyman of the established church, they get a minister of their own choice, whose interest it is to do the duties of his profession.

Mr. Moore, the Poet.—At a dinner given in Devizes to the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr. Moore, in the course

of an elegant and forcible speech, used the following remarkable expressions:—"It is but too true, what the enemies of the popular voice aver—that when the infant liberties of America, and France, were to be strangled in their cradles, the people of England were but too ready to put their hands to the unholy work. Nor can I forget, that had it depended upon the *people* of this country, I myself, *one of Catholic millions*, as worthy to be free as they, would now have stood before you in the same chains which I wore when first we met—chains, of which the marks are, I fear, too recent, and I too old, for me to expect to outlive the recollection of them."

Home Traffick.—The number of private bills brought into parliament for the purpose of facilitating communication between one part of the kingdom and another, is always an inquiry of great interest to the public. We are happy to be able to state, that in the course of the session recently closed, the number of acts which passed for making or repairing roads was 39—rail roads, 16—and enclosures, navigation docks, &c., 60.

Novel Literary Contention.—The Committee of the Literary Society, which sits at Bromley House, Nottingham, offered, at the close of its last session, a prize of the value of five guineas, to *any lady* who would produce the best poem on Sherwood Forest. We are glad to inform our readers, that no less than three poems, from three fair candidates, have been already given in to the secretary, and that the 5th instant is the day appointed for determining the successful candidate. It is proper to state, that no contributions can be received from any lady who is not a resident in the town or the county of Nottingham.

Royal Geographical Society.—The first premium of fifty guineas awarded by his Majesty, was conferred on Richard Lander, by the president of this society, for the discovery, by that enterprising traveller, of the termination of the Niger in the sea. On the same evening, a paper was read by Colonel Leake, on the question, whether or not the Quorra was the Niger of antiquity? This question the gallant writer resolved in the affirmative.

Hours of Mortality.—It has been proved, beyond dispute, that the mortality of mankind is greater at some hours than at others. The largest number die between two and three o'clock in the afternoon: less from the latter hour until eight o'clock in the evening: fewer, again, from twelve to one, A. M.: fewer still from eight to ten, A. M.; and fewest of all from ten o'clock, P. M., to three o'clock, A. M. These proportions, however, vary with climate and seasons; but they are not correct in the summer months, and in warm climates; and are most likely to be reversed during winter, and in cold regions.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the letter dated "Manchester, Nov. 22nd," together with the accompanying copy of a Testimonial, to the conduct of the writer, in the performance of his pastoral duties. We can sincerely assure him, that his communication has afforded us a great deal of pleasure, as it proves that he is, in his own person, an exception to the general description given in our last, and in a preceding number, of the indifference of the clergy of the establishment in general, to the spiritual necessities of those of their flocks, who are confined to the bed of sickness.—Our correspondent will see at once, that such an exception, which he must admit to be a very rare one, instead of militating against our charge, rather demonstrates its truth.

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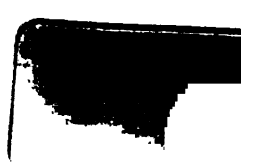
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